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best punk issues of the 1990s

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#201/feb. 2000
three dollars

SEATTLE 1999
— FIRST HAND REPORTS —

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Scene Reports: continuously, with photos! Interviews: continuously, with photos!

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PO BOX 460760

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814

Fax (415) 923-9617

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Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

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TOP

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top-10 lists of stuff we review.

10

ROB COONS

WEAKERTHANS-Fallow-LP
POISON IDEA-Discontent-EP
WA-Raging Hardcore Shot-CD
VULGAR PIGEONS-Citic Snot-EP
AMULET-Life On The Edge-EP

SOCIAL INFESTATION-Lasciate-10*
CATHARSIS-Passion-CD
INSULT/RUIDO-split-EP
PUBLIC-Caged Conscience-EP
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE/DICKIES-live

JEFF HEERWINK

NECESSARY EVILS-Conspiracy-45
SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS-Santa Claus-EP
PRETTY GIRLS-Kids Are Real Fucked-EP
WONGS-Reanimate My Baby-EP
IVY GREEN-LP

EMBROOKS-More Than Ever-45
MICHAEL KNIGHT-Never Fucking Liked You-EP
SMOGTOWN-Beach City Butchers-10
THE FUSES/THE UNIFORM-split-EP
SARCASTIC BOMBS/BONUS-split-EP

TOM HOPKINS

LOMBARDIES-Throw Your Love Away-EP
NEIL PERRY-The Last Sip-EP
LONG JOHN HUNTER-Ooh Wee Pretty Baby-EP
ESTRELLA 20/20-Afro Mexicana-10*
POISON IDEA-Discontent-EP/LE TIGRE-LP

COOL KIDS NEVER DIE-Tiger Baby-EP
BORN DEAD ICONS-Part Of Something-EP
PALATKA-LP/IVY GREEN-LP
WONGS-Reanimate My Baby-EP
MICHAEL KNIGHT-EP/FRACTURE-EP

CAROLYN REDDY

REATARDS-live
WONGS-Reanimate My Baby-EP
LONG JOHN HUNTER-Ooh Wee Pretty Baby-EP
COOL KIDS NEVER DIE-Tigerbaby-EP
CHORDS-So Far Away-EP

WAILERS-Scotch On The Rocks-EP
NECESSARY EVILS-Conspiracy-45
BILLY CHILDISH & HOLLY GOLIGHTLY-LP
RAMONETURES-LP
SOLEDAD BROTHERS-Gospel-45

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

POISON IDEA-Discontent-EP
LONG JOHN HUNTER-Ooh Wee Pretty Baby-EP
SARCASTIC BOMBS/BONUS-split-EP
DICKIES-Archives-LP/ZEROES-Right Now-EP
NECESSARY EVILS-Conspiracy-45

SMOGTOWN-Beach City Butchers-10
ESTRELLA 20/20-Afro Mexicana-10*
THE FUSES/THE UNIFORM-split-EP
WAILERS-Scotch On The Rocks-EP
BELLRAYS/REATARDS-split-EP/live

RAY LUJAN

NO ALTERNATIVE-Johnny Got His Gun-CD
SMOGTOWN-Beach City Butchers-10*
LITTLE DEATHS-Destination-CD
PAT DULL & MEDIA WHORES-About Time-EP
TOM FOOLERY & THE MISTAKES-EP

ZEROS-Right Now-LP/LOMBARDIES-LP
DIALTONES-LP/NOFX-THE DECLINE-CD
LE TIGRE-LP/NOT HOT-Party Rock-CD
PRETTY GIRLS-Kids Are All Fucked-EP
FRACTURE-No Way DNA-LP

TIMO JHEN MARK

PALATKA-LP/CATHARSIS-Passion-CD
WRETCHED ONES-We Don't Belong-CD
TIME HAS COME-Worse Comes-EP
CHOREA/ASMODINAS LEICHENHAUS-split EP
SUBSTANDARD-Consuming Need-EP

WOLFPACK-Allday Hell-LP
DELIVER ME/EDGEUCATE-split-EP
POISON IDEA-Discontent-EP
INSULT/RUIDO-split-EP
WA-Raging Hardcore Shot-CD

ALAN MCNAUGHTON

BORN DEAD ICONS-Part Of Something-EP
CHORDS-So Far Away-LP/PALATKA-LP
LE TIGRE-LP/IVY GREEN-LP
MICHAEL KNIGHT-EP/URBAN SKATE FANS-EP
RIPPERS-Xafacaps-EP

BURNING FLAMES-Deprogramming-EP
UNIFORM/FUSES-split-LP/FRACTURE-EP
LITTLE DEATHS-Destination-CD
POISON IDEA-Discontent-EP
STORMSHADOW/FANSHEN-split-EP

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TOP

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

10

RAIMUNDO MURGIA

ZEROS-Right Now-LP
GUNDOG/TEMPLARS-split-EP
WONGS-LP and live
WTZ-Deutsch Punk Revolt-LP
POISON IDEA-Discontent-EP

SMOGTOWN-Beach City Butchers-10"
WRETCHED ONES-We Don't Belong-CD
ROAD RAGE-Painless Suicide-EP
THE AUTHORITY-On Glory's Side-CD
VIOLENT AFFRAY-Let's Av It-EP

MARK MURRMAN

IVY GREEN-LP
PRETTY GIRLS-Kids Are Real Fucked-EP
Norton Jukebox-45s-all
ESTRELLA 20/20-Afro Mexicana-10"
RIPPERS-Xatacaps-EP

LOMBARDIES-Throw Your Love Away-LP
DIALTONES-LP
FRACTURE-No Way DNA-EP
NAMELOSERS-Fab Sounds From S. Sweden-LP
CHORDS-So Far Away-LP

SEAN SULLIVAN

USES/UNIFORM-split-LP
STRELLA 20/20-10"/RAJOITUS-EP
OLEDAD BROTHERS-EP/NO REPLY-live
COOL KIDS NEVER DIE-EP/NEIL PERRY-EP
POISON IDEA-EP/PRODUCT X-EP

PALATKA-LP/IVY GREEN-LP/LE TIGRE-LP
BURNING FLAMES-EP/MICHAEL KNIGHT-EP
STORMSHADOW/FASHEN-split-LP
EDGEUCATE/DELIVER ME-split-EP/PUBLIC-EP
PRETTY GIRLS-EP/WOLFPACK-LP

BRUCE ROEHR

WRETCHED ONES-We Don't Belong-CD
VIOLENT AFFRAY-EP/POGO MACHINE-EP
BROKEN/A GLOBAL THREAT-split EP
V/A-Raging Hardcore Shot-CD
SMOGTOWN-Beach City Butchers-10"

GUNDOG/TEMPLARS-split-EP
BLOODY SODS-Hate Of Mind-EP
THE AUTHORITY-On Glory's Side-CD
V/A-Scene Killer Vol. 2-CD
PMT-EP/ROAD RAGE-Painless Suicide-EP

MAX WARD

LAST IN LINE-Crosswalk-EP
VULGAR PIGEONS-Clinic Snot-EP
V/A-Apathy=Sell Destruction-EP
SOCIAL INFESTATION-Lasciate-10"
DELIVER ME/EDGEUCATE-split-EP

AMULET-Life On The Edge-EP
MICHAEL KNIGHT-Never Fucking Liked You-EP
THE BURNING FLAMES-Deprogramming-EP
TIME HAS COME-Worse Comes-EP
OVER THE LINE-Demos-EP/NO REPLY-live

RYAN WELLS

COOL KIDS NEVER DIE-Tiger Baby-EP
REATARDS-live
SATELLITERS-Timothy Dee-LP
FIRST ALERT-Trade The Life-EP
LE TIGRE-LP

PRETTY GIRLS-Kids Are Real Fucked-EP
THE MOON & SIXPENCE-Fell For You-EP
BILLY CHILDISH & HOLLY GOLIGHTLY-LP
IVY GREEN-LP
DIALTONES-LP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

LONG JOHN HUNTER-Ooh Wee Pretty Baby-LP
JOLLY GREEN GIANTS-Busy Body-45
DIALTONES-LP
LOMBARDIES-Throw Your Love Away-LP
NOMADS-She'll Always Be Mine-EP

DICKIES-Archives-LP
COOL KIDS NEVER DIE-Tiger Baby-EP
WONGS-Reanimate My Baby-LP
IVY GREEN-LP
PORK DUKES-All The Filth-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Suburban Voice #43
Rad Party #23/Adita #7
Nosedive #9
It's Alive #18
Sick Punks #1

Sty Zine #50
Black Light Angels #4
I Am Right #1
No Longer Blind #6
Complete Control #5

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Rafael DiDonato
Chris Dunlap
Jonathan Floyd
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Ethan Avery
Stephen Perry
Gina Rossi
Gordon Zola
Michael Monteleone
Ivy McClelland
Marrku Hirvela

ZINE COORDINATORS

Arwen Curry
Sean Sullivan

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#143/April '95. Vindictives. Sunkerbell, Jesus #165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim. Millionaires. No. #183/Aug '98. Lewd. Asshole Parade. His Hero Is China Superfly, New Day. Registratios. Youth Tabeus. Blanks 77. The Hives. The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music. Defiance. Real MfNk. #166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions. Hickey. 77 Spends. Smiley Assassins. Cards In Spades. Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks. Adjective Nonu. Suicide King. Lengus Armadas. Trauma, De Crew. #185/Oct '98. Trinors. Wimpy Dicks. Armed & Hammered. Dylan McKays. NME. Tezaerile. Wom. Roswells, Rncln, Benwick Ternsies. "Pioneers—Black Flag"

#145/June '95. Conflict. No Empathy. Schleppock, Seten. 32. Illarites. Rejects. Badger, MCS, Bob Cutler. Tad Rull & His Cartoons"

#146/July '95. Riverdales. Head. Britles. Aut Aut. Schleppock. Spanakorzo. McRackius. YAPO. 10-96. Empress Of Fini. Underhand. SniledDown.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks. Toe Rag. Thorazine. Semed Straight. Wizo. Opposmou Party. Moody Jacksou. Adversries. Option Crucial. Rebel Rebel. Teev. Idols. Walking Runis. "Pioneers—Sixtirs Punk Kings".

#149/Oct '95. Manie Hispanie. Pei UFO. Campus Tramps. Joe Kidd. Bad Luck Steids. Chumpslap. Humpers. No Violence. Diferentes Aetitudes. Ju veniles. Richard the Roadie. "Roots—The Sixties Pt 2".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose. Supp-Hei. Sick Boys. Splaterheads. Pipe. Pregnant Man. Finnl Conflict. Rawness. Sunk Gobblus. Smellie Fingers. "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns. Mp. White Bread Mom. Qneu B's. Elecarie Frankenstein. Turtlehead. Se pie. Tneb. Bnbys. b/Humanity. Stains. Vanukers. Pst. Tumble. Vinne. "The Hardeore Films Of Richard Kerm".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree. Russy Crush. Surfus. Tramps. Sickoids. Anti-Flag. Slight Slippers. High Plaus Dillers. Cro-Mags. Hockey Teeth. "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys. Crunch. Peter & The Test Tube Babies. Nails Of Hawaiian. Splash 4. Yawp!. Lileume. Sickoids. "Roots—Boston"

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special. Beanflipper. Melancholy. Blizz Brbrz. Crank. SubRosa. Mindstars. TNT. H-Block. B-Sides. Frontline. French Rhomb. Luwusmell. One Inch Pnneh. Chicken-chu. No Deal. Issue 1. Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority. The Crim-inals. Waidance. Heroines. Brain Brats. Rndiments. Chinese Millionaires. Sons Of Hercules. You Mother Yellow Seab. "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs. The Gain. Ashley Von Huni. Unties. The Process. Brother Inferior. Judge Nothing. Break-ups. Not For Rent. "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Snugglers. Brnd New Ubij. Toue Daf Pig-Dogs. Round Eas Specks. David Hayes. Very Small Rees. Man Alrid. Blnd Side. Vox Populi. Death Wish Kids. Fun People. Fat Drunk & Stupid. "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Animales. Boycot. Toast. Mem-ing Shakes. Momius. Jolu Q Public. Sex Olfenders. Ballgagger. Bumness. Apocalypse Baby's. Good Ridance. Rnssu Updn. "Roots—Enter"

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers. Steel Mjers. Dirisis Lopo Drido. Red #9. Nothing Cool. Sink. Sues. Newiou & Grunts. "Pioneers—Ohio 77".

#162/Nov '96. The Stain. National Guard. Torches To Rome. Restos Fosiles. Two Bus Maniacs. Snuka. Re-deption 87. Tortura Kity. "Roots—LA 77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton. Prostitutes. Wig Hat Boys. Let It Rock. Enemy Soil. Vulca-neers. Half Empty. Zeros. Deadcats. Teen Idles.

#143/April '95. Vindictives. Sunkerbell, Jesus #165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim. Millionaires. No. #183/Aug '98. Lewd. Asshole Parade. His Hero Is China Superfly, New Day. Registratios. Youth Tabeus. Blanks 77. The Hives. The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music. Defiance. Real MfNk. #166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions. Hickey. 77 Spends. Smiley Assassins. Cards In Spades. Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks. Adjective Nonu. Suicide King. Lengus Armadas. Trauma, De Crew. #185/Oct '98. Trinors. Wimpy Dicks. Armed & Hammered. Dylan McKays. NME. Tezaerile. Wom. Roswells, Rncln, Benwick Ternsies. "Pioneers—Black Flag"

#167/Apr '97. No Fraud. Nobodys. Sloppy Seconds. The Forgotten. Thee Viceboys. Brinn/Grand Theli Audio. Gauze. Danko Jones. "Roots—Kura". #168/May '97. Cletin 66. Fishsticks. UK Subs. Dis-temper. Enewetak. Fields Of Shit. "Roots—SLF. Undertrones".

#169/June '97. Hnnd Skin. Cluster Brnub Unit. Jihad. Purgen. Speed Queen. Remission. Hallings. The Old Man. Deface. "Roots—Clash. Ramones. Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle. Mlue. Tedio Boys. The 4 Cockatoches. Absconde. Meanwhile. Biukin. (Young) Prouers. Hoodrat. "You're Dead!". "Pion-ers—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Sirychuine. Idiots. Pelndo Rees. Misnnhi opists. Racetrailor. Violent Society. Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals. Jndgement. No Moriv. Oppressed Logic. Truents. Lel For Dend. Yellowskiu. Weird Lovemakers. Smash Your Face. Flatus. Straight Faced. Klaxon. X-It. web designer Vic Gedris. Film-maker Doug Crunker.

#173/Oct '97. Hoi Water Music. Fin Dny. Los Tigres Guapos. Les Ptisians. Bustols. My 3 Senn. Space Shis. Pessimiste Rees. Reclnsires. Nick Qwirk. "Pi-oneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries. Lickity Split. Bindler. Piss Shivers. Brnshills. In/Humanity. Ed-ucation theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army. Those Unknown. Boiling Man. Pnn Chong. Exploding Crustaceans. Last Year's Youth. Hemidrops. Duty Burds. Dimesore Hloes. "Pioneers—The Henehmen". filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/idecal bookstores. Seated of Chnka. Wnugs. Pnalka. Voorhees. Slinigrad. Upstain's People. Squitbuy. Behouet. Sky Grin. the 145s. Ducky Boys. John Cougar Concentration Crump. #177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs. Smbmachue. Drop-out. Society Gne. Madd Pinhead Chens. Ann Betel. "Blackbird Naive. Useless ID. Quarantine. "Roots—Generation X".

#178/Mar '98. Forgone Rebels. The Dmlys. Joth Colliv. Lenerbombs. Go-Devs/Gyoguu Rend/s/ Room 41. Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs. Amerieau Steel. Ecconomic theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire. Tres Kids. Idols. Spat & The Gunersupes. The Posers. Explosive Kne Douche Flag. They Still Mlike Records. "Pioneers—Dangehouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce. Discoutem. JV Killers. The Stain. National Guard. Torches To Rome. Restos Fosiles. Two Bus Maniacs. Snuka. Re-deption 87. Tortura Kity. "Roots—LA 77".

#181/June '98. Grapetruit. Druggies. Stiletto Boys. All Betz Off. Bonerushcr. Summerjack. Cell Bick 5. DDI Normals. "Pioneers—999" Pirate Radio issue

Za. G-3. Swarn. WIIN. Mi. St Helens. Black Cat Music. Enemy Soil. "Pioneers—Flipper". "Record Buying on the Net". "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#182/July '98. Reinforce. Discoutem. JV Killers. The Stain. National Guard. Torches To Rome. Restos Fosiles. Two Bus Maniacs. Snuka. Re-deption 87. Tortura Kity. "Roots—LA 77".

#183/Aug '98. Lewd. Asshole Parade. His Hero Is China Superfly, New Day. Registratios. Youth Tabeus. Blanks 77. The Hives. The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music. Defiance. Real MfNk. #166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions. Hickey. 77 Spends. Smiley Assassins. Cards In Spades. Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks. Adjective Nonu. Suicide King. Lengus Armadas. Trauma, De Crew. #185/Oct '98. Trinors. Wimpy Dicks. Armed & Hammered. Dylan McKays. NME. Tezaerile. Wom. Roswells, Rncln, Benwick Ternsies. "Pioneers—Black Flag"

#184/Sept '98. Absentees. Decid of Panh. UXA. Umlnt. Fou Letter Word. Streetwlan Cheeishs. Rieanstruction. Libertine. Indecision. Skunkout Roys. "Pioneers—Black Flag"

#185/Oct '98. Trinors. Wimpy Dicks. Armed & Hammered. Dylan McKays. NME. Tezaerile. Wom. Roswells, Rncln, Benwick Ternsies. "Pioneers—Black Flag"

#186/Nov '98. Registratios. Augns Spies. Minnyu's Vitaminus. Chinese Love Beads. "On Our Doosteps". on homeless punks. "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids. Smvn Off. Cretus. Spidei Couas. Heroues. Thind Pntry. No Class. Skabs. Ily & Lane's Holiday in the Sun. "Pioneers—Dead Keenndys".

#188/Jan '99. Snches. Neighbors. Mansfields. Real Sisiger. Maranders. Mark Bruback. Mrs Moles. DOA. "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Febr '99. Monster X. Peter & the Test Tube Balles. Suan Pig. Minnigauders. Yakuza. Dead Beat Rees. Halfways. Hoi Rod Houey. DeRita & Sisier.

#190/March '99. InIn Holstron. Pnwerhose. Biezhiev. Slappy. Black Pumpkui. Smnrbomh ca. Wudia Chrome. Lng Gones. Smogtown. Halfways. Tili. "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Mmder Suicide Pari. Kal Kne. Duddunn. Super Hi-Fives. Better Than Elsiz. Djs. Pei Pees. Lons Euds. Slingshot Episode. "Pioneers—Minoi Threats". pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos. Buming Kitchen. Henry Irai's Open Sore. Polyhene. Kangaroo Rees. Willie Brown. Biote Brnking Brngide. "Pioneers—Vice Sqnd". pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Muusier Rers. DS-13. Safety Pins. Pussycat. Pictues. False Alarm. Dnrlington. Bad Sins. Bodies. Honeboy Muileis. pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat. Lasi Mteh. God Hales Compers. Fokkewolf. Flesh Eatin Creeps. Aside. Hoppin' Mad. Kid Dynamite. Thee Oueasts. "Pioneers—Elvis Costello".

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux. RC5. Hare Nois. III Tempered Dysentry. Cieg Higgins. Rerlou. Lury & the Gouwhires. C.U. Next Tuesday Rees. "Pioneers—Silver Chilice". MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopleech Rees. Cahais. Orchid The Frcks. Grissle. Prodnei X. Reaching Forwaid. Emerge. ThildDegree. "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Redneers SI. Lower Class Brns. Rencor 7. ThreGedslateKansis. Futuro. Ineteno. Show case Shnwdown. Wairle. Hnl Lanh Rees. Holidays in the Sun. "Pioneers—Radio Birdman".

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary. Pressure Point. Bump 'N Uglies. The Viciuns. A/Political. Outlast. "Pioneers Of Punk-Dictators". "Fuck Ummieieau" and "After the Berlin Wall" articles.

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town. Write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racists or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for formatting info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard)! We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

Formats for submitting stuff? We prefer things typed up on a 3 1/2" computer disk either Mac (preferred) or IBM. Please don't type in ALL CAPS! If you can't access a computer, then type up cleanly on paper. Should work, as long as it's in a fairly common and straightforward font. Graphic stuff? Send photos (B&W preferred, but color OK too), logos, etc. Thanks.

Records/zines? See detailed information listed on the mastheads of the Record Review and Zine Review sections.

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free! Please list alternates in case we're out of a particular issue. Price list is on previous page.

PUNKS HAVE KIDS!

GET PREGNANT AND DECIDE NOT TO HAVE A FAMILY?

YOUR TEENAGER CAN'T STAND THAT NOISE YOU CALL MUSIC?

BABY CRYING? DID YOU CHOOSE ADOPTION?

ABORTION?

VASECTOMY/HYSTERECTOMY?

WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT!

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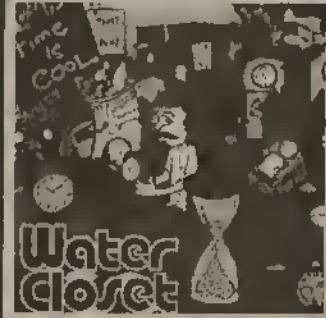
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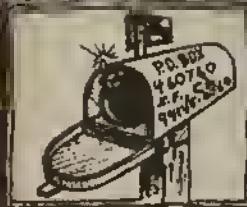
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Dear MRR,
I've been living in Como, Italy for about two months now.

Last summer I decided to escape my safe haven in Denver for a year abroad as a foreign exchange student. I can't believe this wonderful opportunity that I was dealt, and so far I've had totally incredible experiences. But I think that one thing needs to be said. I've never really considered myself a very serious feminist, though of course I care about the matter a great deal and do my part to speak out against sexism. Coming here has completely opened my eyes, even though some things I see make me want to keep them shut as tight as possible. I am so enraged, ashamed and frustrated by what I see from day to day.

Actually, there isn't really any one word that can describe what I'm feeling. One example is, of course, television. All the girls are dressed like cheap \$10 hookers, shaking their tits, flashing plastic smiles, and dancing their tight asses off for horny pricks three times their age on game shows. Commercials are also packed with completely naked women selling soap products while selling their bodies. It's so horrible; I'm ashamed as a woman to see this going on. I'll probably make a tape while I'm here so that everyone will know that I am not exaggerating.

Family structure doesn't get any better. Having the chance to live with a real Italian family has given me a point of view that few people see. The women's place in the family is definitely in the kitchen. Let me describe my hostmom's day to day life which I know for a fact many other women share. She wakes up at around five to do little chores: dusting, mopping, laundry, which she does for a couple of hours. Then, at eight, she leaves to go teach at a local high school. She comes home at around one to make lunch (no one in the family seems to have the incentive or know-how to do it themselves). The rest of the day she spends doing chores and grading papers, until dinner, where she spends an average of two hours preparing a meal for her husband and son to wolf down in ten minutes, then spend the rest of the evening criticizing her for

every little detail. Then they immediately go fill the dents in the couch in front of the TV while my hostmom is left to clean up the messes that they left. I try to help her as much as possible, and she always seems surprised when I seem to know how to vacuum or iron. She has a full time job, same as her husband, yet she also has the entire job of keeping the house in order without a finger lifted by anyone else, unlike her pitiful excuse for a husband who has the luxury of living his life snoring 14 hours a day. I wonder how much longer she can keep going without a breakdown.

I was lucky enough to immediately be a part of the punk scene in Como, and there are many things that I admire here about all of the punks, yet "feminism" is still considered a badword, and no one really gives sexism any thought. On the occasions that I do speak my mind, the girls react to me with faces like cows looking at a coming train, and then moo in unison. "Oh, you're a feminist." As if it was something to be ashamed of. Now, even among punks, I feel as if I'm the black sheep out of step from the rest of the herd. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought I was right to presume that punk was where ideas wouldn't be shunned and silenced by the shepards of society.

Another point: the scene here seems to be exclusively all-male participations. One proof of that is that within our little group of about 25, there are only two other girls, who pretty much only listen to the music but stay out the rest of the time. Another example is at shows: all girls are seen in the back, as little of a threat as possible. I'm the only girl ever seen in the front, and the guys are blown off anytime I join them in the pit and then make a point to treat me like a stone in their shoes. One more point: I'm sure I'm the only girl who's in a band here in Como. That just proves how slow things are...

To tell you the truth, I've had just about all I can handle. I'm so sick of seeing such ignorance. I thought punk philosophy was based around thinking for yourself, not accepting what society shoves onto you, and teaching people that they don't have to follow the crowd. Well, I guess people here have missed a step. It seems they only want to be a fashion statement. I don't want everyone to read this thinking I'm just another frustrated white girl bitching about the injustices of the world, I just thought that everyone should know of the situation

here, and hopefully realize how lucky women are in the States for having a chance to develop their own ideas, and having them heard. OK, so it's not the best situation that we could hope for, but we seem to forget how much worse most people have it. (It's not just a problem for women, but for everyone. Men have to struggle with this as well, maybe to a lesser degree, but they do suffer from it too.) Thank you for taking the time to read this, and thank to all who speak out against sexism, I can't explain how much more I appreciate it now.

Alana

PS Anyone who wants to write to me, feel totally free to: orphanorange@hotmail.com, or Alana O'Reilly/ c/o Bardin/ 37 Viale M Masia/ 22100 Como/ Italy.

Alana,

Blatant sexism is a common stereotype about Italian culture, and in my experience (I lived in Italy for over a year) there's some truth to it. But though it takes on different shapes sexism is universal. Were you to cohabit with most American families or crowds of punks, regarding them with the close scrutiny of an outsider, I'm sure you would find abundant examples of the exploitation, boorishness, and exclusionary behavior you detailed in your letter.

Generalizing nationalities sometimes has its function, but it's also dangerous. You are characterizing a people by several examples, in one city—but there are always like minds if you try hard enough to find them. Remember, too, your own country's blemished hide, with sexism in the media, the family, the punk scene. People in glass houses, as they say...

I truly sympathize with you, but part of intentionally becoming an alien is suffering the pain of alienation. And the most valuable thing about it, in my opinion, is how distance reveals the ugliness of your own comfortable home. In bocca al lupo,

-Arwen

B Hello all MRR readers!

I'm writing this as a warning for those of you who are generous enough to let travelers stay in your homes. Not too long ago, I was at the last Devvoid of Faith show, and I met three traveling punks (a guy named Shamus, a girl named Alex, and a guy named Stu) who were hard up for a



place to stay. Having been in their position many times before, my girl-friend and I offered them a place in our apartment for a few days, despite the fact that it would be a little crowded, since a touring band was also sleeping there as well. Shamus, Alex and Stu were all very grateful, gave us some food to help feed everyone with, and were generally nice people.

My band was playing several shows that weekend, and one of them was out of town, and since they didn't have much gas and didn't want to leave town with us, I left them alone in my apartment, simply saying, "Just lock up if you leave." Well, after the show, we came back to find... Our house was just the same as we left it! Our traveling friends treated the space with respect, and even cleaned up a little bit. The next few days are sort of a blur, with Brother Inferior, Shamus, Alex and Stu, and the normal barrage of roommates staying at our house. But everyone got along and all was well. However, a few days later, everything changed. We saw the three kids off to NYC, and were sitting back and enjoying the peace and quiet, when I went to my record collection to put something on, only to find a handful of records missing, one in particular being my *Devoid of Faith Purpose Lost 10"*. The other records are nothing that can't be replaced, but the *DOF 10"* is hard as hell to come by, and I'm extremely aggravated. After discovering that, I found, (as did my roommates) that other assorted items had been taken. (And I want to make clear that nobody in Brother Inferior or any of the other people who were at my house could have taken it, since I saw it after they all left. The only people who could have taken it were Shamus, Alex and Stu, Shamus in particular is suspect, since he is one of those rare record collecting dorks.) I spent the next month or so calling friends in NYC, Pittsburgh, Mass., and any other surrounding states, hoping I could catch up to them, but had no luck.

So I'm writing this as both a warning, and possibly for help. Don't trust these fuckers. They're backstabbers. I don't know much about them

other than their names, but I know that Stu is originally from Maine, and Shamus, I believe, is from Florida, but I'm not 100% sure. Don't let them into your house, or anywhere near anything you treasure. Also, if anybody knows where I can find any of them, please let me know, even if it's across the country. I don't expect to get my records back (although it might be nice), but I do want to confront these fuckwads, and maybe get five minutes alone with them. Anybody with info, or whatever, can write me: Andrew/ 480 West St. Apt. 1/ Albany, NY 12206, or e-mail me at policeline@hotmail.com. Thanks for your time, and please watch who you let into your home.

Andrew, Police Line

Hello Maximum,

I was wondering about the ad/review policy, concerning the recent debates about Taang records/ GMM stuff. In the November issue there is an ad featuring the band Best Defense, "Six Gun Justice", advertised as "American Oi Core RAC fury"... RAC being the operative initials, I hope ya know what it means...

Ol' Bruce Roehrs has been pretty much overstepping the mark as far as this is concerned. One of his recent columns featured more than one band that shouldn't be in there... Bearing in mind why a movement like Rock Against Communism was started up - as a reaction to the Rock Against Racism shows that took place in the 80s. Onto other matters... Scott Soriano's column mentions that the last time when punk was "a threat" was Black Flag and the DKs.... Typical American view, but the rest of the world is busy being active while he is singing Marilyn Manson's praises.... Here in Germany, enough squat riots have been started off by punk groups. You had bands like Slime in the later 80s with a big impact on society. In the UK, bands like Conflict or Crass should not be forgotten either. Not to mention the underground punk movements even today in Asia, Turkey and countless other places. So Scott, if the only place you find inspiration is MM, then please someplace else to write, other than insulting punk and hardcore people who are active, and who do try to make changes...

Yours,

Tom Chapman/ Berlin, Germany/ miozan_berlin@hotmail.com

MRR

Recently, I had the pleasure of once again riding Greyhound. It wasn't a long ride, but it was just long enough to remind me of the horrors of the 'Hound. Much more disturbing than the usual discomforts, though, was having the bus searched by the Drug Enforcement Agency.

We pulled into the Toledo station to let people on the bus on the way to Detroit. A man and a woman got on board and walked casually down the aisle, as if looking for seats. Suddenly, they turned to one man, showed a badge, explained they were DEA agents looking for large sums of money, drugs, or guns, and asked if they could search his bags. There was another agent standing by the door of the bus, and two or three more outside. I started asking them questions. They asked if they could search me, and I told them no. They fucked with a couple more people, then left the bus. This is the first time I've seen this (I try to avoid riding Greyhound at all costs) but other riders told me that they've seen this quite frequently as of late.

Besides my disgust at the general invasion of privacy and personal space, there are a few things that I want to point out. For one, the driver wasn't on the bus during the search. There was no Greyhound employee overseeing the search, so therefore no official witness to be sought for recourse (however weak) in the event of misappropriate conduct or abuse of power. If I had a complaint, at least I could take it to whatever Greyhound worker was there, and be able to get this person's word on it later. Again, it's not much, but it might be something. Any fool can go to the army surplus store and get a badge, and these agents were in plain clothes. Not that I really expect some jerk to pose as a DEA agent on the bus and paw through my dirty socks, but it's something to be considered nonetheless. Greyhound gives no announcement or warning, in any way, that if you ride Greyhound you may be subjected to search by the DEA.

Now, how much drug/gun trafficking can really take place on the bus? That Greyhound gleefully complies with this intimidation and police-state tactics is sad, but to be expected. I don't know the exact boundaries of your rights in this situation; I do know



that you can tell them "no" when they ask to search your stuff. I'd suggest you do it in a loud manner, and let everyone else on the bus know that they can say no as well.

John Gerkin

John,

My understanding is that the cops don't have the legal right to search your stuff without your permission, but Greyhound doesn't have to let you stay on the bus, either. My opinion is that Greyhound will suck up to the cops long before they will stand up for any individual passenger's legal rights. I've been on the 'Hound in S. Florida when cops searched people's stuff, and seen cops get on Amtrak in DC to hassle one particular passenger: "Is that your bag? That's your bag. It's your bag, right?" etc., etc. Tell 'em they can't look through your stuff 'cuz you have personal stuff in there you don't want them looking at (your supposed right to be free from illegal search and seizure is based on your supposed right to privacy.) In S. Florida, when I told the cops no, they kept asking me over and over. I remembered the advice my dad would give - "if that's your story, stick to it" - and looked them in the eye and kept saying no. Finally they left me alone, and the guy in DC had success with the same tactic. Well, thanks for writing.

Jeff M.



Dear everybody,

While riding my stationary bike on rainy days I need something to keep my mind off this mental torture—those few familiar with this particular activity know what I'm referring to—yesterday it was issue #198 of MRR. I mostly focused on the columns, which always are the worthier of interest in the whole zine of reviews. Anyway, I found statements that I could only agree with, some of which made even more sense when linked to one another.

For the countlessth time, I read in Scott Soriano's column that punk rock has become anything but a challenging musical genre, which cannot be denied, can it? That shouldn't deter anyone from enjoying it more than other "mainstream" stuff, but you can't

consider yourself a threat to the system just because you listen to loud music with anger-filled lyrics. Face it.

The other relevant column I read on my nowhere-going ride was, ironically enough, Pete Menchetti's diatribe against cars I appreciate this a lot, since the issue does not seem to be a major concern in Punkdom, though it appears to me it's a highly relevant one. I'm constantly irritated by most people's overuse of cars.

Think about it: cars are the system, the most blatant evidence that corporations are in total control, a vivid measure of capitalist rule and the global spread of it. Our cities are plagued. General Motors destroyed public transportation facilities in the '20s in the US so people would have no option, and they obviously have succeeded. If you want to start challenging the mainstream, start thinking about how you use your car, and more generally thinking how you spend your money. Corporations are about making money, so if you want to question their policies, don't give them yours. It works sometimes—Monsanto's attempt at forcing consumers to buy their genetically engineered crops was eventually a failure in Europe because people voiced their refusal while other options were still available.

Now, of course I'm not claiming that a more sensible relation with your car will dramatically change things, but remember that America alone is responsible for the emission of 25% of all greenhouse effect-causing sources. If you seek alternative lifestyles...

Now, I confess, I do have a car. I need one. Many people do—I'm one of them, but I only drive for want of a better option, that is, not very often. So my driving mileage is far inferior to my riding mileae, and I do save a lot of money.

Write to me at François Bouthiaux/ 19 bis rue de Ecoussons/ 25300 Pontarlier/ France, or email me at fr.bouth@wnandoo.fr. On a sadder note, a good friend of mine is in jail and he might be in there for a long time. He is denied access to everything he used to like outside - he can't even listen to music or read zines. You would hardly believe how much he appreciates getting mail.

Write to him: Fred Jeannerod/ 22758 cellule 5/ Maison d'arrêt/ 5 rue Louis Pergaud/ 25000 Besançon/ France. Thanx.
François



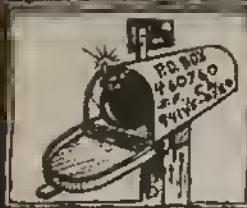
Maximum,
I'm writing in response to Srinivas Kumar's reaction to Mimi Nguyen's article "Revolution Unlimited? Consuming Unamerican Activities", in Maximumrocknroll #198.

I think the way he is handling the respectful critique of his business on Mimi's part is outrageous. Calling it a "punk rock lynching"? As a black person, that in and of itself is extremely offensive. As if calling attention to (questionable) politics and definite inconsistencies is anything like the persecution and violence accorded towards blacks by the KKK.

Mr. Kumar definitely has a flair for the dramatic, and apparently he translates this into his personal relations as well. He's taking the critique to an unbelievably personal level, emailing people on her links list, commissioning people to infiltrate mailing lists and forward him negative emails. His personal attacks towards Mimi are out of line. Never in her essay did she attack him in this manner.

I completely and wholeheartedly support everything in Mimi's article, and no, that does not mean I'm not "thinking for myself". There's a lot of inconsistencies in Unamerican's business, and she laid out most of them beautifully. The fact that he can't stand to hear an honest, respectful critique of his politics reveals that he actually doesn't practice what he preaches. I definitely don't think that Unamerican is the only business in the world (or even the "punk community") that has these issues, but taking one to task is way better than just letting them all slide. Obviously, he can't accept the facts—that his ideology and his business are mutually exclusive of each other—and therefore he tries to make other people believe the lie instead of walking the walk himself.

Personally, Unamerican was a business I knew was there, but I would never buy there. The inconsistencies are just too great. They only became a real issue with me when I saw the way Srinivas was acting towards Mimi's critique. I mean, wishing harm on someone? Come on! I think he's trying to divert our attention from the truths brought up by Mimi's article by focusing on the (imagined) cruelty. This whole brou-ha-ha is probably exactly what he'd like: to shine the spotlight on himself and inspire all these "punk-rockrevolutionary" kids to support his



capitalist revolution by buying his stickers and fighting the big mean critiquer. (Maybe a "Fuck Mimi" sticker is in the works?)

I don't really appreciate being played the fool. Even if it is in the name of "revolution".—Tasha Hairston/tasha@fightwithwords.com/http://www.fightwithwords.com/Bitchcore zine

(editor's note: the response in question was circulated on the net, but retracted from MRR's letter section by Srini after we requested he cut its length. His revised rebuttal appears in this issue.)



Dear MaximumRockNRoll and Mimi,

I'd like to compliment you all on the article exposing the con job Unamerican Activities has been pulling on the punk/DIY community. My guess is that none of this comes as much of a surprise to anyone who has ever ventured to ask "who is behind Unamerican Activities?" and "what is the real objective behind such an operation?". Being scrutinized is not something that's unique to Unamerican Activities, but rather the rule for any company that espouses independence and revolution at the expense of DIY, punks and the politically active. I began to ask those questions myself one night at Gilman, and it wasn't long before I found out, from people who know Srini, all about the hollow explanations and rhetoric used to deflect the public from Unamerican's actual capitalist ploy.

Like I stated, I don't believe that Mimi's expose will come as a surprise to anyone in the Bay Area. From what I understand, I was rather late in learning about Unamerican's pose. What Mimi's article does so well is to take all the rumors and innuendo, and substantiate them by using Srini's own long-winded, self-promoting diatribes (does he ever say or write anything without plugging his company, or his own delusional self-image?) These have never seemed like convincing justifications to anyone, but the way they are laid out in Mimi's article leaves no doubt as to what Srini and company are really up to.

To know Srini (or what he's

about) is to dislike him, especially if you are into honesty and integrity. I've never met anyone who has met Srini that will say anything good about him, other than to point out that he's a pretty good con man. Why is it that so many people dislike, or even hate Srini and Unamerican? The answer is rather obvious. Srini has chosen to build his company by exploiting DIY persons and businesses. The backlash is a result of those same persons realizing that he is possibly a fraud. After Mimi's article, I doubt there will be much of an argument to the contrary. If Srini had been honest about being the capitalist he is, and chosen to sell his wares in the corporately controlled marketplace, then I'm certain that his success would have been greeted with great admiration by his capitalist peers.

In closing, I'd like everyone who reads Mimi's article to check her sources themselves. Unlike other items that have appeared in MRR over the years, namely the infamous Ann R. Key column, Mimi's article is not based on hearsay and an active imagination. It's based on certain realities that contradict the whole premise of Unamerican's justifications for Srini's convenient brand of political analysis. If Srini has any response, especially one that addresses Mimi's argument point for point, then I'd love to read it. I anticipate, however, that all we'll get is the same laundry list of bullshit, and the obligatory self-promotion that usually accompanies it. Thanks and keep up the good work.
Jay Unidos



Dear MRR,

My god, I've been reading this zine for fifteen years and this is

the first time I've been moved to write a letter to the editor. I just wanted to tell you all how much I loved Mimi Nguyen's "Fuck Unamerican" article. Intellectual critical analysis of consumerism and capitalism within punk in MRR? Thank you thank you thank you.

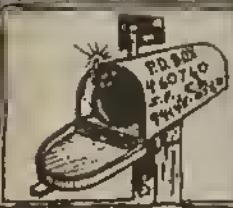
I think the article is great, because it touches on many of the central issues and contradictions of the politics of punk. While no one can argue about the number of individuals who've gotten politicized through punk scenes and music, it also seems to me (through personal experience) that many politicized punks move out of the scene to get more "serious" about their political work. While there are many causes for this (desire to expand from a punk "ghet-

to", to do more overtly political work, developing hearing problems, etc.), one that is often overlooked is whether many strains of punk are actually fighting for a more artisanal, boutique capitalism instead of social revolution.

While Mimi's article focuses on one project that has emerged from the punk scene, it poses questions about many of our punk institutions. We all make compromises with capitalism to survive. But does punk, with its reliance on the principles of DIY and indie record companies, challenge capital or simply argue for its own little slice? Without a doubt, the support of local scenes, zinemaking, and political action is important not only for individuals but for larger political movements. And obviously, punk is not monolithic—we're connected to it for different reasons. But what is it about punk that spawns free-enterprise projects that call themselves "revolutionary"?

It is my understanding, through reading an email response from Srini of Unamerican, that the folks over there are very upset about the fact that Mimi took them seriously enough to spend the time needed to examine and write about their ideological underpinnings. Alternating between arguing that they are just a little business run out of their apartments and the most formidable revolutionary force on earth, (one of the many have-it-both-ways things Mimi pointed out in her article) Srini blames the article on personal hatred of himself by Mimi and the MRR editors. While ignoring the question of why so many people supposedly hate him, Srini also ignores the ideas brought up in the article. To me, they are some of the most important ideas that we in the punk scene can examine. xoxo,
Gordon Zola/ San Francisco

PS Since I'm writing, I want to bring up something that's always bothered me. That little disclaimer on the zine review section that says "Specific criticisms aside, it should be noted that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it." If memory serves me right, (and ignoring, for a second, that white supremacists also put out "independent releases" and the fact that this is not on the record review section) Tim Yo stuck that on there when certain zine reviewers started actually giving a negative review or two for zines with racist, sexist or homophobic content.



Please tell me why we should give credit to the money going into a zine. Maybe the reviewers should incorporate it into their reviews. Feel free to use this review I've prepared: "Well, the writing sucks, and the writer is probably a fascist, but he has a trust fund so we should all thank him for doing this zine."

Gordon,

About the zine thing... My recollection is that Tim rarely gave fuck about zines at all, so I would be very surprised if he went out of his way to make sure shitty fucked-up zines got props. And that "disclaimer" is in the header of the record review section. Anyway, I will ask some of the oldsters around here, and if you're right, I'll mention it in the next issue. Jeff M.

Dear MRR,

This is !!!srini with Unamerican Activities (<http://www.unamerican.com>), and, you know, folks, Mimi's right. Shit god damn, do we suck. We're one of the worst things ever, fuck us, dude. Punk will never make it after us; we're going to destroy it totally, fuckin A! We have no respect. We are wack bigtime. Fuckin' we don't keep our promises, we make off with bags of foot from idiots, and we use our fame to meet cute girls. Fuck !!!me, especially, because I'm a fucking capitalist for sure. Not to mention a fucking schizophrenic who needs some Prozac bad. "N-n-n-n-no values! No values!"

The truth is that we totally suck because it's so much fun being evil! I started Unamerican Activities to learn how to hypnotize Americans (yes, that means you, punk rockers, unless you aren't American, in which case you're reading an American magazine so shut up for a minute) into being my best friends without trying too hard. "Fuck Work" means fuck work for !!!srini, because I'm gonna be mister moneybags 'coz the kids are gaga about my shit. All kinds of people think I'm the fucking bomb, and yeah I love it!!! I go to fucking Vegas and people recognize my face. Dude, I've been on TV! I fucking rule, that's why - I am so fucking cool!!!!

Why does Unamerican exist?

We are here to control you, folks. We believe in order to conduct a revolution (and get rich in the process), we have to move our army (that's you) as one. We are here to manipulate you into a certain set of behaviors that will land your cash in our pockets. Hell, we even want you to market our shit to your friends - at a fat profit for us, of course. We talk all this bullshit about being so politically aware and all that, but we are totally in it for the money and fame and that ain't lyin'. I keep a notebook and come up with slogans - and that's my job. You bet your sweet ass I'm fucking smart - I'm a mad genius! We study advertising and marketing because they're control mechanisms. We are going to issue orders and people are gonna listen! We are so coercive, we are basically telling you what to do when we say "Quit your job, send us all your money, shave your head, don't vote, and start an e-business! Oh yeah and tell your friends!" Unlike the Causey Way, we are a cult!!! Not only that, yeah, fuck yeah, Mimi's got a lot of valid beef. I am, after all, a fucking capitalist. For instance, I love the e-business press! I read Business 2.0 maybe ten thousand times closer than I'd ever read this piece-a-shit magazine. And Mimi thinks I'm a capitalist, and she's smart, so there you go. I love Capital, I love Capital, [dancing] Ooh yeah I love capital baybee!!! Dude, Capital just fucking rocks. (There's a sticker idea!) Capital is going to be my best friend, fuck all other gods but Capital. I wanna buy mad shit dude, I wanna be rich as fucking hell. Dude, I'm going to buy (check this out) a jacuzzi! And one of them New Bugs! I wanna ride across the prairie in a New Bug (black, of course) with a huge upside-down flag flying off it!!! Yeah baby, I'm tengrandin debt now but I'll be blasting the Sabbath and risking arrest in style, because soon I'll be rich and famous. So anyway, go on, hate me all you want, it won't make a damn difference in your pathetic life. Now on the other hand, if you've got a business and you wanna deal with the Punk Rock Don, you had better get in touch with me before I steamroll right over yo' punk ass. Serious 'n shit, you better watch your ass because I'm more capitalist than you anyday. Fuck yeah. Also if anyone needs a job, send me a resume and a cover letter and tell me what it is you do and how you'd fit into the puzzle (put "resume" somewhere in the Subject line, please!!!). It just so happens that I wanna hire all y'all, full-

time or spare time either way, as my personal army. (Except for you, Mimi.) My email is srini@unamerican.com (y'all wanna interview me fo' yo' 'zines 'n' shit, email me there too). And if you do still hate me, feel free to fuck off. !!!srini

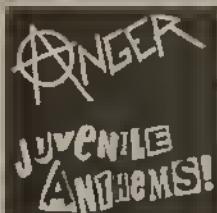
PS God, this letter is a lot more fun than the other letter. Thanks for the second chance, Sean. Can I tell you something man? I actually think you're a pretty neat guy. You handled my incredulous phone call ("why are you publishing a hit piece on me?") pretty well, I guess; your email about this letter was courteous, and I was expecting much worse. I have a big question for you. I still don't understand why you couldn't encourage Mimi to actually talk to me in her writing the article, and how you could let its one-sided venom slide through unedited. You seem smart, but don't you know you're letting your distaste for my project ruin your objectivity? Don't you feel that neither you, nor Mimi, nor Arwen nor anyone else have the right to judge me without meeting me? You people don't even know me, yet you hate me. This isn't fucking fair, man! And it makes you look like shit. Don't even think about yourself - think about Maximum. People work hard to make Maximum what it is; don't you feel responsible for keeping the reputation of this magazine at a high level? Don't you value your publication's standing as a non-biased journal - the Town Square of punk, as it were? Anyway, I do believe you owe me an apology, which I'll take in the form of a beer. Give me a call, and let's knock a couple back. Okay?

Dear Srini and readers,

I think the above missive is totally stupid. I feel bad about running it at all but Sean promised Srini we would. The whining about Srini being hated makes my stomach sick. He said x, y, and z, and Mimi's article said those things are fucked or bullshit and why. Get called on your shit, change your tune? And appealing to our supposed "objectivity" is insane. Regardless, I doubt the market for catchy sticker slogans will dry up. Time will tell if Unamerican will go out like Man's Ruin (who recently left Mordam for Sony), but I wouldn't be surprised a bit. Jeff M.

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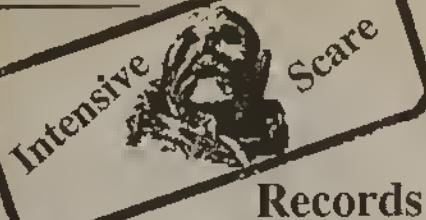
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Two things you won't find in Rio: rain and free beer.

—Leonardo from JASON

Brazilian boys constantly adjust themselves. I don't know whether it's the ubiquity of foreskin, the sexual permissiveness, or a general Latin American propensity, but keep an eye on any group of Brazilian men and within a minute one of them will have his hand on his crotch... checking his zipper, moving himself around. A nudge this way, a tug that way. A pull up or down. Adjust. Adjust. Once adjusted, someone else takes the cue and starts the process on his own tamale. Not being used to this ritual, I can't help glancing at those fingers as they move their cargo around. Occasionally, someone notices me watching.

I start this column in a DC-10 flying to Rio de Janeiro. Usually, this would be where I get nervous over what I forgot to do at home. Is the coffee pot unplugged? The door locked? The light left on? Not this time.

Now I'm nervous about when I get there. *The Lonely Planet Guide* talks about planted drugs, crime on every corner. Cops station themselves on the road to Uruguay (the one I'm taking) to shake down foreigners and back-packers. I'm both. I've lined my backpack with wire mesh and wrapped steel cable around it. OK, you murderous fuckers—break into that!

Off the plane. Customs is a breeze. I try to declare my computer. They don't even look at it.

"Just go through that door there and press the button," says the smiling woman.

I know, it's gonna slime me. BUZZ, I get only a green arrow that points to outside. I hate when things go smoothly. It means they can only get worse.

Leonardo meets me at the airport. He's adjusting himself as I leave the customs area. He wears his JASON t-shirt. I wear my "Old Punk's Never Die" one. But he wouldn't miss me anyway. How many guys are running around in black, with steel cable round their backpacks?

"You look like my father," he says when we meet.

Thanks, I need that.

Typical of the small Brazilian middle class, Leonardo's got a computer but no car. He lives with his parents in a little house in the burbs, two busses away from anywhere. We walk through the rain to the busstop and get on.

Leonardo's parents have a two bedroom apartment. In one room are his parents. In the other, Leonardo's brother on the bed, Leonardo on the pullout drawer of the trundlebed. Me, on the floor.

Mom speaks less English than I speak Portuguese, and lemme tell ya, that's *muito poco!* But she's got the rice and beans ready for me, though, along with some salty chicken. I chow down and take a nap. We've got a date to meet Manfrini in town. Then we go see some bands in another city. We'll take a boat to get there and a bus back. Figure that out.

Manfrini is in a band called *Claro que Nao*. (My keyboard won't write a tilde over the "a".) The name means "Of course, not."

A large TV sits center stage in Manfrini's livingroom. Around it hang a buncha college age guys, without mohawks, piercings, or obvious tatoos. They watch a soccer game. It's the national sport. No, not soccer, watching TV. It's not quite as bad as in America, but it's... whoa! What's this? Breasts. Girl breasts. Full and complete, with nipples, right there on a TV ad for something I can't figure out. You don't see that on American TV. At least not without cable. OK, now I understand the *real* Brazilian national sport.

"You want a beer?" asks Manfrini.

"Claro," I say. "Do I have to pay for it?"

"Claro que nao," he answers, bringing me this huge bottle of Antarctica beer. It's only the first.

Among the group in the livingroom are two girls. One is a tall well-proportioned young woman. She wears a pink CBGBs t-shirt that molds to her upper body. As a matter of fact, all over Brazil, girls' clothes are tighter than humanly possible.

My theory is that Brazilians have a rite of pubescence. At the age of ten, parents give their female children a snug-fitting t-shirt and pair of jeans. They are not allowed to remove these two pieces of clothing until they're married. This gives the girls from five to ten years to mold themselves to the clothes. It's like Chinese foot-binding, with results much more aesthetically pleasing.

The CBs girl says her name is Ramona. She's funny loud and her English is great. She's twice my height with a full head of short-trimmed jet-black hair.

There's also another girl. Thin, shy, shorter than I am. I smile at her. She smiles back. I'm in love.

"My name is Nanda," she says looking at me with eyes that melt my heart and stiffen elsewhere. "I only speak English when I drunk. I not drunk." Then she looks away.

Saved by the bell. The doorbell. It's Erico, aka Korn. He's from the Sao Paulo area. I "met" him through his webpage, *Homopunk Brazil*. Can't wait to meet him in person.

I pictured Brazil filled with these little coffee-colored punkrock boys. (I always

wanted to write a song called "Little Puerto Rican Boys With No Shirts On." I know Brazilians aren't Puerto Rican, but they ARE hispanic, aren't they?)

In walks Erico. Six foot tall... and blond. He's got a spike piercing through his lower lip and a bandaid across the bridge of his nose—a motorcycle accident, he explains. OK, he's not Hispanic. But I wouldn't kick him out of bed. (He would, however, kick me out of bed... but that's another column.)

Time for another beer, my third Antarctica. Getting drunk is like visiting an old friend. Hey Joe, here we are again. You and me. Old times. Getting together and enjoying ourselves. Doing what we always do. Feeling what we always feel. Drunkenness is a pal. Always there when you need him. Always familiar, no matter how exotic the location. It's comfortable and reassuring.

Throughout the night, at this party, at the punk show, at the birthday party where the newly 20 year old gave me my Yah-Man-Jah, during all of this, the beer keeps coming. Bottle after bottle. Huge bottles of Antarctica. From the store, from the bar, from places I can't imagine. Of the next 72 hours, I'm sober for 10.

Right now, Leonardo wants to get going.

"We gotta make that boat," he says.

"Fuck the show," says Manfrini. "I know where there's a party. It's my friend's birthday. He's gonna be an old man... twenty! There's gonna be free beer."

Leonardo looks at me. "What do you want to do?" he asks.

"I don't care," I tell him, "I'm new here. It's all an adventure."

"And you said there'll be free beer at the party?" I ask Manfrini.

He nods.

"Then I guess we go to the party," says Leonardo.

The pouring rain doesn't bother us very much as we make our way to the festivities. It's at the birthday boy's parent's apartment. A very middle-class place with a glass breakfront, a huge dining room table, a couch with a fancy white cloth covering, and a zebra collection. Some folks, usually girls, collect frogs, or pigs. This guy's dad collects zebras... Carved, stuffed, porcelain, metal, fragile glass treasures.

No time to look... More beer! And wild dancing to The Clash, The Buzzcocks, The Sex Pistols... This guy is turning twenty. He wasn't even born in 1977!

By midnight, half the zebras are in pieces on the floor. I have my first souvenir, a bead necklace, called a Iameinda (pronounced "Yah-Man-Jah"). It's from an African religion imported into Brazil with the slaves. The birthday boy says it'll protect me. I ask him if it'll get me laid.

There must've been more that happened that night, but I don't remember it. I wake up at 2PM the next day, in some strange bed. Fully clothed and alone.

At 3PM the day's first bottle of beer

comes out. By the start of the punkrock show that night, I'm back with my old friend.

Fortunately, Kinjin, the owner of the apartment I ended up in, has a car. He's also a skilled drunk-driver, who drives Leonardo and I through the rain to the show. I forget all the names of the bands that played. There must've been a dozen of 'em. The best one, with an awful name, was *Conspiracao 77*. (Is there a *Seventy Seven '77*? There will be tomorrow.)

After the show, Leonardo splits. Manfrini and the girls take me on a tour of whore street. Right near the club, there's a bunch of not-too-attractive girls, in typically Brazilian super-tight clothes. Many of these clothes are tied together with strings that reveal too much flesh in the diamond shape gaps.

During the walk, Ramona taps me on the shoulder. She turns to face me, stroking her CBGBs covered bulging breasts.

"You ever been here?" she asks.

"No," I answer, "but I'd sure like to be."

After whore street, it's off to a *Funk*. It takes place in a large white building next to *Garagi*, where the punkrock show was.

The CBs girl speaks with the big black bouncer at the door. She hangs onto his shoulder and whispers into his ear, letting her breasts brush against his upper arm. He smiles, nods and lets us pass through the gate into the concrete house.

Inside, the place has been cleared of furniture. It's a hard, concrete floor, covered with a soft white dust. In the back of the room, a DJ scratch-mixes house music. Heavy beat. No melody. On the concrete floor, moving to this music are about fifty young men. Most are darker than the average punk rocker. Most are shirtless and barefoot, looking like Puerto Rican boys.

As we enter, we see the crowd dancing around. A little girl, maybe two, stands near the door, her hands clasped behind her head. She thrusts her pelvis out and wiggles it side to side in time to the music.

We make our way up a concrete ramp to the dance floor. Then, off to the side, near the DJ booth, I see one of the dancers, a lanky young man wearing a Chicago Bull hat, suddenly raises both hands and starts swinging. Moving his arms like a windmill, he goes into the crowd and starts whacking anyone in his way. *Slap! Slap! Slap!* Not love taps. You can hear these hits echo against the concrete walls.

One of the dancers fights back. About twenty people stop dancing and form a ring around the pair. The others keep dancing as the music gets louder.

Whack! Whack! The newest fighter slaps the attacker on the side of the head. Then the chest. *Slap! Slap!* The attacker charges back. Then a kick. Real pro. Knee raised to the chest, then pop! Straight leg and back. Like a rubber band.

Kick! The slapper twists and kicks

back, landing a hard one on the whacker's chest. The whacker falls back, just catching himself against the concrete wall. He charges again. The slapper is ready. His weight shifted. He kicks out.

Thud! The attacker is quicker. His leg shoots out and catches the other's. *Thwack!* *Shuuf!* The slapper is in the air. Sideways, parallel to the ground. Legs ripped out from under him. *Blam*, he falls hard onto the concrete floor. There's a second of silence. Applause from the crowd. A surge toward the slapper. Two people stand on either side of the fallen young man. Each grabs him under an arm pit. They hoist him to his feet. *Slap him on the back, and get back to dancing.*

"That's REAL punkrock, man," says Manfrini, adjusting himself.

As the dancing continues, the flow of the crowd is regularly broken by young men flailing into the throng, fists flying. Some fight back, some get out of the way.

A short older man walks around with a plate of barely fried chicken. He offers it to us, smiling and nodding when we take it and gobble it down. It's too salty, but otherwise really good.

In front of me, a very muscular Negro stations himself, legs slightly bent, hands resting on his knees. He shifts his hips, so that his ass is high and out. Then he thrusts his pelvis forward and backward in doubletime to the music.

A younger, more attractive and less muscular Negro, shirtless and shoeless, plants himself behind the first. He lowers his body so that he can press his hips against the buttocks in front of him. And press he does. Shake. Shake shake. Thrust thrust thrust. Off they go. Into their own little world. The two of them, hips against ass. Pushing forward and back in a ritual fuck.

The man in the rear leaves to join the dancers. The Negro stays there, still wagging his ass. This time at me. I'd like to join in, but I'm afraid I'll get a hard-on. I don't think that would go over too well here.

Still, I can't help just moving my hips in time to the thrusts. I just don't touch. With the pulsating music, other pulsations can't be far behind... Whoa what happened?

The music stops. The lights come on. Bright and full. Half a dozen young men come over to us and form a semi circle.

The tall boy with the Chicago Bulls hat says something to me. He looks worried.

"*Io nao fallo Portuguese*," I tell him.

Manfrini takes over. I don't know what they're talking about but the boy seems agitated. Someone else from the circle shouts something. The boy shouts back. There's more shouting. The circle tightens.

Nanda, who must be drunk because her English is perfect, says to me.

"The owner wants us to leave. He says we are different from them and we will cause problems. The boys here, though. They don't want us to leave. They want us

to stay here."

It's not long before an older man, not much younger—or taller—than me, comes up to our little group. The semi-circle parts to let him through. He wears a torn white t-shirt, loose blue shorts, and thongs. He's obviously the owner.

He speaks, Nanda translates for me.

"I give this place for poor people to have parties," he says. "We don't like outsiders to come and ruin things."

"We're not outsiders," says Manfrini, "we have the same kind of party next door. You can come to our party."

"I don't want people come to watch us," continues the older man. "We are friends here."

"They are friends too," says the guy with the Chicago Bulls hat.

"Yes, they are," agrees the Negro who had spent the night waving his ass in the air. Manfrini, reaches over and hugs the guy. The guy hugs me. Soon we're all hugging each other. The girls get hugged a bit harder and tighter than the boys.

The owner looks around, smiles, shrugs his shoulders and shakes hands with us. Then the music starts again. The crowd cheers. The first fallen fighter smiles and gives us the thumbs up sign. We're heroes.

"They all know you're from New York now," says Nanda.

Sure enough. They all come over. Want to shake my hand. Say hello. Their eyes seem fixed on Ramona, though. Maybe they're just interested in CBGBs.

Later that night, I meet up with Leonardo again.

"You went to a funk?" He says.

I nod.

"You know the government is trying to get them banned?" He's incredulous. "At least once a month someone gets killed in those things. They're war zones!"

"It was fun," I tell him.

My last night in Rio, Leonardo gets me into an EMI concert. Some famous Brazilian band is having a reunion show. They're going to record a "live" album, so they've invited some people to cheer them on.

"Free beer?" I ask.

He nods.

I'm now on the bus from Rio south to San Jose dos Campos. It's raining. A baby sits in her mother's lap a couple of seats away from me. Not crying, but laughing that horrible high-pitched baby laughter. I'd easily pay \$10 extra to ride a kid-free bus or twice that for a kid-free planeride. Marketers take note.

I'm going to visit Korn, I'll finally get to find out what it's like to kiss someone with a spiked lower lip.... Yeah right. But like I said, that's another column. Right now, if you'll excuse me, I have to adjust myself.

ENDNOTES: [Thanks to your protests, sit-ins, marches and church burnings, there are no

longer length restrictions at MRR. All power to the people! Yeah! Still, visitors to my website: www.freeyellow.com/members2/seidboard/index.html, or subscribers (email to: MykelB@ix.netcom.com) will receive a few extra endnotes.]

→ It's tough being right dept: You remember last month when I wrote about the evil chemicals in "mental illness" and how their effectiveness has been so overrated because even placebos are effective.

The October 30 issue of *Science News* tells more. It appears that 75 percent of depressed patients taking placebos show "clinical improvement."

Even better: When the placebos are drugs intended for other conditions (like antihistamines for allergies), but the side effects are similar to anti-depression drugs (like sleepiness), their effectiveness becomes even stronger. In other words, if you convince the patient that the drug is doing SOMETHING, the patient's depression goes away.

Now, tell me THAT'S like diabetes!

→ Korn's homopunk webpage is at: http://www.geocities.com/punk_sjc. It's mostly in Portuguese but there is an explanation in English and plenty of links. You can also email him at: punk_sjc@yahoo.com. He's anxious to make contact with homopunks around the world. And yeah, he speaks English... better than me.

→ Every once in a while someone forwards me some information about "The Darwin Awards". The idea of these awards is that stupidity reaps its own compensation, knocking off the stupid one and making the earth just that much smarter.

One of my favorites is one where the guy doesn't die, but still gets what was coming to him. Here's the story:

American Ronald Demuth took some Russian friends to a zoo in Vermont. Anxious to impress the Russkies, he spread some crazy glue on his hands. Then, as a joke, rested those hands on the tough rear of a passing rhino. The animal, used to being petted, thought nothing of it, until it realized this guy was not gonna let go.

Then it started to panic, and run around wildly trying to loose the guy. What was worse, said zoo officials, the animal had been very constipated lately and was given a laxative to help ease the problem.

During the ensuing melee, the tag team knocked down fences, killed several smaller animals, and let others escape.

Here's the quote, as I received it, from the Darwin people, *it took a team of medics and zoo caretakers to remove his hands from her buttocks. First, the animal had to be captured and calmed down. However, during this process the laxatives began to take hold and Mr. Demuth was repeatedly showered with over 30 gallons of rhino diarrhea.*

"It was tricky. We had to calm her down, while at the same time shield our faces from being pelted with rhino dung. I guess you could say that Mr. Demuth was into it up to his neck.

Once she was under control, we had three people with shovels working to keep an air passage open for Mr. Demuth. We were able to tranquilize her and apply a solvent to remove his hands from her rear," said Douglass. "I don't think he'll be playing with Crazy Glue for a while."

Meanwhile, the Russians, while obviously amused, also were impressed with the power of the adhesive. "I'm going to buy some for my children, but of course they can't take it to the zoo," commented Vladimir Zolnikov.

→ Bounced Mail Dept: I tried to send email to the following folks who've written me. Your mail bounced. Watsupwidat? pnardo@en.com

craigums.heavy.metal@juno.com

→ Thanks dept: Wow! There's too many and I'm only starting my second week here! I'm sure I'll forget people. If it's you, let me know and I'll thank you next month, as well as perform oral sex on you next time we meet.

In Rio there's Leonardo, Manfrini, Ramona, Kinjin, Nanda (Goddess), the guy who gave me my Yah-Man-Jah. In San Jose dos Campos, there's Erico (aka Korn) and his roommate whose name I forgot. In Sao Paolo, there's Eduardo, Cordo (not the one from Ratos, who I didn't get to meet), Henrique, THE BLIND PIGS, Paolo, Carlos, Maria, and Patricia aka Laiza who you'll read about next month.

In Santos, it's Junior from THE WHITE FROGS. Plus all the bands who gave me CDs and cassettes. I'll have a full listing as soon as I can get through them all!

In Curitiba, there's Rodriguez, his brother, and Julio. Who also deserve my apologies for skipping out on them. It's a long and evil story about a Youth Hostel more hostile than hostel.

More next month.

→ Second thoughts dept: One of the many great things about travelling is that it challenges things you believe and makes you stand on your head to look at the world.

Two examples:

1. Vinyl is cool. CDs are not. A really cool band releases ONLY vinyl... Wrong.

In many countries, including Brazil, people don't have access to record players. They're either too expensive or just not available. For a Brazilian band to release only vinyl is pure snobbishness. Foreign bands who don't give a shit about other countries can do so. But if you do, it is as nationalistic and Western-centered as any patriotic skinhead band. Vinyl is nationalism.

2. Bands who sing in their own language are cool. Bands who sing in English are sellouts, trying to imitate Americans... Wrong!

Junior from the WHITE FROGS told me his band was offered a three record deal from EMI. Big advance, studio time paid for. Everything, all they had to do was "sing in Portuguese."

"Nobody will sign a band who sings in English," he says. "The radio won't play

you. The stores won't stock your records. It's hard... But we play American style music. We don't play samba. If the notes are English (American), then the language should be English. We won't change for money or fame."

Put that in your PC pipe and inhale it! Oh yeah, ask me next month about MTV!



The sound of weeping...

continues

Joe Strummer this and Joe Strummer that. Did I miss something? Did that motherfucker finally apologize for "Sandanista"?

The members of NEIL PERRY have been paying wonderful attention to all that has transpired in the emo, hardcore, and brutal art schools of the 90's. Bursts of power continually roll off of each song with vocals at the mountaintop of screamo. The sound opens up at times with a fucked, fuzzed, and distorted anthemic Canadian style. All the knobs are turned on familiar sounds making something just fresh enough. Don't look, I'm humping this record. (\$3.50: Spiritfall, 215 Hancock Ave., Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

Also available for 350¢ from Spiritfall is a BORN UNDER SATURN EP. Flip flop in the vocal style from all out harsh screams to the spoken style of parts of the SWIZ EP on Jade Tree. Frantic, but not spastic, hardcore with the slightest hint of metal licks in the guitar. None of the typical slow to fast, soft to loud, just a couple of super abrupt, on a dime switchovers from crazy intensity to a somewhat hollow (in a good way) interlude with the before mentioned spoken vocals. This is the sentence I mention the political punch in their lyrics.

Ron, the kingpin at Gold Tooth (PO Box 621, New Paltz, NY 12561) suggested that I note the lackluster layout that I ROBOT went for on their EP. Shit, compare this to the visual disasters of nearly every SCREECHING WEASEL LP, and the plainness of this EP is rather nice. Sad sounding tunes within. Not quite sparse guitar, moving slowly and ever so disjointedly forward. And it does get somewhere. Vocals almost follow along the smooth and nearly hidden bass, and at times shout directly into the faster moving stuff. I, ROBOT could be in the stack of records next to your record player with CHINO HORDE, BOB TILTON, and BENCHMARK. Oh, and the next band being reviewed. P.S. Gold Tooth is putting together an interna-

columns

tional hardcore comp.

12 HOUR TURN makes me happy in much the same way YAPHET KOTTO do. Classic emo sound without being an emo version of a Bruce Springsteen cover band in New Jersey. Rather than just mimic the songs of bands like CURRENT and CHINO HORDE they obviously spend a great deal of TIME to come up with songs of a style/sound they LOVE. Not too predictable back and forth from mid to quick tempo, pained sounding vocals without sounding melodramatic, and great collision between rhythm and cacophony. Records like this give me hope that the Midwest indie rock sound has finally finished using emo as their stepping stone to CMJ BULLSHIT SUCCESS. Where was I? TWELVE HOUR TURN "The Victory Of Myself" LP or CD \$7 from No Idea (PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

When first holding the CLOCK EP in my hand I thought, CLOCKS, sounds math rock to me. I was puzzled and didn't know what to think about the Calvin Klein Lolita on the record sleeve. CLOCKS are not twerpy math rock. There is no mention of where they are from, but my money is on joily ol' England. I could totally imagine this band playing with RED MONKEY or being on the Slampit! label. Not quite as art damaged as that might lead you to think; this is quite smooth with umph (think quality sipping whiskey). Fun sounding drums and an almost hypnotic repetitiveness in the hooks of the guitar. A less dramatic FABRIC? A sleepy HUGGY BEAR? Post-Riot Grrrl? (Trackstar, PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731)

I'm not too sure if Dogprint #12 with the live PARTY OF HELICOPTERS/HARRIET THE SPY EP is still available. Perhaps a visit to www.dogprint.com or a postcard to PO Box 2120, Teaneck NJ 07666 could get an answer for you. Get to it, the HARRIET THE SPY banter at the More Than Music love-in is a nice thumbed nose and stuck out tongue. The recording captures all of their neurotic emo herk, jerk, and croon. Word has it they broke up. I applaud that, no shitty "Soulforce Revolution" or "How We Rock" style recordings to clog the used bins, only highly listenable recordings left behind. Lenny of Dogprint suggests that PARTY OF HELICOPTERS is a glam band. Well, they have a bit of pouty theatrics in the mix, so why not? New marketing term alert: Emo-Glam (glamo??).

Quite a few new items from Spectra Sonic Sound snuck across the Canadian border to my PO Box. The KEPLER EP nearly had me hacking my wrists open. Imagine being in a completely dark room with downy feathers being sprinkled on you. That is the metaphor for the amazingly soft and sparse ambience of KEPLER. Three members, but one would hardly know it. The somewhat louder stuff at the end of one of the two songs seemed hideously out of place. Only for fans of the similarly soft

strangeness Louisville and Chicago routinely offers (PALACE, SLINT, etc.)

SEPPUKU, with a CD on Spectra Sonic Sound is not the hardcore SEPPUKU with the recent EP. SEPPUKU is emojazzin a way that HOOVER only scratched at with their annoying sound. There is a lot of theory at work here, instruments are used in far from any way most are used to, and strange experiments in conducting musicians occur. Maybe this is an ideal record for musicians who are scholars of music theory. Sort of reminded me of those 60's Tom & Jerry cartoons with the free-jazz soundtracks.

The only one of the new releases on Spectra Sonic Sound that comes close to having that "sound that surrounds" is the THREE PENNY OPERA "Countless Trips From Here To There" CD. This band was really flat and BORING to watch at the Che Fest this summer. They should have just played this CD instead. Tight sound with much dynamics. Crisp guitars and the determined steering of bass and drums. Can you picture CIRCUS LUPUS with a direct focus or 400 YEARS with the mania turned down. Ordering info: KEPLER=\$4, THREE PENNY OPERA=\$8, SEP-PUKU=\$8, Spectra Sonic Sound=Box 80067, Ottawa, ON, K1S 5N6, CANADA.

TRANSITIONAL's "The People Vs. Transitional" CD is the most recent addition to the ranks of the new romance, ladies and germs. Fitting that TRANSITIONAL's label is distributed by Bottlenekk, which is becoming the cartel for this tweaked out new-old-new-wave. Synthesizer and female vocals tweaked out in tremendous ways while a rat-a-tat drum and post-punk guitar fiddle around. A TRANSITIONAL/SLAVES split LP could be the BLATZ/FILTH split of the new romance. (Sound On Sound, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

Florida has spat forth its most recent bit of strangeness. GREETINGS FROM JOON "Static To The Homeland" CD mixes up mid-tempo emo-pop and ba-bop-bop-bop with a thick as can be resonant fuzz on the bass, that the ear just barely picks up. Occasional techno-sounding influences. (Good Bye Blue Skies, PO Box 306, Tavernier, FL 33070)

France's Mosh Bart Industries has sent in two records, but no address. I am a big CAVE-IN fan. They have a weirdness I really get into. However, their side of the split with CHILDREN is an ice cold turd. Some techno style remix of the song "Bottom Feeder." If you buy this record be sure to repeatedly scratch this side with a safety pin so that it can never be played. CHILDREN walk that line between metal and emo-violence. Hectic, yes. Chugging metal licks, yes. Spat vocals, yes. Similar to the verse parts of CONVERGE without the slow downs and the bizarre sung vocals.

The Mosh Bart record is a CLOUDBURST EP. Which mixes up North-

eastern US metal-core with straights of French emo such as IVICH and JASMINE. Almost a really great mix of crunch and nasally vocals over drawn out intermissions of rocking back and forth on your heels. Just a touch too metal.

Buying Guide: 12 HOUR TURN LP, CLOCKS EP, TRANSITIONAL CD, NEIL PERRY EP, I, ROBOT EP, HARRIET THE SPY/ PARTY OF HELICOPTERS EP.

As promised last month, my top ten of 1999. The guidelines: the records had to have been reviewed in the column in the past 12 issues and they had to be records that I made an effort to listen to in my free time. No small feat! I've included addresses but keep in mind that some of these releases may no longer be available. It was hard enough to go from 15 to 10 choices, so I decided that there would be no particular order to the listing.

1. VOLUME 11 "Prole Art Threat" LP (Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321)
2. SWITCHBLADE 10" (Trust No One, Helsingborg 5, 118 58 Stockholm, SWEDEN)
3. ISIS "Mosquito Control" 12" (Escape Artist, PO Box 363, Westchester, PA 19381-0363)
4. BIRDS OVER BUILDINGS Tape (Dosei Jidai, 5707 De Lange, Houston, TX 77092)
5. YAPHET KOTTO "The Killer..." LP (Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116)
6. LAST MATCH/SWITCHBLADE EP (La Calavera Discos, Box 385, SE 901 08 Umea, SWEDEN)
7. GENERATION OF VIPERS 12" (Landmark, PO Box 251565, Little Rock, AR 72225)
8. SLAVES LP (Troubleman, 16 Willow Street, Bayonne, NJ 07002)
9. WAXWING "For Madmen..." LP (Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138)
10. RED SCARE "Capillary..." (Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321)

I have two honorable mentions the first being the HATED "Unreleased Songs" boot LP left off the list due to availability issues and the LOCUST belt buckle (Three One G, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177) because it is for wearing and smacking someone upside the head, not listening to.

All records, zines, CDs, news, and diet fads to PO Box 170482, San Francisco, CA 94117.



A huge amount of this months Rhinestone T article is from a letter that I sent to a

columns

friend about the work that I do in Southwest Florida. I internally despise living in Florida, but have stuck it out for the last 18 months. I am leaving in March or April though and will miss the work that I do here. This article is about the work that I do. I love it and everyday I learn something new and have so much passion for this. What I do is wildlife research, but more specifically I work to study Florida's manatee population. I work at a non-profit marine laboratory and we get the majority of our funding through the state. Actually my paycheck comes from the sales of manatee license plates. Weird. Not that I make very much money. In fact I make less than the starting wage at the local Taco Bell, but that's beside the point. My first job is managing a database that allows you to pull up jpg.s of animals' photographs and all of the other info. My second job is to go out and photograph them. We choose sites determined by aerial survey data (that is my boss' job) and then we take the boat and a crew out and photograph the manatee's scar patterns. It's a paradox of course that through the boat strikes and scars we are able to discern individual animals by the patterns created on their backs and tails. The fieldwork is incredible.

Well, when people say manatees are big dumb things I guess you can reply by educating them. Manatees are the 'oldest' marine mammal - 65 million years - and an extensive fossil record can be found throughout the earth, and in the offshore waters of Florida. There are three species of extant manatees and one species of extant dugong. There was a dugong that resided on the west coast of North America but it was hunted to extinction by the late 1700's. The West Indian manatee, which is the one that I study, whose range is from Florida to Brazil. The West African manatee, and the Amazonian manatee. The Dugong range is in the tropical waters of the Indo-Pacific and parts of east Africa. The Florida manatee is a sub-species of the West Indian manatee and is found throughout Florida's brackish shallow waters.

Two thirds of their mortality (Florida manatees) is human-related, one third of that being boat-related. All of the manatees and dugong of the world are endangered. Many people that are uneducated on the issue will say they are naturally on their way out, but with two thirds of their mortality being human-related (Florida manatee) and in many places in the world still hunted you see they speak in ignorance.

In fact, this year's watercraft related mortality statistics show that this is a record year across the board and that there has never been more deaths recorded of manatee's in one year (caused by watercraft!!!)!!!

Manatees are slow, herbivorous, mammals that feed mainly on sea grasses and water hyacinth. They live in shallow brackish waters and require fresh water for proper osmoregulation. Based on whether they

are covered in algae or barnacles we can determine if they've been at sea or in the rivers or springs. A huge percentage (about 80-90%) of the animals are scarred in Florida from boats or entanglement. Most animals have specific scar patterns which enables us to distinguish between individuals. We go out in the field on a boat with a propeller guard and photograph their scars. We use a small electronic trolling motor when we get near them as to not disturb them and photograph them as they surface to breath. They are not harmed in any way. We sort the slides and try to match individuals. There are over 500 known animals on the west coast of Florida. About 150 in Sarasota bay, and about 150 in Charlotte Harbor. These are the animals that we catalogue and study. By determining specific animals we are able to gather life history data, sex, behavior, age, lineages, movement or migration patterns, usage of specific causeways and counts. This information is vital to management issues and to the survival of this species. We also do aerial surveys and keep accurate year round counts of the animals which goes on a GIS program. The last synoptic (everyone and their mother flies the entire Florida coastline on the same day) survey was done in early March of last year and indicated about 2,450 animals. That isn't the exact number because I don't remember and I am too lazy to look it up, but it is very close.

My job in the office is to manage an electronic database that we can query for specific features and pull up photographs on the screen of animals that have those features (like all the animals that have a large left tail mutation), this enables us to make matches, and keep sighting records.

Well, I could seriously go on all day, but ask questions of what I've written so far and I'll continue. They are truly amazing creatures and a little slow it's true. Not the sharpest knife in the block, but an incredible contributor to biodiversity. Any questions contact <rhinestone_t@hotmail.com> I send you sparkles, *tami



Nathan Berg

My life has taken a big turn for the worse. In addition to everything I've got going on in my life, I somehow decided that a second full-time job was a good idea. It wasn't. Well, actually, it was almost necessary considering how poor I've become. Funny thing is, now that I'm working about 80 hours/week and putting in a lot of extra hours for the city (budget season kind of requires that)—meaning that I don't even

really have much time to spend money—I'm still broke. Go figure. Anyhow, nothing has been working out right. Insight (our local infoshop) looks like it's about to go down the tubes, though I probably shouldn't be speaking for it since I haven't even been there in over a month. The city is going broke, which meant lots of budget cuts this year, including funds for a bunch of bike trails I worked pretty hard at getting approved. I have a vehicle that's been in the shop since sometime back in May, costing me more than what I paid for the piece o' junk. And finally, the band hasn't even practiced since June (though that situation should soon be rectified). In addition to all of that, I've been spending my days getting up at 7AM and usually not returning home again until 1 or 2AM. Yuk!

The purpose of this is not to sit and gripe about my problems. I'm always happy; no matter what I'm doing. My whole world could fall apart and I'd still find a reason to smile. There are billions of people on this planet that literally have to struggle through their days and the shit they have to deal with makes my puny problems seem like blessings. However, that doesn't stop me from whining every now and then. Anyhow, I've begun to understand of late what it is that's truly bringing me down. It's all about loneliness. So I figure it's high time I wrote a bit about relationships.

When I'm speaking of relationships, I'm not just talking solely about the boyfriend/girlfriend, girlfriend/girlfriend or boyfriend/boyfriend (or as a local farmhand recently reminded us: farmhand/goat) relationships, I'm also talking about friendships and alliances. Many of my closest friends have either recently moved or have started down the husband/wife/kids/pets path, which means that I see them about as often as I see the relocated bunch (and sometimes less). Most of the people I'm currently close to, I only see enough of to say hello and drink a few brews. No one seems to have the willingness to discuss anything of relative meaning anymore and there's really no one to blame for this. How would that work anyway? "Hey Nathan! I haven't seen you in a while. Sit down and we'll talk foreign policy, followed by a deep discussion of our personal well-being." I think not. Besides, most of close friends aren't even interested in the things that I do anyway. None of my friends read this column anymore (or never did). No one I know has ever gone to a City Council meeting to see what that's all about (not even my parents, who live a whole three blocks from city hall). Nobody kept any sort of interest in the vision of Insight, which is truly depressing because it started with such high hopes and so much potential to be awesome. So nearly everything I'm doing, I'm doing by myself, with little or no interest from anyone I know.

My past relationships (all two of them) have been disasters. Soon after high school (which wasn't THAT long ago, all things

considered), I began dating a girl I had grown very close to over the course of a two-year, long distance friendship. We ended up living together and, though we had a lot of good times, it was ultimately an emotional wreck. She ended being a materialistic hypochondriac which, if you read my columns with any sort of regularity, you know is about as close to my polar opposite as you can get. (And that reminds me... One of my most vivid memories of this time period was a Thanksgiving dinner at her parents when her and her entire family were on Prozac. Boy, what a meal!) It eventually ended, but instead of ending suddenly, it dragged out for about a year, which only made things worse. [Interesting sidenote: After having a few thousand miles between us for the past few years, I just last week helped her move into a new apartment about two blocks from my own. We are actually pretty good friends now and are both well aware that our "boyfriend/girlfriend" (god, I hate those terms) relationship was conceived in hell and that it should never be re-attempted.] My other relationship was quick and painful. In just under the course of a year, we managed to destroy not only our own good relationship, but also about three others. Again though, we remain good friends (though not extremely close) and there's been no long-term damage done.

Thinking about all of the happenings during these two relationships, I've begun to understand that I'm a non-monogamous person. By that, I don't just mean sexually non-monogamous. I haven't even had sex in almost a year now anyhow, and there doesn't seem to be any change in that pattern in the foreseeable future (perhaps that's the root of my troubles...ha ha), so what I mean by non-monogamy is developing relationships based on love, trust, (com)passion, and respect (and hot, sweaty sex) with more than one person. I think it's important to develop these types of relationships while simultaneously throwing a stick of dynamite at traditional sex and gender roles. I mentioned before that I hate the terms 'boyfriend' and 'girlfriend' (and chalk up the phrase 'significant other' while you're at it). It's kind of bizarre that I feel this way, especially considering that my very last column dealt with accepting labels instead of rejecting them. However, in the case of relationships, which traditional mainstream thinking has almost successfully reduced into ownership contracts, I feel that it's important to either get rid of these labels and the stigmas they seem to emit or change their very meaning. In the second relationship I spoke of above, we decided not to consider ourselves 'boyfriend' and 'girlfriend' for the very reasons I just mentioned. All of my friends still called her my girlfriend, which got us discussing these gender roles. They claimed that since we lived together, spent a lot of time together, had strong emotional ties and plenty of sex, that we were the epitome of boyfriend and girlfriend. My take was that since we had

made a conscience effort not to let our relationship be limited by traditional gender roles and our own petty insecurities (such as "oh no...she had sex with someone else and isn't going to be there for me anymore"), we were the exact opposite of boyfriend and girlfriend. My belief was/is that by referring to ourselves in those terms, we were giving the impression that we were committed only to each other and well, "taken". That's not how we wanted to be viewed. (As it turns out, we weren't on the same page anyhow. A lack of serious discussion about this subject and a general difference in personalities ended up being our downfall, but that argument remains the same.) I see no reason why you can't love or fuck or care about more than one person and in order to make those relationships possible (and beyond that, healthy), we have got to stop using language that insinuates otherwise. Furthermore, we've got to start talking about it more. The press obviously isn't going to do it for us. Mainstream culture, while excessively dictating that the appropriate relationship is male/female (and racially homogenous I might add), isn't going to be gung-ho about this. It makes for a big pain in the ass for most major religions, advertisers, and policy makers.

It seems dumb to have to point out that in this country where the citizens have spent a significant portion of the past year cracking cigar jokes, that there is plenty of sex in the headlines. Media and its advertisers have basically stacked the bill full of sex. But what kind of sex? Basically, it's nothing but sexual imagery. There's sexual imagery everywhere. It's on the sitcoms, on the magazine covers, in the movies and on the Top 40. There's the beautiful, busty models and actresses that are used to sell beer (and desires of rape) to the boys and make-up to the girls (not to mention negative body image and eating disorders, both of which are major problems for many of the girls I know—including the two that I've dated). But where's the discussion about sex? The way I see it, the only forms of actual discussion about sex that I see are either in the awful mainstream magazines like *Vogue* and *Maxim* (which recently ran an article showcasing how you can make your penis 'appear' larger than it really is, for when you go to the clubs to "pick up chicks") or major stories about the newfound treatments and preventions of STD's (which, though very important and useful, don't do much in the way of helping people build relationships, sexual or otherwise, with fellow humans). There's also the countless movies and TV shows that utilize a ton of sexual lip service (bad choice of words?), but mostly only to keep us glued to the screens or as a way to make cheesy jokes (wait a minute—didn't I just do that?) For the most part, if you want to see some articles that critically discuss ways to develop healthy sexual and emotional relationships, you're going to have to read the words "husband" and "wife" a lot.

So, with this as the mainstream view of

the sexual world, how am I supposed to find anyone to relate to in an emotional, spiritual, AND sexual manner, much less a number of people? I guess that's where the major problem lies. I must admit however that my own set of ideals and beliefs often gets in the way as well. I can't tell you how many times I've seen a girl that will spark my interest in some form or another [though it's typically in a visual manner. Honestly, I really don't know what to say about that. The first thing I notice about people is how they look and although I can't say that it's the most important thing in the world, I also can't say it's completely irrelevant...at least as far as sexual attraction goes. At the very least, I can admit that what I perceive as physical beauty is quite different than what, as a young white male, I'm told is beautiful. And yes, I can easily be turned on by the way someone thinks. And while I'm in a big set of parentheses, let me make something else clear. As a (mostly) heterosexual male, the experiences I'm drawing from are in that vein. I am, in no way, trying to suggest that opposite sex relations are any more 'normal' or healthy than those of the same sex variety. It's just that that's what I'm most familiar with. That probably should have been obvious from the above, but just in case...], only to lose that interest when I see that she's wearing a Nike T-shirt or something like that. Part of me says that this is the sort of person I should be trying to create some bonds with, and perhaps turning them on to a different way of looking at things. A larger part of me says that I definitely don't want to get involved with someone that would even consider wearing Nike apparel because they're so different from me that it could never be THAT fulfilling. An even larger part of me says, "Thank god I found something 'wrong' with her... otherwise I would have had to talk to her and stuff." Yeah, I'm a bit shy around strangers I guess. Sometimes it's truly difficult to tell if I'm turned off by someone for stupid little reasons like the Nike thing, or if it's something deeper-rooted than that.

Having never truly been involved with non-monogamy, I can only imagine that it's a difficult process. I know plenty of people that are very involved in non-monogamous relationships (who coincidentally live far, far away from myself) and I know that it's no constant path of flowers and sunshine. However, they do seem to be happier than the one-on-one crew, if not solely because they have spent more time talking to their partners about what they want, need, and expect from each other. I'm not saying that everyone should be in non-monogamous relationships. I know plenty of people that are quite happy with monogamy (at least for now) and plan on staying together for the rest of their lives. These are also the same people who can find happiness in things like marriage and children. I, most definitely, cannot. The thought of having a loving wife, a kid or two and a nice suburban home literally makes me sick to my stomach. Of

LETTERS

course, the thought of spending another year's worth of lonely nights isn't very appealing either. Sigh.

I didn't have a column in the last issue because I was too busy to even get in front of a computer. The one that you just read is a jumbled mess of thoughts that I threw together way too quickly, also because I'm busy. It appears as if I'll have to do a follow-up just to make an attempt to sort out what the hell I was getting at. Someday soon, I hope to get off of this roller coaster and relax a bit...

2 You can write to me at PO Box 504, Chippewa Falls WI 54729. I'd like to promise that you'll get a response, but it's becoming increasingly difficult to write anyone back. I'll try, how's that?

3 Kudos to anyone that was at the WTO protest... wish I could've been. It was cool to see pictures of punks on the front pages of all the papers. It was not cool to see tear gas canisters being fired at their heads...



THINGS THAT ARE AWESOME: workin for the weekend (the song and the actual act of workin for the weekend) animals dressed up as people, *Fraggle Rock*, Tim Duffy, Simon Chung, boobs, vodka and Red Bull, Sinbad, *TGIFriday's*, the Mike Joyce dance, when a short guy slow dances with a tall girl with big boobs, Manowar, cilantro, when office ladies go out for drinks, the word "titties", Gary Busey, Jake Busey, when old people have names like 'Peabottom', Nick Nolte, World Fairs, early attempts at flying with goofy machines, rubber dog shit, chicks, guns, firetrucks, hookers, drugs, booze, when Al Pacino yells, Alba, The Sandwich Club, busting out of jail, natural disasters, fireworks, triple deckersandwiches, prosciutto, Flalloween, when confused animals hump funny things, xylophones, jet packs, breakfast burritos, time machines, mesh hats, testicle festivals, the movie *Tommy Tricker and the Stamp Traveler*, pirates, when monkeys turn bad and attack the handicapped people they were trained to help, duckpin bowling, getting a horse drunk, old timey bicycles, being invisible, cabooses, train conductors, animals driving cars, old guys who pan for gold, the part in the movie *Cocoon* when the old people go out and act young, morbidly obese children, riding in trains, ferocious BJs, riding on top of trains, business tycoons, elephants, surly dwarves, White Russians, old wise Black janitors who hang out in the boiler rooms of buildings, who you can go to for advice about sex, marching bands, hats with pony tails attached to the back, drinking schnapps in a movie theater, getting dogs to

do things for you, step dancers, when old people suddenly turn young and their clothes are too big for them, Dee Dee King, GIANT hoagies, food courts, Oasis, Clifton's Cafeteria, Rusty in *European Vacation*, my girlfriend noisily eating soup, when guys get kicked in the nuts, that Black guy in the *Police Academy* movies who makes all the funny noises, stubborn donkeys, mariachi bands, when people's pants fall down and they're wearing polka-dotted underpants, buffets, dancing around and eating a hoagie, Freaknik, Rodney Dangerfield's rap album, 'boi-oi-oi-ing' noises, explosions, getting a pie in the face/crotch/ass, Chris Elliot, winning things, Stokley, The Drawing Room, Ye Rustic Inn, banditos, mummies, doing the Twist while eating cake, Jar Jar Binks, when old people disappear for a few days, then come home, drifters, going on safari, back when they made little kids work in factories, Miami booty bass, when boring parties are saved by Boner and his wonder joints, big brassy ragtime music that plays when you sit down on a toilet, ghosts, casual sex arrangements (like Pacey and Jen on *Dawson's Creek*, Nicknames like "Stinky" and "Boner", Tom Hopkins' ear horn, Glendale, having big balls, naked Todd Saunders, Christmas sweaters and turtlenecks, Partynogg, the time my dad was in a shoe store and he tried on a pair of tennis shoes and ran back and forth across the store making screeching noises, R&B, Robotech, me, The TV show *The Iron Chef*, doughnuts, Japanese stationary, burritos, one bourbon one scotch and one beer, party trains, Christmas in July, poisonous snakes, daredevils, wearing monocles, conquering nature, evil ventriloquist dummies, Batman, Russian rock bands, Monster party songs, guys who have bodies and clothes like Donald Duck, Postcards from Uncle Traveling Matt, half man/half sharks, Gnome butts, when people catch fire and they start running around and people start chasing them to put them out, anything in fast motion set to the *Benny Hill* theme song, side-bottom, when daredevils do things that don't work, when little kids shit/burp/throw up/pee/snot at inappropriate moments, going to six different video stores looking for *Fraggle Rock* videos, diving into things that are carefully set up, when animals pee on their trainers, jumping off of things, when little kids get bored and just sit or lay down and the parents drag them around trying to get them to stand up but the kids just go limp, when Brett goes to the pool and stands on the diving board with a boner and all the girls laugh at him, FRIDAYS!

THINGS THAT ARE NOT AWESOME: Mondays! Guesstimating, walking around town with your pet lizard on your shoulder, the French, Australian accents, French-Canadians, Mike popping a boner, outtie bellybuttons, quitters, rock stars who don't use drugs, being old, Jim Carrey, Rap Metal, the cast of MTV's *The Real World*

(especially Amaya), actors, diets, when bands give speeches in between songs, people who perform magic tricks, how Dawson has turned into a total emo pussy, experimental side project bands, shock jock dj's, Evil Tim Duffy, having someone teach you the true meaning of a holiday, revolutionaries.

Oh and one last unrelated thing, here's a quote from an article about the producer of *When Animals Attack*, who is also a veteran tabloid TV producer who just wrote a book about the ascendancy of tabloid TV in America: "A lot of it is in the packaging—like that film of a donkey sexually assaulting a man whom the beast had found defecating in his pasture." Fox has always wanted to air it but never could," Kearns claims. "Every time someone presented it to them they would put on ragtime music and sound effects—'Boing!' I saw it and was horrified. This makes *Oz* look like *Touched By An Angel*. It was horrific. So I played it very straight and put some scary music behind it—'This man is invading the territory of an animal...'" Why was someone filming this guy shitting in a pasture? That's my column! I'd like to give a shout out to the Sandwich Club and to my new hamsters Max and Peanut Butter! I'm also in a new band called The Count. It's me and a couple of pussy guys with funny haircuts. Go see us. Send me something! John S Ringhoff 4446 Finley Ave #201 Los Angeles, CA 90027

CARS KILL

PETE MENCHETTI

After quite a bit of deliberation, I've decided to continue to write for *MRR*. Maybe you noticed my absence in issue 200—it's not because I didn't send a column in, but because the powers that be decided not to run it. I spent hours trying to hash out my ideas and find the right words for one of the most difficult topics I've ever tried to tackle. And at the end of the day (yeah, it took me all day), after feeling like I successfully managed to spell out my opinion in a way that anyone besides myself might understand, I wasn't so sure I agreed with myself. Maybe it's just as well that the column didn't see print, because I've had extra time to think about it, and some amazing experiences to influence it.

In issue #200, columnists were given the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to write about the other columnists, which has long been forbidden in *MRR*. My column was a response to an article by another contributor, so it was disqualified—and I was pissed. I considered doing what others have done:

quit, and go whine to *Hit List* about the evils of MRR. Brett was cool enough to offer to print the column (without even reading it), but I'm not so sure I fit into that mag. I'm trying to decide how I feel about it—it's definitely the best-looking punk rag in existence, and the music covered is very in line with my tastes. It's also full of some really good writing, even if at times a bit conservative. Most of all, I don't feel like I'm old enough, at twenty-five years, to be taken seriously by the staff of aging punk wise men. I'm glad they're doing what they do, but they probably wouldn't want me. (What's really funny to think about is how much it takes these days to be considered a veteran of the punk scene. It's now been nearly twelve years since I went to my first punk show. That means I've been involved in the scene for the same amount of time as all of MRR's columnists in the late 80s, when punk rock was barely ten years old. I makes me wonder what punk rags will be like in 2020 - will the only punk rants to be taken seriously be the ones from 65 year-old retirees? I guess I'll never know, since the message I get from the HIT LIST fogeys is that since I wasn't there at the beginning in 1977, I'll never get it.)

My rejected column was about free enterprise. It's a difficult subject to tackle, especially when punks, who are programmed to believe that capitalism is automatically evil, are the audience. I believe a distinction needs to be made between free enterprise and modern-day capitalism. Because there is a distinction. If there wasn't, then the little grocery store on the corner of Valencia and 16th is just as evil as Marlboro, Nike, and General Electric. Make the distinction yourself: is Joe's Homebrew as evil as Budweiser? Is Juanita's Burrito Shop as evil as Taco Bell? Maybe free enterprise is the wrong phrase to latch onto, because it can remind one of large corporations who want to undermine laws which were created to protect the environment and human rights (see below: WTO). But rather than trying to come up with new lingo, I prefer re-defining the phrase, so that it is synonymous with independent "mom & pop" business.

I often look back at the real meaning of words - in today's media-blitz society, with companies and government vying for control of public sentiment, it's more and more necessary. (If they can twist the meaning of a word in their favor, it's a public relations / advertising victory.) The dictionary defines free as "exempt from subjection to the will of others," and enterprise as "a purposeful or industrious undertaking." It says nothing here about merger-monopolies - it's about the freedom to make and sell things that people need, or (as is more often the case in today's consumerist society) things that people want.

Free enterprise defined in this way is rampant within the punk scene, just go to any show and you'll find people peddling

records, T-shirts, and zines. Without punk's thriving little economy, it wouldn't go very far. Sure, people would still be punkin' out in their garages, but that music wouldn't be heard outside of a 100-mile radius. I think we all prefer the tight-knit community we have today, which like it or not, happens because of free enterprise. Recent history proves that punk communities don't thrive under communism. There are some great punk bands from China and Russia, but their community is years behind that of Western Europe, the USA, Australia and Japan.

Free enterprise has been a big part of my adult life. It's always made me a bit uneasy around the MRR crowd, which seems to be made up mostly of anarchists and communists. I always wanted to write a letter to Tim Yo, who would always bad-mouth capitalism in general without giving any constructive alternatives - but I never got up the nerve. I'm the type that wants to fix things that are fucked up. It's clear to me that today's capitalism is fucked, and I'm not very interested in reading articles saying so unless they present some reasonable alternative that we can work towards today. Something besides anarchism and communism, which I just can't align myself with (except for small scale intentional community projects.) Starting a business has given me the cash and the freedom to do a lot more than I could have done by working for some pizza parlor all my life.

Let's jump to Seattle, November 30th - what might come to be considered the beginning of the Millennial Global Revolution. What can I say that twenty others won't about that wonderful day? I'm not going to say too much, except that I'm thrilled to have been there, to have put my body where my mouth is and helped to block some of the pawns of the global economy from meeting to plan more corporatization into our lives. I'm amazed and delighted by the attitude shift I'm witnessing - mainstream people are finally realizing that their lives are being controlled more and more by multinational corporations and global governmental entities, and they're doing something about it. There were even some US Congressmen at a rally screaming, "I'll see you in the streets!" It was amazing to march through the streets alongside 50,000 mainstream environmentalists, cowboy hat steelworkers, black-clad anarchist punks, clean-cut students, bearded hippie treehuggers, and activists who all agreed with each other on one thing: the World Trade Organization had better shape up, or ship the fuck out!

I urge every one of you to educate yourself about the WTO, and to speak your mind about it to your friends, parents, and co-workers. www.tradewatch.org, www.worldtradewobserver.org, www.gatt.org (funny one!) are some good places to start. Check out www.wto.org for

their side of the story, although the arguments against them are tough to refute. pete@stickerguy.com / PO Box 204 / Reno, NV 89504 / USA



HIRAX MAX

Yo, yo yo! Just kidding...what's up. Got some good shit for you all to check out this month, so I hope you will put some pen to paper and write these bands/labels. But before I do, I would like to address something that I think is damn comical, but also so scary at the same time. I put out this comp flexi called *Bandana Thrash* with a bunch of high energy bands (one of which I play in called WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?) that play '80s style thrashcore. Now it seems that the term is now some "new" genre in the scene...now I am to blame, I admit, for using a term such as that...but come on, you know what power violence is? Hardcore. You know what grindcore was at the time of its inception? Hardcore. Now, as logic would have, what do you think this "90s revival" is, of bandana thrash? Hardcore. There WAS NO BANDANA THRASH, EVER! No band was as dumb as me to actually say that stupid term back in the '80s, so it's an INVENTION....not a revival. And to finish off, what is hardcore? It's punk. See, it's one big inbred family. Lets have some fun, not take ourselves too seriously, and fucking mosh! It's good to remember the past, but let's live in the today and always....let's fucking GO!

First up is a EP by a band called NO REPLY from Los Angeles. Now without saying NO REPLY features a member of LIFES HALT, let me attempt to explain how fucking awesome this slab'o'thrash is. Yes, it has a strong '88 youth crew feel across it, but with the front graphic of a cop car shot to high hell, song titles like "I'm still fucking pissed" and of course, the faster-than-usual speed of this record, this one stands apart. It is fucking awesome, skate-thrash, youth crew hardcore...so get off your arses (or for all you wooden-toothed Brits, your "bums") and get this. Write the label at: Mankind Records, PO Box 461, Bellflower CA, 90707.

Steadfast Records from Ohio just sent in their two new CDs of the worst religious metal I've ever heard. Yeah, I could stomach the religious metal core when it first came out (even from OUTCAST and ZAO) but damn, I thought this shit would be over now. Personal beliefs aside, why are these dudes so pissed and metal when they're saved anyway? And remember, STRYPER

COOL COLUMNS

sucked, SLAYER was good. Now, whose side did they choose to stand on? OK, so one was a split CD with ZAO/OUTCAST, which was heavier than a devil on Judgment Day. I can honestly say it was pretty good. Next up was ZAO's new CD, entitled *All Else Failed*, which was recorded better than their tracks on the split mentioned above. But dude, the thanx list and imagery makes me puke. Not only do Fila Visors / krishna beads and hardcore not mix, but Almighty God Herself and hardcore do not mix. Here's the address: Steadfast Records, PO Box 53, Avon Lake OH, 44012-0053.

Next up is a EP from ENGRAVE from Germany, and guess what they play? Super metallic hardcore. Guess what the visuals look like? Like NASA designed the cover, looks like it took \$2 a copy to print this shit. Great record, especially since they tend to hit the fast beats which keep things interesting. Fans of SYSTRAL, GENHENNA, etc, will dig. Write the label at: Defiance, Ritterstrasse 50, 50668 Köln, GERMANY.

Alright, an old EP from CAVITY called *Fuck Diablo* got sent in, which is exactly what you'd expect from CAVITY (i.e. super-sludge-heavy-as-shit-core). Not as good as their last two CDs, but hey, if you're a fan, you probably already have this. If not, write the label at: Arm Records, PO Box 1957, Lawrence KS, 66044.

Last but not least we got a split CD from Brazil with CATHARSIS and NEWSPEAK. The CATHARSIS tracks are from the GEHENNA split LP, but this time around their enhanced by the CD quality. CATHARSIS also have a new one out called *Passion* on CrimethInc, so watch out for that as well. The NEWSPEAK tracks are unreleased and are awesome. NEWSPEAK is a band from Brazil that you have to watch out for. Really well-written metal-influenced hardcore that fans of CATHARSIS will dig. Write the label at: Liberation, Caixa Postal 4193, São Paulo, SP, 01061-970 BRAZIL.

Alright, on to the tapes! I got a package from Rick ta Life and there were some tapes thrown in so I thought I would mention the good ones. Here we go:

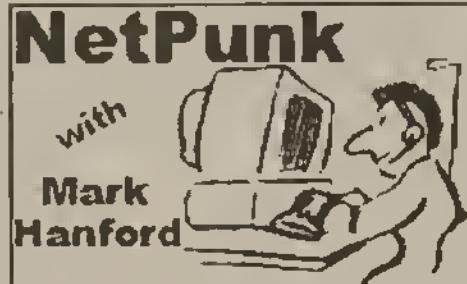
WHAT LIES AHEAD are from Maryland and play some really catchy/melodic, but energetic youth crew stuff. Sometimes a little too melodic, but the positive lyrics won me over. Fans of VERBAL ASSAULT will dig. WHAT LIES AHEAD, PO Box 216, Ridgely MD, 21660.

SIDEKICK from Germany play ultra catchy, hard-hitting hardcore that reminds me of DIEHARD from Cleveland (remember them? Shit they were good). Six songs in all, all of them really well done. I'd watch for some vinyl soon, these dudes play this shit well. Our World Records, Mühlweg 9, 73269 Hochdorf, Germany.

Other good tapes included shit from DISTRUST, SLUDGE, CONFINED and NO RETREAT.

OK, last couple of things.....I accidentally listed that the Euro pressing of the

EARTMOVER LP was on GOOD LIFE, actually its on GENET, another label from Belgium. Both GOOD LIFE and GENET have a ton of releases planned, plus their catalog is filled with tons of stuff, so check em out. By the way, the new LIAR LP (on Good Life) is as good as the new FALL SILENT record....the shit sounds exactly like the first PESTILENCE LP. Commitment Records just put out a new comp, plus have some more records planned, so as always, keep your eyes peeled on that Dutch label. OK, if you want, you can always send tapes, news, releases to my address for inclusion in this column. You can write me at: Max/625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 USA. And as a last act of self-promotion, the new FOUND MY DIRECTION CD is out on my label (625). They're in the mail coming from Australia, and if you missed their debut EP from last year, FMD play really energetic youth crew. So watch for that. Oh, and one last thing, WHN just played with NO REPLY from Los Angeles, and they fucking rocked so hard...try to get their debut EP, they play great, fast youth crew. OK, till next time!



I've been thinking a lot about the websites I visit for this column. Some are way cool and some are stupid. Some are rich with content, and some (like my site) don't get updated often enough. The coolest thing about them, though, is that they all represent people (individuals or organizations) with something to say. Sometimes I want to kick their teeth in for what they have to say, but it is the availability of the web to everyone (even those without a computer, as libraries and schools often have web access) that is so fucking cool.

Another thought running through my head is about music on the net. I often mention sites where bands have put up songs. With advancements in MP3 and Real Audio technology, the music you download sounds as good as anything I have on vinyl or CD. That being said, why aren't more bands who "aren't in it for the money" putting their entire albums or CDs online for free? If they really weren't doing it for a bit of cash, they'd stick their music up for the world to hear. I've done it at <http://www.diehippiedie.com/s19/>. Now how about you? Okay, on to the websites. First up this month is a super cool site I ran across for the Flex Your Head radio show, which apparently has been on the air in Vancouver for over ten years. Lots of good stuff here, including streaming audio, reviews, interviews (some over 15 years old!), photos, and more. Well worth a visit, you'll find it at <http://flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com/>.

Speaking of radio, P.R.O.D. (Punk Rock on Demand) Radio is a weekly internet only "radio" show at <http://www.clubweb.com/prod/>, and they play quite a bit of good music. The current show at this writing includes stuff by Crass, Rudimentary Peni, AFI, Aus Rotten, Reagan Youth, and a bunch more. They also archive their older shows, so there is a ton of stuff to listen to.

I got e-mail from Felipe about a site that he and some other punks have put together as a resource about Latin American punk. Divided by the countries in Central and South America, they are a mini BYOFL of the Latin Punk scene. In both Spanish and English, you'll find the site at <http://webs.demasiado.com/punk/>.

A small site, but worth your time for the audio files, is Hukka Pukka. Hukka Pukka is a small distro, and this site has their catalog, a link to some hardcore flyers and photos, and Hukka Pukka Radio, which are short (5 or 6 song) shows that you can download or stream in Real Audio. Some classic hardcore and punk tunes here. Visit it at <http://members.xoom.com/hukkapukka/hph.htm>. Speaking of distro, I have a couple other mailorder websites for you to take a look at. Get a Loife Mail Order from Belgium has a pretty good selection of punk and oi and is easy to look through. You still have to send them cash, and if you're in the US then shipping is expensive, but you might find that hard to find European HC record here. Get a Loife is at <http://gallery.uunet.be/getaloife/>.

Another interesting but overpriced mailorder site is the Metro Music site (<http://www.metro-music.com/>). Carrying all genres of music, Metro Music is a site for record collector geeks. Most of the stuff they have is WAY more than I'd be willing to pay, but it is fun to read and see what my collection would be worth if I sold at their prices (Black Randy's *Idi Amin 7"* is \$75 here!). Anyway, as a collector geek, I found it to be fun.

If your taste runs to hardcore, noisecore, grind, power violence and the like, you might want to visit Robodog Records at <http://robodog.tasam.com/>. In addition to information about the various Robodog bands, they also have a pretty nice selection of sound files, in MP3, wav, and Real Audio formats.

I ran across a goofy site (actually, I think someone probably posted the URL to the punk-list, but whatever) of Punk Rock Power-ups. Of course, those of you raised on Nintendo and the like know that Power-ups are the little icons you can pick up in games to give you more life, better weapons, invincibility, etc. Well, the guy who

does this site has come up with a slew of punk rock oriented power-ups. Take a look, cuz it's a riot — <http://www.monkey.org/~nenickol/writings/punk.html>

Hey, if you're pissed at the world (and what self-respecting punk rocker isn't?), then the next site will be a place you can go let off steam. Pissed Off, at <http://www.pissedoff.com/>, is mostly bunch of message boards where people say what they think about all sorts of controversial issues, call each other names, and generally have a good ole time. Probably screaming at the converted (or non-convertible), but what the heck. They also have some silly cartoons, some interesting java games, and lists of "good" and "bad" organizations.

A relatively new, but extremely developed, punk site is Mister Ridiculous dot com. You'll find a ton of writing and record reviews, scene reports, a DIY section, and more. More stuff than you could possibly read in an afternoon, go to <http://misterridiculous.com/>

That's about all I have time for this month. Feel free to e-mail me with your cool website, or throw me some links of the sites that you visit all the time. E-mail netpunk@diehippedie.com or visit <http://www.diehippedie.com/netpunk/>. See ya.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES

Personal Magnetism

Hypnotism, Will Power, Herbs Foroe—Gaff It What You Will

DR. DANTE



My usual verbosity is somewhat curbed this month owing to my participation in the "Top Ten Singles of the Nineties" round table (more Algonquin than Arthurian (in my dreams!)) palaver fest, especially as I misconstrued things and was originally all set to suggest wire recordings of "After the Ball is Over," "A Bicycle Built For Two," "The Band Played On," etc. (As it turns out, I can't even recall whether wire recordings were being made at that time, or even whether wax cylinders preceded wire recording technology; I used to know this, but since I've forgotten what would be the point of looking it up since I and presumably you would just forget it?)

So I'll exercise my musical prerogative to call attention to a typically worthwhile release from In The Red Records (you know the drill — 2627 E. Strong Pl., Anaheim, CA 92806), this being an LP from an outfit with the moniker The Knoxville Girls (no relation to the Dixie Chicks, thankfully), who are not, in fact, girls (it's a reference to one of those songs you dang young whippersnappers wouldn't know anything about) but well worth the time of

any of the unreconstructed mid-period Stones (when they were last known to be any good) fan as well as some not answering to that description as they've got their own bag of tricks and the Stones reference is just one of those standard *MRR* descriptive labor-saving devices.

Yessir, these boys (remember, NOT girls) can really play but that doesn't get in their way at all. They can do it rocking, swampy/spooky/soulful; I'm mighty fucking impressed and you probably will be too if you've enjoyed any of the fine In The Red (as mentioned a number of columns ago, one of those all too blessedly few labels that seems to be run according to the aesthetic dictates—and generally good dictates, at that—of its operator rather than the numerous "I wanna put out superfluous singles by all the hot bands" operations that I've railed about before, just to beat that drum one more time) releases. Nope, no payola here, I've never even met the guy, I'm just glad that he exists.



Hello. Time to go through all that "here's my new column" bullshit. This is my third different column for *MRR* over the past two years or so. The other two times, the columns were real specific like. One was "Censored," which I'm sure many of you remember not reading, and the other was "Christian's Corner," which I'm sure many of you remember not understanding. Those columns sort of ran out of steam, because they were too narrowly focused, so I decided to just do an open ended column. You can expect variety.

A lot of the time, though, I will be writing about how common perceptions are erroneous or illogical. I was considering calling the column "Jane, You Ignorant Slut," or just "You Ignorant Slut," but firstly, I realized that most of you wouldn't get that one either, and secondly, it's a little bit too close to "You're Wrong."

There's a lot going on. I'd like to thank those folks who widened the poop chutes of the WTO, if only for a moment, and forced the media to discuss the real issues of the global political economy, to some extent. Way to go. However, I'm sure you're hearing a lot about the WTO, probably in this very 'zine, so I'll leave it at that.

So, on to the big topic. The pressure is really on here. If nobody likes it, because it's too boring, or it isn't sufficiently "tight," or whatever the fuck you people are calling cool things these days, a lot of you will never

read my column again, and I won't be able to sell corporate advertising in it. So I figure I'll start with something everyone can relate to: the question of the cosmological constant. Or maybe school. After all, studies show that fully half of *MRR* readers have attended school at some point. School is one of those topics that people love to talk about, but that I really hate to hear people talk about. This is simply because when people talk about school, they are usually being almost hypocritical enough to qualify for membership in Rage Against the Machine, and hypocrisy is kind of a pet peeve of mine.

Virtually every politician claims to stand for education, as do most parents, and just about everybody else. Wouldn't it be nice if instead of being a bunch of hyper-ignorant, complacent, beer drinking tube jockeys, Americans were an informed, clear thinking citizenry? Sounds good to me, and maybe you, but that's not what most people, or the powers that be, really want, as is evidenced by the commonness of this conversation; "What did you learn in school today?"

"Nothin'."

The fact of the matter is that we are not sent to school to be educated, in the usual sense. When I look back at my high school education, for example, I'm actually impressed at how little I learned. I was at the place for about six working hours a day, five days a week, eight months a year for four years, with only one ostensible goal. To learn. Yet at the end of all those hours of school, I hadn't really learned that much, except for how to avoid going to school. In fact, I'm pretty sure if I had just been locked in a library for that amount of time, I would have emerged with a far better education. And I went to a very good school, where a few good teachers taught me a lot more than most kids learn, like how to write a formal essay, and this game a P.E. teacher taught me called "special secret."

The simple fact is that k-12 is not about education as we usually think about it. It is about manufacturing docile drones, with a high enough level of rudimentary skills to be productive. And, the fact is, that is the way we like it. All of the bitching about education is due to the fact that even these skills are not sufficiently taught.

The simplest way I can think of to demonstrate this principle is in the teaching of the arts. Pop quiz. What is the most prevalent and important art form of this century? Answer, film. Now, what is the art form least likely to be taught to students? Answer, film.

Let's take a closer look at this. Like most people, kids see and enjoy films. Most of them like to discuss film. OK, as things stand, the discussion is mostly focused on explosions and ass shots, but all the more reason to educate. So basically, kids are very interested in today's most important art form, but we refuse to teach them about it. Imagine the children of olden times clamoring to go see *Hamlet* performed during its first run,

columns

but instead being forced to read Homer. It's almost laughable, but that's essentially what we do today. True, most kids are not interested in Ingmar Bergman films, but it wouldn't be difficult at all to strike up an interest in recent masterpieces like *Taxi Driver*, *Dr. Strangelove* or even *Pulp Fiction*.

Admittedly, *Taxi Driver* does not stack up to *Hamlet*. Not much does. However, it is a great work of art, and almost empirically more so than *Lord of the Flies*. Obviously, the works of Shakespeare and other great literature are a part of any well-rounded education, but when many or most children are actually eager to learn about great art, it makes no sense to deny them. That is, if you're actually interested in education.

A more complicated issue is that of critical thinking. Ask a bunch of intellectuals in a wide range of disciplines to name the single most valuable skill an average person can have for understanding the day to day world, and you can pretty safely wager that the most common answer will be critical thinking. That's why most universities require a class in it. Roughly, critical thinking is the application of a system of logic, especially to arguments or claims. When you learn to think critically, you learn to look for things like assumptions or contradictions in statements or arguments. Some people do it instinctively, but learning the formal methods is beneficial to almost everybody. I won't try to convey the methods here, write me if you want references.

The point is that critical thinking is useful in everything to evaluating advertisements or politicians, to detecting your own prejudices in the way you make decisions about friends, jobs, or what kind of shoes to buy. Anytime you make an argument, whether it's about abortion or why you should get a raise, critical thinking is of fundamental importance. Everybody remembers wondering if learning a subject like algebra or P.E. was ever going to have a practical payoff. Critical thinking is of use, but only assuming you vote, consume, have serious conversations, appreciate art, seriously study any topic, or make decisions. In spite of this, not only are most people never taught critical thinking skills, they don't even know what the term means. Again, it seems almost self-evident that a society the least bit concerned with genuine education would teach students critical thinking skills.

Of course the questions of education are much deeper than what subjects are taught. For one thing, there is the question of how things are taught. Everybody knows that you learn by doing. You learn to appreciate literature by reading it, but also by participating in thorough discussions of it. That's why college-level classes are more likely to operate in a more participatory fashion, and grad school classes are much more participatory and less structured. At that level, education, in usual sense of the word, is an important goal.

So what is the goal of education as it

exists for most? It's not too difficult to figure out. I remember reading a passage by Michael Parenti, in which he said you can either look at US foreign policy as a series of blunders and miscalculations, which is the stance of the mainstream ideology, or you can look for patterns and look at the results of US policy, and see what its intent was. It's either, "oops, a war in Vietnam," "uh-oh, we hired some Nazis" and "doh, we protected another corporate interest," or a well executed plan of opposing popular interests and supporting moneyed power.

The same principle applies to education. All you have to do is look at what is done, instead of what is said. The educational system works to produce people who are used to sitting in a boring, unpleasant atmosphere for about eight hours a day, are used to taking orders and following rules, no matter how arbitrary (e.g. no hats indoors). It does nothing, at most, to foster clear thinking or educate us about the products we buy, the people we elect, the companies we work for, or the media we view. In short, we aren't taught about 90% of what makes up our lives.

Is this the unintended consequence of a broken system? If so, it is an astonishing coincidence that this is the same type of education that the most powerful interests in our society can most benefit from. We wind up with a population who have learned to spend most of their lives doing work that they don't want to do and taking orders from anyone designated as the boss, and spend the rest of their time looking at ads on TV. You get robotic consumers, who can be easily manipulated. You get voters who will be likewise, and who are less likely to understand important issues. While they're chasing their tails over gay marriages, the elites can plan the economy, or give away publicly held assets. Think back to the example of film. If you owned a million shares of Sony, would you want to deal with a savvy filmgoing audience, or be guaranteed a profit for any film starring Will Smith and \$100 million dollars worth of special effects?

Why and how are things set up this way? That's more complex. The culprits range from Bible-beating parents, who think that the earth predates the Stanley Cup, to those big cheeses themselves, but also include a lot of "average" people. There's the vicious cycle of ignorant parents insisting that their children's educations are in keeping with their ignorance. There are a lot of normative ways to approach the issue, including the idea that maybe the average person is going to be a mindless drone no matter what, so they should be trained accordingly. Maybe I'll write about some of that stuff some other time, you ignorant slut.

Internet fun!!!! I was killing time on the net, and had an idea. I visited the Rudolph Giuliani (aka Skeletor) campaign site, at www.whitepowe... uh, I mean www.rudyyes.com, and signed up several times, promising to volunteer and make con-

tributions, as well as requesting anything they will send me. I cut and pasted a supply of addresses and phone numbers for NY out of the yahoo yellow pages. You can get e-mail addresses out of member directories. This is one of those cases where one person can't do much, but if a few hundred people start registering about a dozen bogus names a week, Rudy's internet recruiting will be rendered useless. A fun way to fight Rudy (yes, I live in California, but, to paraphrase the 4skins, Rudy is evil evil evil evil) without directly supporting Hillary. Also, check out a great parody site at yesrudy.com, the operators of which may be joining in this campaign.

Next month: I join the Target Starbucks school of fiction.



In case you didn't notice, I'm not from California. Ya know what, I never will be from California. But guess what: this column isn't about California. It's about Europe.

Yes, I realize that I'm a Stupid American, but what kind of genius does it take to understand a European point of view? I mean, not every European is fucked up in the same way, but they're all equally strange. I mean, I've gotten letters from thirty-five year olds in Germany and it looks like a letter I would have written when I was thirteen. When I was thirteen I used to study record covers with awe and wonder about all the mysteries surrounding the band members and the scene they were a part of. Sometimes I would mimic the way they dressed and buy records from bands they thanked in the liner notes. I was a fucking NERD! I had no friends and I had no life other than sitting in front of the TV watching *That's Incredible*, and I fixed computers that had gum shoved in every crevice.

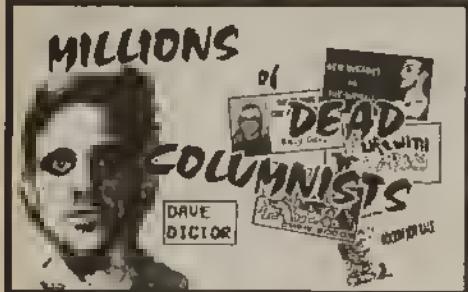
I mean I can open any piece of mail with that stupid "Par Avion" sticker on it and read it aloud and gain a few laughs. I can get past the poor English; I mean it will be at least another five years before everyone is forced to speak English and throw out whatever silly language they speak now. But why would you ask me questions about Rick from 25 Ta Life? They really think that everyone is New York hangs out on the street together uniting and solving our many, many disputes? That we have some Mason-type society headed by the RAMONES and AGNOSTIC FRONT?

Well, I'll let all of the Germans and

Eastern Europeans in on a secret. Yes, we really do nothing but hang on the street. George Tabb heads a small militia of fifteen year olds in leather jackets with army pins that go up against kids from Long Island who name their bands after characters on The Simpsons. The main meetings of the NYC scene are held at that rehab center on St. Marks Place every Tuesday night, and Dee Dee Ramone gives people awards for public drinking displays and for hurling dog poop at the yuppies sitting around the Washington Square dog run. See, all this exciting stuff is going on here and all you Germans are missing it! You're sitting there in your squat and you could be fighting American Injustice like us, spray painting punk things all over the Bowery.

What everyone here does is try and convince you that your intense studying of our culture is getting you the wrong answers. You write letters to various New York fanzine editors and they try and convince you that all this work is not going on. We lie about how there are no clubs to play in and no bands to speak of so you all will leave us alone to mosh in peace. I know that you like to hear every band play for two hours when they tour over there, but the fact is that they actually play for four hours over here! For every LP that makes its way to Europe, three are produced without any of you knowing. And those three actually have the good songs about moshing and keeping it real and how we are really all communist skinheads.

Auf Wiedersehen, Bill. You can reach me with your inquiries on how to join the New York hardcore scene at greedybastard@mindspring.com, but don't send me letters because I will throw them away.



Going Home

Got my traveling papers to leave Portland. That is, my probation transfer came through and I'm heading to New York—to Long Island to be precise—to land at my parents' house. Driving across America, thinking about a lot of things and with my son. I'm thinking about all those loose ends that never got resolved in my life. First about my current years in Portland and then beyond to San Francisco and Austin, Texas. Finally to my childhood. And then I flash on to my first childhood experience with my grandma potty-training me at about two years of age. Sitting together, her on the edge of the tub, encouraging me with the water

running, to squeeze, you know the route. She was so patient and so warm about it. I'm not sure, but somehow I get the feeling I didn't get it quickly, that we spent a lot of time working on it. I then flash on how she dragged me out of her sister's house after something went down along the lines of me being "the Jewish one", being half-Jewish on my father's side—my maternal side being solid Italian—and them having a hard time getting over it. I don't really remember anything about it except how protective she was towards me. No doubt I was Grandma's favorite and she was very special to me.

Grandma worked at the same job for 30 years, as a cafeteria worker for Horn and Hardtack in Manhattan. She made \$1.65 an hour and I remember—this because my first job 10 years later I was paid \$1.65 an hour, and as a busboy at a country club. And when I first went to college, she would mail me two \$1 dollar bills and I'd grin and roll my eyes but now, further down the bumpy road of life, realizing those dollars represent her standing on her feet for hours of her life. This makes me appreciate her more and more. And as I'm driving from Eastern Oregon into Idaho I start remembering more and more about how soft and warm she was with me. And with the rest of the world she was OK, not overly friendly but very generous to many. To family and neighbors, but also to a certain number of down-and-outers in Jamaica, Queens, where we lived. I remember a few were like street people or winos that she knew from way back. She'd tell me how they were regular folks 'til something terrible happened to them, like they lost a child or a sibling in a accident and that they never were the same. She'd talk with them and wish them well. Then I fast forward to when she died five years ago when I first moved to Portland. I'm feeling some guilt because she always asked me to come back and stay with her for a while and I'd say sure, I was "on the way" and then I'd stop off to visit her while on tour and I'd visit for an hour or two and she'd be so happy to see me and so sad to see me go so quickly. I remember her smell, a mix of perfumed soap, and her body odor with a touch of the smell of moth balls. This triggers fresh memories of days long past, like going to see the horses at Prospect Park in Brooklyn and running around the playground and cooling off in the sprinklers they had in our local parks in summer. My mind is racing remembering all of these forgotten thoughts.

Again a memory pops into my mind, of trying out to be an altar boy at Immaculate Conception Church—how I was selected with four other boys and how happy Grandma was for me. Then they decided to drop one of the altar boys, and it was me. Nothing got said, but from that day on Grandma never went to Mass. We'd go to light candles on weekdays in the afternoons, but never on a Sunday or a religious holiday again. I'm just figuring it out now. It was in loyalty to me. I didn't really care, I was eight years old,

but now, with my son sleeping next to me in the dark crossing into Nebraska, I get it.

I remember this game where she'd hide little Snickers Bars around with little notes with clues and I'd get so excited. How special it made me feel. I remember being so scared going to school for the first time and her walking me there, telling me lovingly not to be scared and cry, and picking me up later that day. And one day soon after she picked me up and she was crying because President Kennedy had been assassinated, and I earnestly suggested to her "not to be scared and cry", and she hugged me so tightly, squeezing me into her body. And now I'm heading home and I'm old enough to get it all, and she's gone. But I drive and drive, like she's gonna be there. Finally we get there, in the middle of the night. My son goes right to bed and I talk to my mom a bit and she goes to bed and I ask if I can go into Grandma's room and she nods OK. So I slip into her room, and my mom has not touched a thing in her room. It's filled with Sacred Heart Jesus' and Madonna pictures, ceramics, and large tinted-glass candles. I light all the candles and with the mirrors, a large rose-colored glow is emitted into the room and I can smell the perfumed soap and mothballs but not her smell and I breathe deep and I think about her kindness and how rich and warm it always made me feel and I feel so lucky to have had it. Here's to you, and I hope rich warm things happen for you this Solstice. MDC has got a line up together and are looking to do all-age, \$5 or less shows and benefits based out of NY so email some gig ideas for the Mid-Atlantic/ New England Area at mdcops@hotmail.com or call 516-530-3644.



So here's the latest Popsicko column. It's been a while since the last installment due partly to time restraints, including much needed breaks, no matter how short from reviewing and punk and indie rock in general, and due to a lack of material to review here. I've always had a mix here of stuff reviewed in MRR and stuff not quite in the coverage area but still worthwhile. To cut a long story short, I need more pop stuff, or at least a clue as to what's good out there. It's too hard and expensive to go out and buy records based on sleeve art and hope it's good pop or indie. I'd prefer this column not to be a longhand version of my MRR Top Tens, even though I will continue to mention the highlights. So now is the time to send

Column

those releases or recommendations, otherwise this column could become a way too infrequent event. I realize MRR isn't the best arena for this stuff. Our general snobbery of indie rock and pop punk is no secret, although I can't complain about the amount of support I've gotten here and outside the ranks as well. With that said and not yet resorting to the "send your records directly to me" approach, let's move on.

First up is the self-titled ALL SYSTEMS GO! CD on Coldfront Records (PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707). This band features John Kastner from the late great Doughboys and a couple Big Drill Car guys. This is one great debut with its power pop tendencies compared to the Doughboys' dabblings in rock towards the end. I was not let down by this much anticipated release at all. The STEREO Three Hundred CD on Fueled By Ramen Records (PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604) is a great pop punk meets power pop release. Think really poppy Bad Religion mixed with really poppy Green Day. So this is pretty basic yet spunky stuff with harmonies and a couple mellow tunes. Produced by J. Robbins, I hope this release gets heard. One of my local faves AMERICAN STEEL has a new LP *Rogue's March* on Lookout Records (PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712). This is a truly great release. The power of the first LP, with a better mix of songs. Quickly becoming one of the great US bands to be reckoned with. I compare this band to Op Ivy or similar Gilman sounding bands in their prime. A band that gives Dillinger Four some serious punk rock competition. Also on Lookout is the new ANN BERETTA LP *To All Our Fallen Heroes*. Another strong release from this Clash-meets-Rancid type of rock and roll band. In fact this could be their most punk release yet. Although based on the promo photo there may have been some line-up changes since this was recorded, which could be a bummer. The BIGWIG Stay Asleep on Kung Fu Records (PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740) is one awesome punk record in the Propaghandi meets Weston vein. I really love this for its power and tight riffing as well as the shout along songs. This is definitely one of my top tens for the year. The DYNAMITE BOY Finders Keepers CD on Fearless Records (13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683) is a solid second full length from these pop punkers. Somewhere in between Green Day and Face To Face, these guys have this popular sound down. Even though many folks are burnt on this genre, it's still nice to hear this stuff done right.

The WHIPPERSNAPPER The Long Walk CD on Lobster Records (PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102) is a good pop punk meets emo release. Their second LP, this almost has an uptempo Samiam meets Jimmy Eat World feel. These guys sure must put the time into cool guitar parts. This may take a little longer to sink in but it will sink in. The AT THE DRIVE IN Vaya CD on Fearless Records (13772 Goldenwest St. #545, West-

minster, CA 92683) is worth a mention. One of the more intense live bands out there, this continues in the emo meets post punk direction they have been going in. A good disc for you more adventurous types. The self-titled MODEL AMERICAN CD on Sessions Records (15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066) is a good hardcore slash punk rock record. Somewhere in between Redemption 87 and the Adolescents, I really like this band for its anthemic feel. THE BULLYS Tonite We Fight Again! CD on Headlock Records (PO Box 580, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018) is good snotty punk in the Stitches/Dead Boys vein. Not for the fanatically PC, I thought this would be another generic Oi disc but was glad to hear some good 1977-style punk. Their second full length, One of my UK faves TRAVIS CUT has a singles comp CD *Another Day Another Drummer* on Snuffy Smile (4-24-4-302 Daizawa Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0032, Japan). Masters of pop punk over there with Snuff and the Crackle crew. A great deal if you can find this. Since we are on the subject of Snuffy Smile... Why does Snuffy Smile put out such limited quantity of so many great releases? It's brings up those "I love you but I hate you" sentiments when trying to find their releases. The HUNDRED MILLION MARTIANS Marsbars CD on Hiljaiset Levyt, (PO Box 211, FI-33201, Taupere, Finland) is good new wave-ish punk. A bit of power pop too. I think I compared this to D Generation without the hair products. Good catchy tunes with a few softies thrown in. The DED BUGS Sugar Coated Snot Pops CD (318 Stewart, Desoto, MO 63020) is great power pop. Reminds me of 1979 power pop mixed with The Figgs. Think Yum Yums too. Just plain good pop with a retro feel. Cheetah's Records (PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704) has put out three good releases. The ANTI DOMESTIX This Demon Called Love EP has a more punk Face To Face feel at times and an AFI feel at others. A Stockton band that can belt it out. The 78 RPM's Figure It Out EP is great 1978 sounding punk. Pre-leather jacket punk with a dash of organ. This could have passed for a late '70s release with its energy and unique sound. Woulda been on Stiff or Chiswick back in the day. I certainly miss the variety of old punk. Faction punk has taken over! The BLACK CAT MUSIC This Is The New Romance 12" EP is good post punk-ish rock and roll punk. Featuring pastor present members of the Criminals and the Receivers, these guys may be onto something. Hey I love high-energy punk as much as the next guy but it's cool to hear a different song every now and then. Once again, three good releases from Cheetah.

Winding down with odds and ends on the pop front. Local all-gal group The KIRBY GRIPS have a new 45, *Fireman*, on Rodent Records (250 Napoleon St. #N, San Francisco, CA 94124). I really like this band. This is spirit of Rough Trade circa 1979 stuff, a la the Raincoats or the Slits. Maybe listenable K records too. The KISSING BOOK Lines And

Color LP on Magic Marker Records (PO Box 9342, Portland, OR 97207) is good twee stuff a la Rocketship or Sarah label stuff. A little uneven, but worth it for the pop songs that work. The BIKERIDE Thirty-Seven Secrets I Only Told America LP on Hidden Agenda Records (thru Parasol, 905 South Lynn St., Urbana, IL 61801) is a great indie release. Perky wimp pop with lots of guy/gal vocals. Every instrument is on this thing done home studio style. Kinda '60s beat pop too. Connected to Parasol, you know it's gotta be good. Highly recommended for the indie pop folk. The CALCULATORS Simplicity And Style 10" EP on Spectator Records (no street address) really goes for that early techno sound of Tuxedomoon and Ultravox. Not too bad at it either. Really keeping the new wave alive.

The RYDELL Hovie EP on Flame One (Lerystr. 54/1/21, 1110 Wien, Austria) sounds like an emo band unplugged. Good stuff that builds up vocally but never rocks out. I think they did a split with Hot Water Music too. Decent for now although at some point on future releases they are gonna have to kick it in to hold my attention. From Break-Up! Records (PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215) is the PAT DULL AND HIS MEDIA WHORES It's About Time 45. From the label that only brings you Power Pop, this has one power pop song and one decent acoustic song. Although a name change might not be a bad idea, this is a pretty good release.

Last up is the BITESIZE The Best Of CD on Packing Heat Records (PO Box 13833, Berkeley, CA 94712). This is really good Pixies meet Pee type indie rock. Spunky with sometimes guy vocals and sometimes gal vocals in songs usually around the two minute mark. A good local band I'll have to check out.

So that will do it for this month. Remember, if you're a pop kid who gets beat up by punk rockers, send me your band's or your label's or your friend's label/band's releases. And if you are a punk rocker that beats up on pop kids, at least have the decency to ask them what's good and let me know. Thanx.

"Lefty" Hooligan



What's Left?

Joey races down his driveway on the green Schwinn bicycle he uses on his morning paper route. His happy old dog, a collie/spaniel/terrier mutt named Waldo, is in the handlebar basket, mouth open and tongue out as the air races around the speed-

ing bike. I walk down the front yard of my parents' house across the street in a San Bernardino suburb, all of eleven years old.

I see the paneled Ford Falcon station wagon rolling down the street as Joey reaches the sidewalk. He doesn't see the car until he's in the road. Joey swerves at the same moment the driver hits his brakes. The flimsy front bicycle tire collapses against the car bumper's impact, sending Joey flying in one direction and Waldo in another. Joey hits the gutter and breaks a leg. Waldo slams into the station wagon's radiator grill with a panicked yelp. The brakes are squealing, but the car is still traveling pretty fast. The dog bounces off the grill, hits the street, and slides across the asphalt, coming to rest dead at my feet where I stand on the curb.

Something shifts at that instant. Joey is screaming, very much alive. The driver runs to the injured kid from the station wagon stopped in the middle of the road. The bike lies crumpled, half under the car. I watch myself kneel down and turn over the dead dog. It's as if I'm hovering above the unfolding drama, taking it all in. At the same instant, I'm acutely aware of Waldo's crushed corpse; with every hair of the dog so precisely defined, the dark eyes frozen in surprise, teeth bared and broken, blood leaking from the nostrils. One instant alive, the next dead.

The world glows with an inner luminescence and moves with a deliberate syrupy motion. Neighbors congregate as the driver talks apologetically with Joey's stunned parents; the injured kid at their feet. The police arrive and write everything up. Joey's sister finds Waldo and cries. Her tears are pearls of slow mercury. The mom bundles her into the family car driven by the dad and they take Joey to the hospital. The dog catcher arrives and scoops the dead dog into the box in his truck. Everything burns with transcendent light and profound significance.

I feel like I'm seeing things for the first time, or more precisely seeing through things to their underlying reality.

Sounds like an acid trip? Well, I've had analogous experiences under the influence of various psychotropic substances. In addition to a couple of comparable experiences to the one above triggered spontaneously by circumstances, I've also gotten corresponding altered states through more traditional "spiritual" practices.

Hold everything! Did "more radical than thou" "Lefty" Hooligan just admit to involvement in spiritualism? The end of the world is here!

Who was it who said: "The map is not the territory?"

Wittgenstein, I think. Or maybe it was Korzybski. It's a simple enough concept. The road map of the United States is not the United States. The ways we see, describe and codify reality are not reality. Not only are there multiple maps for the same territory, the territory is much more than all its

maps put together. Most people who aren't narrow fanatics or who weren't raised by same, unconsciously operate from a couple of different, sometimes conflicting maps of reality. I'm just a hell of a lot more conscious than most of the maps I use to navigate. I apply Hooligan's version of a left Marxist map when I'm considering social issues, and dialectical materialism is part-and-parcel of that map. But while sophisticated Marxists have managed to give considerable autonomy to non-economic social factors using dialectical materialism (Gramsci with culture; Poulantzas with the state) there is no acknowledgement that there might be non-material, transcendent aspects to reality.

My own personal experiences require a broader understanding of reality than Hooligan can provide. I don't have a worked out grand synthesis or complete world view; just a bunch of different maps, one of which attempts to chart this nonmaterial, transcendent existence. The experience of transcendence that underlies much religious and spiritual practice is by no means limited to these expressions. One of my non-drug induced moments of supreme clarity came after having snuck into the second Isla Vista anti-Bank of America riot in 1970. Standing on an apartment rooftop exhausted after a night of cat-and-mouse with the cops on the streets, watching tear gas mix with smoke and flame as the moon rose over the UCSB student ghetto, listening to a local record store blare The Rolling Stones' "Streetfighting Man" from mammoth speakers on their rooftop, I saw the larger, thoroughly circumscribed, almost comic game we were all unconsciously playing.

I'm not giving such instances of non-material transcendence any type of social primacy, mind you. I have no interest in building churches or starting religions around them. They do exist however and frequently they have a profound affect on individual behavior. That such "states of consciousness" are matters of a personal psychology that can be socially manipulated by everything from a religious cult to a fascist regime needs to be understood as well. Indeed, fascism is explicitly anti-materialist, perversely appealing to this sense of the non-rational, spiritual, sacred and transcendent. Marxism ignores this human experience at its own peril. Even Marx understood that ideas become a material force when they take hold of large masses of people.

Ah, cut the crap, you say and tell the readers what "spiritual practices." Okay, I went a little overboard my junior year of high school, had a genuine William James conversion experience and became a born-again Christian, what in those days was called a Jesus freak, for six months. Christ, that was over 30 years ago! I also do a little ecumenical meditation.

Meditation is simply a matter of concentrating and being aware. And the sim-

plest method of meditation is to pay attention to your breathing. Watch as you take in a breath, then expel it, over and over. The idea is that this helps bring you into the here-and-now.

Easiest damn thing in the world? Try paying attention to your breathing for even five minutes. Before thirty seconds have ticked off, your mind is wandering. Five minutes later, you've forgotten all about your breathing as your mind races in a dozen different directions. When you do manage to pay attention to your breathing for any length of time, sometimes you catch yourself controlling your breath instead of merely watching it. It's basic "uncertainty principle." The observer affecting what's observed, that sort of thing. There are meditative exercises that call for regulating your breath, but this is simple mindfulness. Attentively watching yourself breath...

Werner Heisenberg's (1901-76) classic formulation of the uncertainty principle stated that it's impossible to determine both the position and momentum of a subatomic particle with any accuracy. Pin down position, lose the momentum and visa versa. Things get interesting when Heisenberg's uncertainty principle is applied to light, which of course simultaneously demonstrates both wave-like and particle-like properties. There are simple, spooky physics experiments where you see light behave as either wave or particle, depending on whether you're looking for one or the other. Observe the particle, lose the wave and visa versa. The observer affects what's observed.

Uncertainty. Unpredictability. Chaos.

Students and other folk at the University of California, San Diego, get a bit of entertainment on a hot spring day in 1980 when the student government purchases several truckloads of artificial snow and dump the white stuff on the lawn of one of the cluster colleges. Word spreads quickly. Soon scores of people are playing in the snow, building snowpeople, and having snowball fights. A favorite target for snowball attacks are cars driving by on an on-campus road. Folks bombard each passing vehicle mercilessly, until a University police car finally shows up. The two cops in their car drive down the empty side road next to the pile of snow, turn around and, without getting out of their car or actually stopping, use a loudspeaker to broadcast a warning. Throwing snowballs at cars is dangerous and we have to stop.

The response is immediate. Thirty to forty snowballs crash down onto the police car as it starts to drive off, prompting the cops to screech to a halt. Again the loudspeaker. If we don't stop, the cops will have to put an end to our fun. Do we understand? At that threat most folks drop their icy weapons and the police car resumes driving away. I bend down, scoop up enough loose snow to pack into a decent sized snowball, and let fly. There is com-

OLUMOS

plete silence as everyone watches the cold white object arc up high into the bright blue sky heading for the receding cop car. Blam, it smacks squarely onto the car's roof. A cheer goes up from the people around me. The cops jerk their vehicle to a halt in a squeal of brakes, but when they realize no more snowballs are forthcoming they continue on their way.

Funny thing, I know that snowball is going to hit the police car the moment it leaves my hand.

It's hard to say why I'm so certain. I don't have an "eye" for such things, nor can I throw with any accuracy at a stationary object let alone a moving one. I just know immediately that snowball is gonna hit that police car. I myself subscribe to a theory of intuition that assumes we're always receiving and processing information on many levels other than the conscious. Intuition then is the flash that comes when a number of non-conscious bits of information come together as a conscious insight. This isn't intuition. I don't watch the flight of my snowball and suddenly realize it's on a collision course. I know with absolute certainty that snowball's destiny the moment it leaves my hand.

Absolute certainty.

Not quite the same thing as a moment of transcendence, which is more like experiencing the reality behind reality. Super real. A supersaturation of the moment with the moment.

Absolute certainty is another matter.

That's what religion and ideology and science intend to provide in lieu of transcendence. And it's what most folks actually prefer. Knowing something with absolute certainty, instead of experiencing the absolute with certainty. However, the various ways in which men of different traditions have conceived the meaning and method of the 'way' which leads to the highest levels of religious or of metaphysical awareness," to quote Thomas Merton, have much more in common in their mysticism than do various often warring claims of absolute truth in their certainty within the same tradition.

During the Middle Ages the Church—as the Holy Roman Empire—considered itself the repository of all classical Greco-Roman "knowledge" as well as the protector of "western civilization" from the infidel Moslems. Never mind that Islam preserved the writings of the likes of Aristotle and Plato when all those Germanic barbarians were sacking Rome and burning down its libraries. Problem was that a lot of the "knowledge of antiquity," especially the science, turned out to be wrong.

Take the astronomical ideas of Claudius Ptolemaeus of Alexandria (100-178 CE). He thought that the earth was in the center of the universe and that the planets, moon, the sun and stars were all fixed in separate spheres that moved these objects around the earth in perfect circles. Known as the

Ptolemaic system, it could give only very crude predictions as to the positions of planetary bodies because, of course, the earth is not in the center of the universe but revolves around the sun as do the other planets, and such orbits are far from perfect circles. The earth for instance would pass another planet in orbit and that planet would appear to move backwards across the sky. For the longest time western astronomers never challenged the Ptolemaic system's basic assumptions however. They simply invented subtle corrections to it, like describing "epicycles"—small orbits within larger orbits—to account for the Ptolemaic system's inaccuracies.

With the full authority of the Catholic Church/Holy Roman Empire and holy scripture behind it, the Ptolemaic system struggled along into the 16th century, accruing more and more corrections until it was a complicated, unwieldy mess. Then along came the astronomer Nicolaus Copernicus (1473-1543) who relied not on Ptolemaic dogma but rather on his own observations in order to write his book *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* in which he proposed that the earth orbited around the sun. Smart man, Copernicus published his book a month before his own death, first seeing a copy of it on his death bed. When Galileo Galilei (1564-1642) tried to convince the Catholic Church some 70 years later that, despite the Bible, the Copernican system was correct he was censured and forced to recant his beliefs. *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* was placed on the Church's index of forbidden books, where it stayed until 1835.

It's real easy to laugh at the stupidity of the Catholic Church and to draw the superficial conclusion that certainty based on sacrosanct authority instead of on practical observation, experiment and experience is a bad thing. Going a bit deeper we might realize that all of us, including scientists have such unsubstantiated beliefs masquerading as absolute certainty. Still deeper and we might conclude that we really can't avoid operating on such unsubstantiated belief because life is full of unproven assumptions. It takes a sophisticated level of depth to comprehend that, not only will folks stick to a belief no matter how convoluted or absurd because it has the backing of some authority they respect, people are especially attracted to simple explanations over complicated ones because they often confound simplicity with certainty.

William of Ockham (1285-1349) was an English philosopher who stated a principle that comes down to us as Occam's Razor. Entities should not be needlessly multiplied. Put in plain English this means that the best explanation for an event or phenomenon is the one that is the simplest, requiring the fewest assumptions or hypotheses. The simpler the better. This often works brilliantly with physical problems. When the Ptolemaic system got more and

more complex—with epicycles within epicycles—that should have been the clue that it wasn't correct. Occam's Razor favored the Copernican system over the Ptolemaic precisely because of its radical simplicity.

Occam's Razor is one of science's basic propositions in its quest for absolute certainty; in its search for the simple, basic laws that make everything work, from the human mind to the cosmos. But as Heisenberg's uncertainty principle cited above clearly demonstrates, the simple, absolute and certain are rarely options when you're dealing with subatomic reality.

When folks checked out Isaac Newton's exact 18th century mathematical laws of gravity, based on a large two-body, planet/moon linear model, Henri Poincaré (1854-1912) discovered at the beginning of the 20th century that adding even a third body, let alone an entire solar system makes the orbital mathematics unpredictable. The deterministic Newtonian equations supposedly governing a three-body system cannot be solved. They can't predict the long-term orbits. The three-body problem is inherently unpredictable because the system is no longer linear. Each body in a three-body system exerts force on the other two, producing feedback and chaos. Kurt Gödel developed his mathematical proof in 1931: *In any closed mathematical system there are an infinite number of true theorems which, though contained in the original system, can not be deduced from it.* The various branches of mathematics, and by extension the science based on them, operate in part from assumptions that are not provable within mathematics and science itself, although they may be proved by logical systems external to mathematics and science. Sophisticated biologists have transcended the classic nature/nurture debate by modeling human behavior as a complex product of biology plus society plus the interaction between biology and society. Then there's chaos/complexity theory and quantum weirdness...

Needless to say, science has become considerably less certain with time. Some scientists are even questioning that science can completely know, explain and predict the universe. The transcendent experience described above does not provide the certainty now lacking in science any more than it validates any one spiritual practice or religious dogma. It is certainly not intended to replace the revolutionary action needed to change the world. It merely demonstrates, to paraphrase Shakespeare, that there are more things in heaven and Earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Hooligan...

This long meandering essay hasn't even touched on the involved relationship of science to society on the one hand and to Marxism on the other. Topics for a future column no doubt, though I can't promise to get to it any time soon...

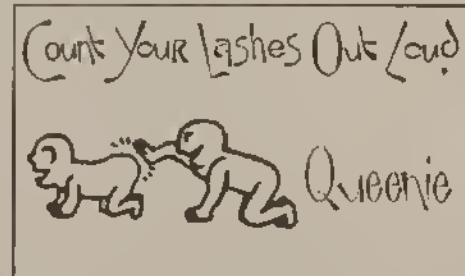
...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...
THE BATTLE FOR SEATTLE... I'm finish-

ing this column for the February issue at the end of November, beginning of December thanks to distribution-imposed deadlines. As I write, tens of thousands of people delay the official Nov. 30 beginning of the WTO by surrounding meeting buildings and hotels in mass demonstrations, festive street parties and general civil disobedience that the cops then try to break up with tear gas, batons and rubber bullets. Small, black-masked guerrilla bands break away from the main demonstrations to roam the city, snarl traffic, trash cars, street fight with cops and smash business and corporate windows. This is in addition to the Left's protest-politics-as-usual of large peaceful marches and rallies. The mayor and governor declare a state of emergency, announce a curfew and call out the national guard as street action continues through the night. A police state enforces martial law for the duration of the conference in a 50-block area around the WTO site. Roving protests and demonstrations, CD and other direct action challenge this state-of-siege the second day, piling up mass, mostly nonviolent arrests during the day, coming back for pitched battles under rain and night, and keeping downtown Seattle thoroughly paralyzed. The protests diminish somewhat the third and fourth days, although they are sufficient to keep the state of emergency in place until midnight Friday, six hours after the WTO summit officially closes. Bravo! It warms the cockles of this old hooligan's heart; for those who were wild-in-the-streets of course, but much more for the truly massive effort to shut down the WTO which the police and city authorities admit took everybody by surprise. And the picture of the WTO meeting under siege, protected by armies of brutal cops? Priceless! If only this happens *everywhere* the WTO goes! To update an eminently updatable sixties slogan: Two, three, many Seattles...

WORD... There are a number of good places to get political literature in the Bay Area. Lawrence Ferlinghetti's still-hip City Lights (261 Columbus Ave., SF†) and the more PC left Modern Times (888 Valencia St., SF†) have excellent new book selections. Bound Together (1369 Haight St., SF*) offers up anarchist and left communist material. My home town has Walden Pond (3316 Grand Ave., Oakland*) with an impressive used radical lit section. [Also worth mentioning is the Niebel-Proctor Marxist Library (6501 Telegraph Ave., Oakland*).] Cody's (2454 Telegraph Ave./1730 Fourth St., Berkeley†), at least the Telegraph Ave. one, has sections on Marxism, Anarchism and Labor History, and lots of brand new poli-sci crap. Various Leninoid sects also have bookstores in the area, but you'll have to ferret them out yourself. Further north there's Powell's Books (1005 W. Bernside St., Portland, OR†), which has a halfway decent used radical lit section by default, and the anarchist/ultra-left/autonomist Left Bank Books (92 Pike St., Seattle, WA*). Further south, there's

Midnight Special (1318 3rd St. Promenade, Santa Monica*†) and Groundwork Books (UC San Diego Student Center, La Jolla*), both mainstream leftist with an ecumenical approach carrying much more than commie propaganda. The ones marked with an asterisk (*) are collectively run, some since the 1970's. Several have become commercial successes and the dagger (†) indicates the ones that carry newspapers and magazines, mass market and trade paperbacks, etc. My favorite is Midnight Special, but check 'em all out...

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for \$10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.



I tend not to celebrate Valentine's Day, not because I don't believe in love 'n' stuff, but because I tend to eat too much chocolate otherwise. People think that it's all about love or lust, but really, it's all about the candy. Red boxes full of nuts and chews and all those fucking candy conversation hearts with heartfelt sentiments like, "you rock" and "suck my dick." I remember back in grade school, when we would have to bring a valentine for everyone in the class so the dorks wouldn't feel left out. You'd save the least romantic ones for them and then seriously mull over who to give the ones with most suggestive sayings. Who would get that very special valentine, the one with the waterbed and red hearts all over that said, "How about you, me and a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream?" Very serious matter, cuz if you gave a "Won't you please be mine?" when you should have just given a "You're neat," you might as well throw your prepubescent love life in the shitter. Word will spread like wildfire and come recess, you're practically married to sniffler boy or the girl from special ed. Isn't it romantic?

Now that we're all in the mood, let's talk about those very special kinds of gifts that some lovers give. STDs: the gift that keeps on giving. Not quite the warm fuzzy you hoped for but one you're not likely to forget. The statistics are grim: STDs are among the most common infections that occur in the US today; approximately 15 million new cases are diagnosed each year, two-thirds of these cases occur among 15-24 yr. olds; by the age of 24, one in three sexually active people will have contracted an STD; and at least 65 million people, more

than one in five Americans, are believed to be infected with a viral (i.e. incurable) STD other than HIV, such as genital herpes, human papilloma virus (HPV), and/or hepatitis B.

I'm sure you've heard them all, so I'm just gonna run through them pretty briefly. For more information and/or referrals, contact your healthcare provider or local health dept., or call the National STD Hotline (800-227-8922). There's also a great website called *Unspeakable: The naked truth about STDs* (<http://www.unspeakable.com/truth.html>) that can refer you to the nearest STD clinic in your area. For medical questions, appointments and/or referrals, you can also call the wonderful Planned Parenthood (800-230-PLAN) or go to their web site (<http://www.plannedparenthood.org/index.html>). The most common bacterial STDs are Chlamydia, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Trichomoniasis, and Urinary tract infections (UTIs). Common viral STDs are Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) which causes AIDS; Genital warts or Human Papilloma Virus (HPV); Hepatitis B (HBV); and Herpes Simplex Virus I and Herpes Simplex Virus II. HSV-I is most often associated with cold sores or fever blisters about the mouth and lips, while HSV-II is associated with sores around the genital area. There is a big difference between bacterial and viral STDs; namely bacterial STDs are relatively easy to treat with antibiotics if caught early enough, while viral STDs are yours for life. And then there are those that don't fit in either category but are downright creepy, no pun intended, like pubic lice (crabs) and scabies (itch mites). Both are transmitted through contact with an infected area on another person or through contact with infested materials such as sheets and towels.

When it comes to safe sex and STDs, there tends to be too much focus on just HIV and not enough on the more common garden variety infections. But since a majority of STDs are also transmitted by body secretions such as semen, blood and vaginal fluids; preventive measures are roughly the same. Practice safer sex. Minimize exposure and exchange of bodily fluids; avoid any direct oral, anal, genital contact; limit number of partners; use condom every time (unless both partners are uninfected and monogamous and honest). I know, I know, blah blah, blah, but it's really a no-brainer. Symptoms can include flu-like symptoms including fever, chills, and aches; swelling and/or pain in groin area; unusual odor or discharge from penis or vagina; burning or itching around vagina; unusual bleeding; pain during intercourse; increased severity of menstrual cramps or abnormal period; burning or pain during urination or bowel movement, and unfortunately, no symptoms at all. But for fuck's sake, inspect the goods! Be on the look out for any unusual discharge, funky odors, sores, bumps, itching or redness. Anything you wouldn't want growing in your refrigerator, you definite-

Iy don't want in your bed.

Well, I'm gonna stop cuz I'm starting to get the willies. One last thing before I go, support your neighborhood brick and mortar stores. I'm not talking about the ones that push tech vests or don't allow you to order a small coffee. I'm talking about those mom and pop stores that have been there forever, that give biscuits to your dogs and don't sell your address to www.hotcock.com. Shopping on the internet is for lazy, overweight, bald folks with no clean deckers to wear. Don't allow those over-privileged, overpaid fratboys to turn the internet into yet another way to exploit you for profit. Go outside to shop and use the internet the way it was rightfully intended: to access free porn. Til next time, play hard...



A few weeks ago *MRR* sent me on assignment to Scandinavia to report on two festivals. As readers may have noticed, I'm pretty crazy about Swedish and Finnish punk. The primary occasion of my visit was the festival at Lepakko, a legendary spot for punk gigs. As far as I know Lepakko was squatted in the early '80s and hosted many of the most legendary punk shows in Helsinki. Finland had one of the greatest hardcore scenes in the early '80s with tons of great bands in Helsinki and nearby Tampere. Today Lepakko is more like a typical nightclub, but remains steeped in punk history. Finnish cellphone corporation Nokia has apparently decided that it needs a bigger parking lot and therefore Lepakko must be demolished. However, the Helsinki punks decided it was necessary to throw one last bash before their most hallowed hall was leveled. The two day festival featured one day of contemporary bands and a second day of mostly '80s bands. Some really big names from days of old were splashed across the flyer, Terveet Kadet, Riistetyet, Appendix, Kaaos, Problems and some "surprise" acts. There was much speculation that the surprise acts might be Lama or Rattus but that didn't turn out to be the case. As for the gig itself hopefully Markku's report and photos will also be printed in this issue. The Lepakko fest was pretty cool. There were about 500 people in attendance each night. Everybody seemed to be having a blast, and enormous amounts of alcohol were consumed. By the end of each night about 10% of the audience was passed out on the floor. Of the reunited bands that performed, some were truly inspired and others very sloppy. Many bands clearly

hadn't practiced in 15 plus years and were too drunk to play even if they had retained some of their musical skills. But old time Finnish punks told me that most of these bands were too drunk to play in their heyday as well. Riistetyet were really good, very energetic, as was Appendix. One band I never really listened to before this trip but made a big impression live was Problems? who mixed equal parts Stooges, Sex Pistols and Stones into an energetic mix of punk and rock.

Kaaos, who I really looked forward to seeing were laughably drunk; the bass player stumbled off and passed out after one song. The crowd seemed most fired up for CMX who are huge in Finland but I'd never even heard before. I spent the next week hanging out with the hard drinking Finnish punks, frequently I was the only sober person for miles around. Straight edge hasn't caught on very big in the Finnish punk scene and I don't think I met anyone who didn't drink. A ferry ride across the Gulf of Bothnia brought me to Umea, Sweden for Punk Fest Three at Galaxen. Sweden was a big contrast to the Finnish scene being much more Americanized. This show was also drug and alcohol free, the exact opposite of Finland's wild drunken debauchery. The bands here were all contemporary but Sweden's music scene is one of the best anywhere so many of the bands were world class in their own right. I'd have to say I enjoyed DS 13 the most, and I'm happy to announce that I'll be setting up a US tour for them this summer. Also mind blowing was Nasum who are the fastest tightest grindcore band I've ever seen (with the possible exception of Yacopsae). Skitsystem played a great set and I was really impressed with Section 8 who are one of the best SEHC bands around today. OK, show reviews are dead boring, so enough of mine.

I've often wondered about why Scandinavian punk is so great. Here are some observations, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland are among some of the richest and most stable nations on earth. Across Scandinavia there is a high standard of living. Scandinavia is home to a brand of democratic socialism with its roots more in the Lutheran church than in radical class consciousness. There is a great emphasis on social equity and the state takes care of many things Americans pay for such as education, and health care. The infrastructure is for the most part modern and functions smoothly. Don't get me wrong, I'm not idealizing Scandinavia as a sort of socialist utopia, I know it has its problems, but compared to the Third World or even America, the Scandinavian countries are incredibly orderly, safe and equitable. So why the emphasis on a youth culture bred from discontent and rebellion? Well look at the rise of punk in America. Punk has its roots in the garage rock of the bored suburban teens of the '60s. In the '80s, when America took up the ball Britain had been running with, the new music was Hard-

core. And there is no denying that hardcore was the youth culture of the suburban middle class. Indeed one of the main strains of the hardcore youth culture has been rebellion against the sterile environment of the middle class suburb. For the rebel and the outsider of the '60s or the '80s the monotonous and antiseptic environment of the suburbs was the breeding ground of radical discontent. This discontent flew in the fact of what their parents thought was the best possible environment for breeding happy, well-adjusted, productive children.

So then we see in Scandinavia a replication of the same process, a society of relative abundance breeds a class of rebels against that very abundance and the dehumanization inherent in its replication. While kids in Jakarta or Medellin might have a more legitimate context from which to embrace a rebellious youth culture they in general do not have the means to put this rebellion into a recorded format and attain global distribution. But this doesn't explain why Scandinavian punk is so great. Living in this relatively affluent society it is easy to find time to learn to play an instrument and likewise find the means to purchase equipment and record. Scandinavia's punk scene early on was one step behind what was going on in England and elsewhere but as in Japan the sound copied from the English was improved upon and made into a more distinct and unique style of its own. Not as many foreign bands tour in Scandinavia as say Germany or England so the punk scenes there had to rely more on local talent, and bands (especially in the '80s) are more likely to sing in the native tongue. But none of this adequately explains why Scandinavian punk is so great. Perhaps the determining factor is the long and harsh winter. In the long, cold, dark winter months there is nothing better to do than practice, practice and practice until you are the best punk band on earth. And when the standards are consistently raised around you by all the other bands that practice so diligently it raises the bar for everyone. Perhaps this is the final explanation. This would conveniently also explain why Minneapolis has so many great punk bands as well. I think I am on to something. Now let's talk about punk in Finland.

Finland is a nation of five million across the Gulf of Bothnia from most of Sweden, bordering on Russia in the East. The Finns are part of an ethno-linguistic group that is scattered across northern Russia and Siberia they are neither Slavic nor Nordic and their language is quite unique, only Estonian and Karelian are similar. In the past Finland was part of either the Swedish or Russian Empire and has been independent only in the 20th century. Today Finland is a prosperous and technologically advanced country. The Finns are quite taciturn and tend to keep to themselves in public. This reflects a sort of paradoxical duality as Finns are also some of the heaviest drinkers on earth and when they party its total obliteration. This sort of con-

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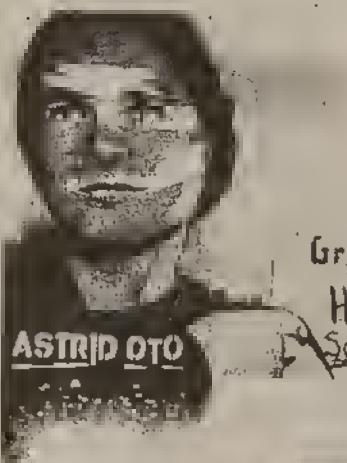
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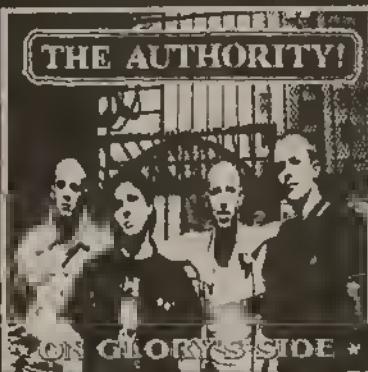
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trast between uptight self centered reflection and wild abandon is no doubt a result of the harsh environment. I've never been anywhere where public drunkenness is so widespread and accepted. Finland's punk scene is much more friendly and outgoing than the rest of the Finnish society. All the punks I met were super nice and spoke very good English. Indeed, everyone in Scandinavia seems to speak pretty good English.

However, language is one of the main things that has allowed for the unique development of Finnish punk. Since the very beginning Finland has had its own music scene with bands singing in Finnish and playing mostly for a Finnish audience. Finland remains on the periphery of Europe so is not as exposed to outside musical differences or hundreds of touring American bands. I know from experience of living in Minnesota that you get zero touring bands in the winter regardless and you have to rely on your own bands to keep the scene alive. Finland is one of the least Americanized scenes of anywhere I've been. I spent two days at a gig attended by over 500 people each night and saw NO FAT PANTS! Indeed, Finland's punk style is still very much rooted in the '80s punk style, mohawks, studded leathers, big boots. The gig at Lepakko actually reminded me a lot of gigs I went to at the Wilson Center and the Landsberg in DC in the early '80s. Considering there were this many totally drunk punks in one place I saw NO FIGHTS. I was told that one of the main reasons for Finland (and the rest of Scandinavia) having such a non-violent society is the harsh winter. If you are a trouble-maker who is always starting shit, no one will come to your aid when you need help in the winter. This sort of societal cold shoulder keeps a lot of people from starting stupid fights that would be common place in America. This said Sweden has recently experienced a wave of violence by Fascist Skinheads and other right wing extremists. This has shocked the peaceful Swedes. (It's the sort of murder, bombings, robbery and beatings that right wing extremists have been doing here for years).

Lots of punks I talked to think that the police have allowed the fascist right to grow strong by spending much of their energy in the last few years investigating animal rights activists.

There is an excellent discography book of Finnish punk. *Suomi Punk 1977-1998*, by Jarkko Kuivanen, is the best and most complete discography book yet published. (Yes, even better than the *Pogographic* was for German punk) Here is every record by every punk and hardcore band in Finland from 1977 to last year with all the track listings, and lists of band members and what other bands they went on to play in. Very well laid out and impeccably researched this is an invaluable resource for fans and collectors of Finnish punk. I hope that other compilers of discographical information take note of this accomplishment and emulate it. Of course, the book is entirely in Finnish but

you can quickly figure out how to use it with no knowledge of Finnish. Because rock and roll is the universal language.

Finland had an active punk scene from the very start and I point you all to the compilation *Bloodstains Across Finland* and its liner notes to get the scoop on the early period of Finnish punk. I hate to promote the CD but the CD version of this comp has some additional material including a track by Systeemi who are in my opinion one of the best early Finnish punk bands. Regardless, in the 77-80 period Finland produced a lot of records by bands like Briard, Widows, Ypo-Viis, Eppu Normalli, Pelle Miljoona, Karanteeni, Loose Prick and Problems?. In those days Finland had a domestic record industry that was willing to release records by the new bands, Poko Records, Love Records and Johanna Records cranked out singles by punk bands well into the '80s. Once again Finland's relatively small size and isolation from the rest of Europe had promoted the growth of a relatively self sufficient music scene into which punk was inserted. The liner notes of *Bloodstains across Finland* end with "Punk sort of died in Finland in 1980/81 and the march of hundreds of Hardcore bands started." Well, lets hear it for hundreds of hardcore bands because that late '70s stuff is sounding pretty dated and Hardcore still marches on.

Hardcore really took off in Finland in the early '80s. It was first brought to most Americans attention by this magazine and the *Welcome to 1984* compilation. To Americans the best known Finnish hardcore bands are probably the ones who appeared on this comp. Rattus and Terveet Kadet, but there are tons of other great HC bands from Finland from the 80-84 period that never really got much exposure outside of Finland. Most well known are Appendix, Riistetyt, Lama, Varaus, the Bastards, Kaaos, Tampere SS, Kansan Uutiset, and Kohu 63 but there were tons more (such as some of the bands listed on the comps below). The most prolific hardcore label of the period was Propaganda records. Propaganda licensed its catalogue to the German label Rock O Rama. Rock O Rama is of course a dodgy Nazi label releasing things like Skrewdriver and Bohse Onkelz LPs but for whatever reason a lot of German and Finnish punk wound up being released on this label. I think a lot of people didn't know about the Nazi connections until much later. In any case the Rock O Rama pressings seemed to find their way into the USA a lot more often than the Propaganda pressings. Chris X of BCT Tapes also helped to expose a lot of Finnish bands in the USA by putting out compilation tapes of out of print or unavailable stuff from Finnish bands like Rattus. Ratcage Records of NYC released a Rattus album and for whatever reason, Finnish HC was very popular in Brazil so there are Brazilian pressings of some Rattus vinyl. Outside of this stuff most Finnish HC was distributed only in Finland. And in such a small country pressing quantities were usually quite small. Some as low as one or two hundred copies. Even the best known bands internationally like Rattus were only pressing 500-1000 of each release. I guess this was pretty common in the early '80s but these are pretty limited quantities considering the demand even today. Which is why of course Finnish Hardcore from the early '80s is now quite popular with collectors. Since many bands remained unknown outside of Finland until recent years (and since most kids collecting records today weren't born yet when these records were knew) there has been a lot of re-issue activity lately. Grand Theft Audio has re-released some classic Rattus, several Finnish labels have re-issued old material on CD, Lost And Found got in on the act with a Kaaos CD, there have been bootlegs of Rattus early material, as well as the Hardcore 83 comp. and lastly Fight Records of Tampere Finland has done several vinyl re-issues (with more to come) which have been licensed for the USA by none other than my own Havoc Records.

When is this guy gonna shut up and talk about the records? OK here you go. My personal favorites from this era are Kaaos, Riistetyt and the Bastards, but to tell the truth all this old Finnish HC rules. It tends to be hard-driving and aggressive with really biting chainsaw guitars. There was (and still is) a tendency for lots of reverb on the vocals and sometimes in the whole mix. The drumming is sometimes all over the place but usually conforms to a straight ahead D-beat. Over all the Finnish bands were taking their cue more from early British Punk HC like Discharge, Disorder and Chaos UK, but they definitely cranked it up a notch just as was being done in America and Japan with the same music. The result was much harder, faster and more abrasive music than the English bands started out playing. Almost all the Finnish bands sang in Finnish and I think the language lends itself well towards raw and brutal hardcore, it's just difficult for us to sing along. There are plenty of shouted choruses but good luck deciphering this crazy language. This month I'm already running out of room so we'll just talk about compilations. As you would guess, such an active scene lent itself easily to compilations. It seems like a lot of bands were side projects or whatever that contained members of other better known bands. Than again there were the bands that were only around long enough to make a comp appearance. Regardless of these factors, the comps below are loaded pretty heavily with well-known bands from the period and would be a good place to start if you were interested in '80s Finnish Hardcore. *Russia Bombs Finland* comp came out on Propaganda in 1982 (Pro-005) and featured two to five tracks each by the Bastards, Antikeho, Kaaos, Nato, Terveet Kadet, Riistetyt, 013, Maho Neistyt, Appendix, Sekunda, and Dachau. How can you go wrong with a line up like that? I'm told this was recently released on CD as well.

Propaganda liked to release compilations to promote its bands and *Hardcore 83* was no exception. (Pro-11) This killer included Kansan Uutiset, Riistetyl, Jakke & Lateria, Aparat, Rattus, Tampere SS, Protes-ti, Alamaailma, Kuolema, the Bastards, HIC Systeemi, Fucking Finland, Destruktions, Marionetti, Maanalainen, Sekunda, Takuu and Varaus.

Finnish Spunk-Hard Beat LP came out on Rock O Rama records in 1984, (RRR.41) and this might be easy to find today because it was recently bootlegged under the title *Hardcore Holocaust* (Fuckin' Finland Records). This classic included tracks by Riistetyl, Bastards, HIC Systeemi, Kaaos, Destruktions, Vaurio, Poikkeustila, Rappio, Appendix, Varaus, Klimax, Lahden Raivaus, Nussivat Nunnat, Tampere SS, 013 and Terveet Kadet. A lot of these tracks appeared on other releases, but then again many didn't. This is a really great comp with almost all the bands being far above average and mostly fast hardcore, just a few play more mid-paced punk rock.

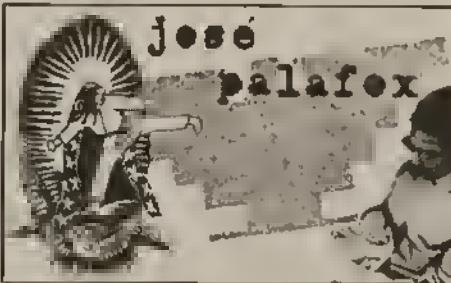
There was one great 7" comp from this period Lasta-Op ST Records 1984 with songs by Terveet Kadet, HIC Systeemi, Riistetyl, Kansan Uutiset, Sekunda, Kauneus and Terveys, Poikkeustila, Bastards, Purkusa and Markkinointioperaatio. I'm guessing that since this was a 7" comp, the label asked for short songs and what you get are some short fast raw thrashers here. Once again some material available elsewhere but there are some really raw and raging tracks here.

There was a fanzine in Finland in the day called *Bambbas* and they did a compilation LP called *Yalta Hi-Life* in 1984. A foldout poster type sleeve (but only one sided?) this featured Terveet Kadet, Varaus, Aparat, Aivoproteesi, Kaaos and Kansanturvamusikkimissio. Three to eight songs by each band, so a more in-depth look than some of those comps with only one or two tracks by each band.

I'm not too crazy about live records, but when Propaganda put out a live LP they weren't fucking around. Check out *Propaganda Live* (Rock O Rama RRR 42) from 1984 with the Bastards, Poikkeustila, Terveet Kadet, Lahden Raivaus, Fucking Finland, Raato, Vapaa Kalja, Varaus, Maho Neitsyt and Riistetyl. This is not quite a greatest hits live record, but pretty raging and you can imagine yourself at the gig with a bunch of kids passed out on the floor and lot of really drunk guys with mohawks thrashing around.

As was the case with a lot of other great bands from the '80s, a large number of Finnish HC bands embraced metal and lost their hardcore roots in the mid to late '80s. The popularity of Finnish hard rockers Hanoi Rocks seemed to make a lot of aspiring rock stars take note and change to a more metal or glam look and sound. However, Finland still has some of the best bands around. There are a number of great bands, labels and zines. Check out the zine *Toinen Vaihtoe*

hto which has been going for over ten years with great coverage of Finnish punk and politics. OK, it's in Finnish, but if you are looking for records and distros most of the ads are in English. The address is T.V./PL1/65200 Vaasa/Finland. Some great contemporary Finnish bands to look out for are Ututus, Selfish, Kansandemokratia, Juggling Jugulars, Unkind, Agenda, Diaspora, Oheisvasara, Wasted, Totus, Positive Negative, Forca Macabra, and lots more. Next month, more Finnish HC from the '80s!



November 10-16, 1999 Mexico City, Mexico-I arrived here for a four day strategy workshop/conference on the subject of "Globalization, Migration, Militarization." The "Encuentro de Fronteras" was an opportunity for activists on both sides of the U.S.-Mexico border to come together and discuss strategies to counter human rights abuses (both on the southern border with Mexico and Guatemala and the U.S.-Mexico border). The subtitle of the conference was, "a dialog between NGO's (Non-governmental Organizations)." Sponsored by diverse groups like the American Friends Service Committee (U.S.), National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights (U.S.), and the U.S. Advocates (U.S.), and in Mexico, many of the participant organizations included "Sin Fronteras," "Servicio, Paz y Justicia" (SERPAJ), and a Mexico City-based EZLN support group known as "Red Ciudadana de Apoyo a la Causa Zapatista." Over 70 delegates from the U.S. and Mexico participated in the workshops/strategy sessions during the four days. Overall, the "encuentro" went extremely well, especially since this was the first time that activists concerned with border issues (Guatemala/Mexico/U.S.) have come together and put forth a working document on all of these themes.

The point of this encuentro was not to come out with "plan of action." The encuentro was first and foremost, an opportunity for NGO's to discuss the similarities and differences with regards to the militarization of their communities, to talk about how things like globalization might be related to migration. We wanted to pose more questions than to actually come out with the "right" answers. How has the process of regional economic integration (e.g. NAF-TA) increased internal migration in Mexico (e.g. from rural areas to urban cities like Tijuana and Mexico City) and how is this related to "out-migration" to countries like

the US? How different/similar is the militarization in the southern part of Mexico (e.g. the state of Chiapas) to the increasing militarization of major inner cities (e.g. Oakland, LA) in the US? Can we really talk about a Low-Intensity-Conflict (LIC) in urban cities like Oakland, CA. in the same manner as in Chiapas, Mexico? Although one can see similarities-in terms of growing intermixing of local law enforcement with the military armed forces in both countries-many of the activists and comrades from Mexico felt that what they were experiencing was more overt state repression than in the U.S. Indeed, since the 1994 Zapatista uprising of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN), throughout Mexico, the government has responded with replacing many local cops with military troops (as in the case in Mexico City), the police repeatedly clamp down on anyone who might look like a "zapatista supporters" (even gringo sympathizers are deported), and the reactionary paramilitary "guardias blancas" (many of these militia-types act like the police for local landlords) can kill anybody-especially if they are dark-skinned and indigenous-who fights for social justice in Mexico with impunity.

As activists, we were able to make connections in terms of the repression, but more importantly, in terms of our resistance against imperialist globalization and growing militarization. My friend and colleague, Timothy Dunn (author of the book *The Militarization of the U.S.-Mexico Border, 1978-1992: Low Intensity Conflict Doctrine Comes Home*, 1996) and I were asked to present on the theme of "militarization" to one part of the group. The other two groups ("globalization" and "migration") had their own separate workshops. It was pretty cool to hang and be able to present with someone whose work you admire (the organizations that put this event do not have much money but they were able to pay for our expenses like the plain ticket and the hotel room). It was great to chat with Tim about the research that still needed to be addressed. I see the importance of this academic work in relation with the larger questions that activists are also trying to figure out: What is the relationship between globalization and militarization? How are activists in Mexico and in the U.S. fighting back and resisting the neo-liberal project of cutting most social services while at the same time funding for more cops, prisons, and more draconian measures is on the rise? What do we really mean by "a binational strategy" of U.S. and Mexican activists?

After much discussion and even continuing political discourse late into the night in our hotel rooms, I got a chance to see a little of the city. The hotel we stayed at was near the presidential palace! The workshops took place even closer to the halls of Empire, the "Museo Nacional de las Culturas" was about a block from President Zedillo's

office. What was really intense about staying in Mexico City this whole week was the overt militarization of the city. The minute I walked out of the hotel I was staying in, I could see a truck full of soldiers with full-automatic machine guns, almost all of the Mexico City police wear SWAT-like uniforms and ride in pick-up trucks with mounted machine guns in the back. Believe me, these cops/soldiers look fucking mean and I'm pretty sure they are. I didn't try to find out. Almost on every corner of the city one can see either a cop, a soldier, or a security guard that looks like a soldier. I also met some folks who had come from as far as Chiapas to the *encuentro*. They mentioned not only mental and physical abuse at the hands of the authorities, but also "disappearances," that is to say, killings carried out by government or government supporters.

I met one individual who had his brother "disappeared" by what appears to be as members of the Mexican military. Martin Ramon Hidalgo Perez, an activist from San Cristobal told us that a few months after his brother Jose had "disappeared," a box appeared in front of his house with some bones and a note that stated that if he continued trying to organize with community members, he would find all of his family dead. He later gave this testimony in our press conference on the last day of our *encuentro*. There were a lot of media there, including the left-leaning *La Jornada* (11/14/99, p.13) who covered Hidalgo Perez' story in depth. Many other folks from the southern states of Mexico also mentioned major military checkpoints throughout the interior on Mexico.

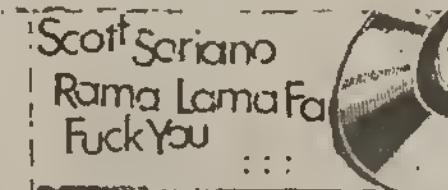
...As I sit here and reflect on my trip to Mexico City, I think about the discourse during the WORLD TERRORIST (I mean Trade) ORGANIZATION meetings in Seattle, I think about the dozens of folks I met in Mexico. During the whole Seattle meetings (late November into early December) I clipped about seven dailies (major papers like *NY Times*, *Wall St. Journal*, *Washington Post*, etc.), because I wanted to read the letters to the editor, the editorials, the op-ed's, the articles themselves.

How will WTO and globalization be covered? Who will be interviewed for the story? Who will be left out? (I plan on doing a bigger story on this later). I couldn't help it but to think about what our comrades in Mexico told us when I read the op-ed by billionaire Bill Gates in the *NY Times* ("Shaping The Future In Seattle" 11/29/99, p.A-29) when he told us why he was co-sponsoring the "trade talks" in Seattle. "I believe that fair and open international trade is good not only for companies that depend on exports," wrote Gates, "it is good for the global economy and for opening up line of communication and progress throughout the world." Another major US newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal*, also hoped for a successful WTO meeting by editorializing

against the thousands of labor, environmental, human rights, and anti-WTO groups who fucked shit up for a few days to protest this new global commerce agency, the WTO. "In a rich country like the US," it is easy to protest against things like sweatshops and environmental degradation," stated the *Wall St. Journal*, "[b]ut if you are a Salvadoran mother desperate to feed your family or a Chinese teenager with no local job prospects, that 'sweatshop' and 'exploitation' might look more and more like opportunity" ("Sleepless in Seattle," 11/30/99, p.A-26).

Since when does the *Wall St. Journal* care so much about Salvadorian mothers? Sometimes I wonder if these fuckers really believe what they write. Does it matter? Does it really matter if they believe they are "helping the Third World help itself"? (see: "Help the Third World Help Itself" by UN Secretary General Koffi Annan in the *Wall St. Journal*, 11/29/99, p.A-28). Regardless of what the theoretical architects of imperialist globalization might think, it is the effects of their system that is on trial here. Although I have read many studies and gone to many conferences on the effects of NAFTA on Mexican workers and peasants, I think it was the 1994 Zapatista uprising that really told the world the real effects that NAFTA would have on Mexico's growing impoverished population. Sometimes when THEY seem so big and powerful, I think that overthrowing their system is impossible... I think not. Yes, I still believe that their system can and should be done away with. No reforming the WTO, NAFTA, or whatever the fuck new "agreements" they make between themselves. If their system is based on profits, it has to go.

The P.A.C. (Pan Africanist Congress) put it this way: "COMMERCE FOLLOWS THE FLAG, BUT THE FLAG FOLLOWS THE PICK AND THE PLOW. ONE SETTLER, ONE BULLET." In Seattle and in Mexico City, one settler, one bullet.



Cruising through Memphis, one of the first things you notice is that the city is poor. Not the hidden suburban poor of Sacramento or the poverty adopted as a lifestyle by young punks and anarchists. In Memphis, the destitution is neither hidden nor chosen: It is in your face and institutional. The city has been beaten down, war torn. Crumbling buildings, cracked and pot-holed streets, and vacant dirt lots are only matched by the haggard state of the people. The eyes are tired, folds in the face deep, clothes worn. This is Third World America and it is Black and Working Poor. Abandoned by the na-

tion and without the resources and capital to extract themselves from poverty, Memphis poor—black and white—have futures as full as the boarded-up and burned-out houses that line the streets.

The one industry that once offered these Southerners a way out, the music industry, has been whittled down to a few studios, independent labels, and a small but vital punk scene. Rhythm and blues which once provided poor blacks, and some whites, a path to economic self-sufficiency, has been replaced by hip-hop and "urban contemporary" (i.e. Black-fronted ballads foruppies and yuppies). Country music, once a step up for blacks as well as whites (Solomon Burke's first hits, Ray Charles' "Modern Sounds of Country Western," etc.), is now the dominion of white middle-class suburban cowboys seeking to recreate the "California cocaine sound" of the Eagles. And those streets that once hosted an ecstatic aesthetic are now tattered-up tourist traps (Beale Street) or busted war zones. Stax Studios provides the best example of the latter.

In his excellent volume on Southern rhythm & blues, *Sweet Soul Music*, Peter Guralnick tells a tale of bank clerk/music fanatic Jim Stewart (ST) and his bank teller/music fanatic sister, Estelle Axton (AX) and their stumbling into creating (with such soul greats as Rufas Thomas, Chips Moman, Steve Cropper, Otis Redding, and dozens more) one of the highlights of American music. Guralnick recounts Stewart setting up shop in an old shack outside of Memphis in order to record what would become the two great bands of R&B, Booker T. & the MGs and the Mar-Keys. In 1959, Stewart and Axton put out four records of country, rockabilly, and r&b on the Satellite label, none of which did anything chart-wise.

In 1960, Chips Moman found a theater on East McLemore in Memphis. The Capitol had its turn as a movie house, a country-western showcase, and a gospel church before being abandoned. Axton found the owner and leased the building for a hundred dollars a month. The main room was too big for Stewart's two-track recorder so they divided the room with a makeshift partition after ripping out the theater seats, carpeting the floor, and hanging home-made curtains from the walls. The concession stand in the lobby was turned into a record store, their main source of income until the studio took off. Estelle's son, Packy, Cropper, Duck Dunn, Chips Moman, and others stole as much time from their day jobs to build, play, record in the theater. But it wasn't until Rufas Thomas came onto the scene that Stax had something to play with.

Tipped off by a friend that something interesting was happening in the old Capitol Theater, Thomas, one of Memphis top radio DJs, visited the studio and pitched Stewart and Axton a duet starring himself and his daughter, Carla. The sister and brother took the father and daughter up on their offer and the song "Cause I Love You" was cut. The

record hit and Atlantic, Satellite's main distributor, bought the rights to it for \$1000, a huge sum for the new studio. The money was shoveled back into the business and the studio followed the duet with "Gee Wiz," a solo performance by Carla Thomas.

Thomas's solo debut was a huge hit. Atlantic, who had once declined to distribute the record, double-backed to pick "Gee Wiz" up. Atlantic head Jerry Wexler even made a trip down to the studio, a trip which sealed the Stax/Atlantic relationship. After "Gee Wiz," everything had changed. Cropper and the boys were able to spend more and more time in the studio. Atlantic started sending folks down to record and eventually soul icons such as Sam & Dave, William Bell, David Porter, and Isaac Hayes were to gravitate to the epicenter of the Memphis sound. As talented as the aforementioned might be, it was Otis Redding who defined Stax, bringing to r&b one of best voices ever heard.

Redding was not only the One in the minds of fans, the Stax musicians thought high of him, too. While many tried to duck out of boring session work, when Otis was scheduled everyone showed up. To be picked for a Redding session was considered an honor. Not because it was easy stuff. Quite the opposite. Otis worked your ass hard. Often stripped to the waist, he would conduct the band by punishing the air to raise the horns and ripping his arms from side to side to pump up the band. All the while singing and composing on the spot.

Not only was Otis riveting in the studio but he was dangerous on stage. Take a listen to the Otis Redding side of "Live at the Monterey Pop Festival." It fucking explodes! And that was late in his career. In the midst of his Stax years, Otis was a fucking fireball, burning up the chitlin circuit from coast to coast. And as his popularity grew so did the fortunes of Stax. But after every payday the bills come due. For Otis it was an untimely death. For Stax it was Atlantic pulling out, stagnation and eventual disintegration. All that is left of the Stax legend are some bricks from the building sold for \$50 a pop at Shangri-La Records, a vacant lot with a historical marker on it, a shit-load of great music, and, what is perhaps the most important lesson, an example of an inter-racially run music enterprise.

Stax puts lie to the notion that "black" music is a black thing, that white people are either "too good" for it or "don't have the soul" to play it, depending on what racist notion you believe. Surely there are musics that come from different cultural traditions but they are not race exclusive. While r&b/soul has its roots in the black experience, it was both black and white people that made the music. One would be as off the mark to deny Steve Cropper and Duck Dunn, both white guys, their due as they would to deny Otis Redding and Isaac Hayes theirs. And if anyone has their doubts as to the validity of what I write, compare both the Stax sound

and sales in the black community with Motown, an exclusively black company (except for some book keepers and salesmen). Not only did Stax out sell Motown in the black community, it did so because it out-souled them. In fact, Motown's product was considered to be "bleached" r&b by blacks so much so that the company started a label called Soul in order to release more "earthy" material, stuff like Gladys Knight, Junior Walker, and Shorty Long, all much better than most Motown acts. Stax out souled Motown for one reason and one reason only: The people at Stax just played music the way they felt it. While they were trying for hits, they weren't compromising the feeling of the music. Motown, on the other hand, was a hit machine in the most literal sense. The company was expert at turning out pop-soul designed for the market place, especially the white market. They did this by having an unofficial hit quota system for their writers, encouraging formula, mixing down tracks onto car radio speakers so that everything sounded good in the place where most record buyers first listen to songs, sending their acts to charm schools, and a zillion other tricks of the trade. And while there is undeniably great songsmanship at work in Motown and some stellar performances, Motown of the 60s is a sterile product of capitalistic intent when set next to Stax's everyday people sound.

Having no connection in Memphis, our truck is our lodging. But where to park and camp? In a city the choices are limited. If you park in a rich neighborhood or an area stocked with merchants, you will be told to move along. Take haven in a slum and you probably will be broken into. And then there is the ever-present problem of the cops. Will you be one of the very lucky few who pulls a "friendly officer"? Or will you be yanked out of your car, arrested for "auto theft," and given a beating? We ask the folks at Shangri-La Records where to camp and they suggest driving thirty miles north to Shelby State Park.

To get to Shelby you take the Danny Thomas Expressway through north Memphis and the harshest poverty I've ever seen. Rows and rows of boarded-up houses front the street. Those few that were occupied looked victims of fire. A few half-naked children played in the dirt lot front yards as elderly folk looked on. Is this some Third World hellhole or the United States? Nowadays it is difficult to tell. I am in a pack of automobiles, all occupied by white people, all headed north, all with windows rolled up though the weather dictated the opposite. We are an up-tight white current twisting through levees of black impoverishment. Having out-of-state plates we were advised to keep the windows up and the doors locked as the area we were in is known for carjacking.

I drop any pretext of being a cool white guy. My fear of blackness, of poverty, and my clutching to stereotypes and privilege

are now quite apparent. A shame comes over me and with that shame comes white guilt. With white guilt comes fear of reprisal. By virtue of my skin color I am The Man or at least his representative. Because of the crime of racism—institutional and situational—my race has made the reality of counter-attack both a reasonable and righteous option. If I punch another person repeatedly and without mercy can I not expect a counter attack? Is it reasonable to expect Langston Hughes' "dream deferred" to "explode"? The white man has certainly written the black man (and the Latino, Indian, Asian-American, and most of the Third World) a blank check for retaliation. This in mind, I get the fear.

But realizing the shitty role white people have played in black/white relations and fearing black people are two different things. The former is acknowledging reality. The latter is succumbing to the very racism I feel guilty about. Intellectually, this is no revelation. I've mulled it over plenty of times, analyzed it down to the littlest bit of guilty pang and fearful tremble; yet I roll the car window when I am in a "dangerous" (read: black) area. I get antsy when a black person comes into the book store (Are they going to steal?). I tense when I walk past young black men. That's how I feel. How I feel. But racism is a lot more than how white people feel: It is how white people act. For all my white guilt feelings of "I am sorry, Mr. Black Guy,"

I still act the bigot. I act as a fearful white guy acts. And mind you, I don't own a television, so my racism is not fueled by COPS or the evening news. But I do live in the very white world of punk rock and was raised in the even whiter world of suburbia. A favorite neighborhood past time was carving KKK into park benches and comparing favorite Nazi leaders. There was one black person in my life, old Mrs. Butler who lived across the street. I mowed her lawn once a week and would spend Tuesday afternoon drinking iced tea with her. But even then to me she was more than a type, an exotic and not a person. It wasn't until Junior High that I was thrown into a very integrated environment where I had to socialize with black people. Yet despite the close contact, years of suburban conditioning lead myself and other whites to form our own pure race packs. To talk to a black person or to listen to r&b, soul or funk was to be branded a "nigger lover." Taking a stand to black schoolmates was a sure way to increase popularity among white peers. While I wasn't so bold as to pick fights, I did fight back, mainly with my mouth, when baited: racial lines were very firmly drawn and enforced by blacks, whites, and Chicanos. (Interestingly, Asian-American teens were the only racial/ethnic group that could associate with whomever they pleased without negative ramifications. Though with the mass influx of Southeast Asians during the 1980s I am sure that has changed.) My mouth made me a target and was instrumental in my decision to go to an

all-white high school in the suburbs. I have no doubts my racism would have deepened if not for punk rock. Political punk engaged my mind, focused my teen-aged angst and wakened the both the anarchistic politics passed on to me by my mother and the determined sense of egalitarianism and justice instilled in me by my father. Yet punk rock isn't a cure all: the snail-like unraveling of a racist conditioning continues.

As we leave Memphis, rural takes over and with the rural comes white people. Perhaps there is poverty amidst this whiteness. If there is, it's financial poverty not the poverty of personal space, of a robust environment of green. The houses here are spread over a couple acres teeming with trees and brush. The closer we get to the park, the thicker the vegetation. Once in the park we drive up hills and down valleys until we find a camp site. There is not much more light left in the day so we eat, read a bit, and play some thrifted r&b 45s on a portable record player. Soon darkness falls. Well, maybe not darkness. The moon's light twists around tree branches and turns the leaves a hazy gray. With the moon comes looming shadows and flashes of light near and far. I sit up and look into the haze. Is that light moving? I think it is moving! Is it coming closer? Fuck, I have to piss. What's that sound? What's...I hear a gun shot. Maybe somebody is hunting. But what are they hunting for? Ned Beatty hits my mind's eye. There are shadows moving to the left of the truck. Branch crackle under the weight of something. I lay down and pull the sleeping bag over my head. If I am going to die at the hands of some hick, I don't want to see it coming. I doze off only to be wakened by my imagination. The more anxious I get the more I have to piss. The more I have to piss the more time I spend looking out the window to see if all is clear. Shadows move, flashlights flicker and I become more anxious.

Do not send me playlists, tour schedule, and other marketing junk. Personal letters are a-ok. Scott Soriano, 1114 21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814 USA e-mail: scotts@sl.net

1,800,000
and counting

A column by
Prisoners.

I'm writing from Corcoran State Prison, one of the so-called "worst prisons in America." I'm a 28 year-old Native American, my tribes are Moivo and Chukchansi

Indians from Northfork and Coarsegold California, in the foothills above Fresno. Here the Indians are a minority. We're allowed to attend sweat lodge ceremonies and have two "Pow-wows" a year with family. Also we can have feathers and beads, drums. We have a big library of Indian history books. It's not bad here for us.

About a year ago everyone in CDC had to cut their hair and shave their beards, including Muslims, who traditionally wear beards. Some Indian prisoners cut their hair, some refused and lost all privileges. No phone calls, no family visits, no packages.

I've been reading *Maximum Rocknroll* since I was 13. I come from the Fresno scene. Shooting crank and robbing has been my downfall, I got 18 years this time. 2003 I parole. In the 80's I went to a lot of shows: local bands, the mighty Capitol Punishment, Harsh Reality and bands like Raw Power from Italy, Think Tank, Wasted Youth, Iconoclast, Final Conflict—the list goes on. In Fresno, we had shows all the time in the 80's: The Vicious Bunnies, the Boneless Ones, Nazi Bitch & the Jews, etc.

My friend Dale Stewart owned a record store called Stage Dive Records. I hung out there. His band was Capitol Punishment. Dale took me and my friend Felix to some of my first shows in his old station wagon. I heard a lot of bands for the first time in his shop, bought 45 records there: DOA, Killing Joke, the Cash Pussies, Motorhead, Special Forces Records, Mystic Samplers, old Butthole Surfers, Wendy O. Williams picture disks and heard a lot of the old punk there. Dale's shop was cool. Fuck Ups records on the wall and an old Hawkwind poster come to mind.

I've been locked up for years now. CYA from 15 to 18 and from 18 to 28 in the California prison system. This is my fourth time in prison. There's a lot of punks in prisons. We can have CDs and tapes here, plus TVs in the cell. So it's not bad. I've got a gang of CDs: Poison Idea, Bad Brains, MC5, MDC, the Stooges, Candy Snatchers. I listen to a lot of different music. If there's anyone interested in Native American history, write. I'd like to hear from any Native American punks. I've only met a couple. Don't let *60 Minutes* scare you! Ha-ha. The guards here killed a lot of people over fist fights. How can someone justify shooting a man with a Mini 14 or 9mm over a fist fight? The guards staged "Gladiator Fights," bet money and shot down prisoners in cold blood! That's Corcoran, though. Home of Charles Manson, A Kennedy assassin and Juan Corona, killer of 40 migrant farm workers—he didn't want to pay them.

Corcoran really isn't bad. Thanks to Shane Williams for the GG Allin and the Jabbers Tape! Thanks to Dale Stewart for taking me and Felix to that Vandals show in 1985. And to El Duce for the Mentors show in Fresno. R.I.P.

To contact: Chris Hutchins / E-51151 / 3B04-249 low / PO Box 3466 / Corcoran,

CA 93212-3466

PS. The Bad Brains are a must for the "Pioneers of Punk"! And Dr. Know! Poison Idea! Rik L. Rik! And Septic Death!

Does anyone know what's up with the GG book, *I Was a Murder Junkie*?



Come on in and pull up a seat. I hope you weren't planning on doing anything too productive with the next fifteen or however minutes it is going to take you to read this. (Yeah, like what I've got to say is really going to change your lives for the better. I don't think so.) Instead of the usual downer pep rally for those looking to do it themselves (a.k.a. busting your ass while being paranoid that the creeps will take it all), I'm going to spout off about what I like best: music. You see, I need a reprieve 'cus doing "business" sucks and I would much rather listen to and talk about the bands and their music. This time around I will be covering the more "arty" and "experimental" fringe elements of the late '70s/early '80s punk scene just like the last time I dedicated my column to nothing but music awhile back. I will purposely avoiding mention of any groups I've released stuff from in an effort to keep the self-promotional cheezzz factor to a minimum even though I would love to prattle on endlessly about them. (Hey, I'm just trying hard not to appear sleazy and self-absorbed, babe.)

So you're probably wondering why you should even give two shits about less beaten path sounding groups like Joy Division, Killing Joke, Siouxsie, and Gang of Four. It is because they were highly original and extremely influential upon the history of punk and underground rock. While some of the neanderthal hardsnores who learned about how to be punk by seeing *The Decline of Western Civilization* and watching *Quincy* and *Chips* had a problem with any bands that did not fit into their restrictive 1-2 fuck you slam dance mold of what they considered to be punk; many of the original slash'n'burn, out-of-control Huntington Beach party thugs were even groovin' to the likes of Public Image, Birthday Party, and Gang of Four.

In fact, members of more musically straight forward groups would commonly join up with more "arty" bands and vice versa, such as Bags, Gun Club, Lewd, Green On Red, Seditionaries, Community FK, Germs, Nervous Gender, and so on. Some of the reasons behind them joining these artier groups were so that they could stretch



their musical boundaries by playing more than just three-chord, slam-ready blitzes and to escape from the wholesale violence that was taking over the more straight-ahead punk scenes in certain places, mainly around the U.S. and UK. (I know that this last reason might seem hard to swallow for some of the younger punk audience currently out there, but during the very tail end of the '70s on into the '80s, the levels of random, chaotic violence and hostility got mega intense at some shows and within certain band followings around SoCal and other places. The '90s, by comparison, have been on great big love-in.) In this environment of anything goes, far more groups were interested in experimentation instead of fitting into a formulated genre as tight as a gnat's shitter. Now, with the advent of "underground" and "alternative" groups getting signed in record numbers (they also go dumped en masse), too many "punk" musicians are worried about appealing to specific, narrow listener demographics instead of giving convention the finger. Without further wheres and whys, let us take a look at some of my fave arty-facts that these damaged freaks left behind.

Tuxedomoon 12" EP - Oh, the rumors ran rampant of this San Francisco group being grievous smack pricklers and it wouldn't have come as a great shock if it had been true listening to these four moody tracks from 1978. Bowie was a very big influence on the early punks and especially the deathrockers (most of all) and art damage crowd, therefore it is befitting that the first track, "New Machine," should have a vein of his influence running through it. The second track, an artsy, non-punk instrumental called "Litebulb Overkill" is the least driven, most subdued track on here and is pretty much in the Residents' territory. (Tuxedomoon would later go on to work with Ralph Records, The Residents' home label.) On the reverse side, the old Cole Porter standard, "Nite and Day," gets the dark, moody TM treatment. This time, the best is saved for last as "No Tears" is one of the greatest (albeit obscure) art punk rockers ever put to wax, with its driving beat and desperate, freakish vocals. Even power pop punker Mark Arnold of Big Drill Car and All Systems Go used to cover this song with his old art punk group Raw Material. TM would go onto release many more records which would forsake their punk edge in favor of bizarreness and gain a sizable cult following in Europe where artiness was embraced far more than stateside. The lineup for this 12" features Mikel Belfer of The Sleepers, another one of the Bay Area's early art punk damage groups. No listing of a record label exists on the jacket or center label.

Dead Hippie, "Living Dead" LP (Pulse Records, 1983) - A somewhat varied mixed bag from this very original group formed in the San Gabriel Valley area of Los Angeles sometime around '78 or '79 (the ex-member

I spoke with, who did not appear on this album, seemed a little vague on exact dates). I refer to it as a mixed bag because while, as a whole, some might want to pigeonhole it as death rock, there is definitely a bit more going on here which keeps it from fitting into one tight spot or another. A couple songs on here do slip snuggly into death rock mode, while a few ride the then-current tide of not-so-fast '81 So. Cal. thrash (before bands started commonly playing at blinding speed). Still more "standard" (though nothing is very "standard" on this LP) late '60s psychedelic acid rock influences seep in on other tracks and the last cut has a definite Bowie/Mott the Hoople glammy feel, although in a twisted kinda way that only sounds like Dead Hippie. On the other hand, frontman Simon's unique signature vocals remain the same throughout, kinda strange and maybe ghostly (?), though ultimately hard to describe and might get on a few people's nerves. I would say that the vocals really help to make this LP stand out and work especially well on the more eerie cuts.

Mnemonic Devices, "Playing on the Dark Keys" 12" EP (Bemisbrain Records, 1982) - By far, one of the more unique groups to bubble up from the early Orange County, California underground, M.D. created a dark sound somewhere between Siouxie and Roxy Music. The overall mood of the album is somber as vocalist Ann De Jarnett sings out sour lines like "Love is just another sick venereal disease" in her dissatisfied tone. Arrangement-wise, this was far more accomplished than your average punk rock at the time and could very well be part of the reason many would argue why this isn't very punk, to which I'd respond, "So? Big whoopie." I could see this potentially appealing to listeners of moody post punk, death rockers, and a few more open-minded early L.A. punkers/enthusiasts of that punk music time period. Speaking of which, in that last sentence, one Geofry Kaa, relative of The Crowd's Jim Kaa, played guitar and the band was sometimes joined by Jim as well, though not on vinyl. On an interesting side note, Bemisbrain released a lot of other cool groups such as The Strong, Silent Types, Super Heroines, Red Beret, etc. before becoming Enigma Records and going under in '85 as Enigma/Greenworld Distribution in a cruddy bankruptcy from which Restless Records arose.

I'm So Hollow, "Emotion/Sound/Motion" LP (Illuminated Records, 1981) - like many old groups from the U.K., they could be described as punk wave in that while this Sheffield band did display some wavy tendencies, there were far more heavy, dark, mood-inducing post punk elements than the head-bobbing tennieboppers were willing to tolerate. No doubt that this would probably appeal to folks into Joy Division, early Ultravox, and Skids, as it does have its share of catchy semi-pop hooks, though not in the ordinary, happy sing-a-long way

people usually think of pop hooks. Sonny from Bottlenek/GSL/Exvss really liked this record when I taped it for him, so that may or may not tell you something.

Well, that's about all the time I have to go on about these records for now as it is nearing the end of the year and I have some label stuff to tie up before then. I'll leave you off with a few more early groups to check out if you are so inclined: Peyr (Iceland), Xmal Deutschland (Germany), Clock DVA (UK), Mission of Burma (Boston), Mydolls (Texas), UK Decay (UK), Teenage Jesus (New York), Crispy Ambulance (UK), Crawling Chaos (UK), Scars (UK), DA (Chicago), Au Pairs (UK), Flowers (UK), DNA (New York), Theatre of Hate (UK), Fall (UK), MDK (Germany), Monitor (Los Angeles), (early) Mekons (UK), (early) Dream Syndicate (Los Angeles).

Oh, by the way, ex-members of Catch 22, Signals, Saigon, Urban Gorillas (So. Cal.), Mydolls, Plastic Idols (TX), and Scars (Scotland) should get in touch with me.

That's all. Toddles... Brian GTA, 501 W. Glendale Blvd. Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202, USA



As they often did, THE CLASH said it best: "Know your rights." Going back to the earliest days of punk, musicians and songwriters have had to defend those rights the old-fashioned way: by filing a lawsuit.

Like it or not (and I don't), we live in a capitalist society. Under capitalism, the only way you can defend yourself from assholes who are trying to rip you off is to take the bastards to court. Johnny Lydon of the SEX PISTOLS battled his former manager and record label in British courts for years because they'd hardly paid him any of the royalties he was due. Members of the DEAD KENNEDYS have fought over whether or not the band's songs ought to be licensed to companies that want to use them in commercials. And countless other punk bands over the twenty-something years that punk as we know it came to be have sued over unpaid royalties, shitty recordings, and crappy distribution.

Unfortunately, there are some confused punks out there who think that lawyers, courts, lawsuits, all that shit, isn't punk rock. They equate anarchy with lawlessness, and don't understand that until the revolution, the law is often the best—fuck that, the ONLY—friend of those of us who want to fight for a better society.

Obviously it's better to settle your

differences, with other people or even with companies, with conversation rather than litigation. But sometimes people fuck you over, even to the point of breaking the law, and they refuse to back down even when you threaten them with being sued. When that happens, you have a choice: You can accept the abuse, or you can do what you said you were going to do.

That's what I'm going through now.

As a writer and a cartoonist, I wrote a long piece for the *Village Voice*, which is the big altie weekly in New York, about Art Spiegelman, the cartoonist who wrote the Holocaust comic *Maus*. In my piece, I took on Spiegelman as a sacred cow whose work is incredibly overrated (he does those stupid covers for *The New Yorker*) and who controls who gets to work as a cartoonist in New York. It was a very controversial piece, but it did what I'd hoped: It caused people to question the status quo and to consider what cartoon art is and should be about.

Shortly thereafter, a guy I'd never heard of, Danny Hellman (a right-wing illustrator who works for the wacko libertarian rag *NY Press*, the Clintonian *Brill's Content* and the porno mag *Screw*) reacted to my piece. He sent out a massive spam e-mail to a bunch of my editors and fellow cartoonists—UNDER MY NAME! The e-mail, signed "Ted Rall," was deliberately intended to look like mine and to make me look like an arrogant asshole to other cartoonists and to people I sell my cartoons to. Needless to say, I was shocked, but I reacted quickly by sending out an e-mail to as many of those people as I could find telling them that Danny's e-mail had been an impersonation.

It took a few days to figure out that it was Danny Hellman; he had done this kind of thing before in the past. When I confronted him, he essentially told me to fuck myself and proceeded to offer \$500 to anyone willing to vandalize my car, and then later \$500 to anyone willing to puke on me. Up until this point, I figured I was dealing with a nut, but then he put the icing on the cake—he stated that if I appeared anywhere in public (at say, a book signing or a party or a concert) I'd end up murdered.

One of the problems of being a cartoonist in a country that doesn't value the arts is that a lot of papers will print your cartoon without paying you for it. If everyone does this, you're working for free, and no one should work for free, period. Whenever I discover that a publication has done this to me, I pick up my phone, call my lawyer and have him send out a "cease-and-desist" letter, which says to stop pulling the shit, pay for the cartoon or get sued on such-and-such date. I have done this dozens of times, and in every instance it works—I get paid, and nobody gets sued.

So in August I sent a cease-and-desist to Hellman. In my letter I asked him for a complete list of the people to whom he'd sent the prank, to stop talking about me in

any public forum, to send out an apology and retraction and to contact my lawyer about paying my damages for screwing up my relationship with editors and colleagues. He refused to give me the list (it turned out months later that he doesn't know all the places he sent his spam!), sent out a terse, angry retraction to a few of the recipients and didn't bother to call me to apologize or offer any money. So when my deadline rolled around, I sued him: for libel, slander, defamation of character and intentional infliction of emotional distress. Danny asked for the suit to be dismissed, but the judge said that it was valid and sustained all the counts against him.

Amazingly, Danny's right-wing friends rallied around him immediately, portraying me in Web discussion groups and articles about the case as a humorless bully who couldn't take a joke. (Hey, I can take a joke, but this was no joke—this was an attempt to silence me for writing something with which Hellman disagreed, just like some Iranian mullah issuing a fatwa.) His pal Sam Henderson, another *NY Press* cartoonist, posted my home phone number and address to the Web and suggested that people harass my wife and I at home. They did; I still get death threats every day. Another Hellman friend, Los Angeles cartoonist Tony Millionaire, threatened to "beat the shit out of that little cunt Ted Rall."

They built a "Free Dirty Danny" website that Red-baited me for being a Marxist, sold "Free Dirty Danny" T-shirts and even organized a "Free Dirty Danny" benefit concert in New York featuring wussy mainstream indierock losers SOUL COUGHING and even fellow MRR columnist George Tabb's band FURIOUS GEORGE!

That FURIOUS GEORGE would agree to play to defend this right-wing asshole impersonator Danny Hellman simply devastated me. I'd considered George a friend; we'd had beers together and his wife Wendy was friends with my wife Judy. I can't imagine that he was so desperate for the exposure that he needed the gig, so what the fuck? Maybe he was fooled by Danny's argument that his fake e-mail was a form of satire, and that he was some kind of bizarre First Amendment hero. But anything worth saying is worth saying UNDER YOUR OWN NAME, not someone else's, and in any event, it was my First Amendment right to criticize Art Spiegelman that so pissed off Danny that it caused him to try to destroy my cartooning career in the first place. Danny Hellman is the ultimate fascist censor, a guy who hassles you simply for expressing your Constitutionally-protected opinion.

Of course, there's also a *NY Press* connection with George Tabb; he writes for them very frequently. Maybe he thought that Danny's prank was "punk rock," but there's nothing "punk rock" about censoring a journalist—which was the point of the prank. Or maybe George believed Danny's

sob stories about being too poor to afford his legal bills—more patent bullshit, given that I'm not rich either and that Danny spent a few weeks during the legal bullshit vacationing in Italy. Either way, FURIOUS GEORGE was seriously misled and used by a cynical bully, and I'm sorry it happened—I certainly prefer to believe that than to think that they intentionally backed up such a goon.

So what's the point of all this? Sometimes you have to use the courts to defend yourself from a bully, and when you do you'll likely catch a lot of shit from people who can't imagine what it's like to be attacked without provocation by someone who dislikes your politics. You can feel very alone when you're fighting assholes, because assholes are often popular. But if you know what you're doing is right, you have to stick with it until the end—and THAT is very punk rock.

Mail goes to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108, e-mail to: ted@rall.com



"Steady Diet of Hate"

The fucking WRETCHED ONES have come out with another brilliant release! This time out, the oi! veterans from New Jersey hammer you with thirteen tracks on the "We Don't Belong To Nobody" CD on Headache Records. This mother fucker continues one of the longest running oi stories ever told. THE WRETCHED ONES pound on your brain right from the onset with "Overtime" - a working class anthem. You probably heard "Welcome to the East Coast" on the "East Coast of Oi" various artists compilation a couple of months back. Great! The song "Drinking Beer and Rock and Roll" covers the WRETCHED ONES two favorite pastimes. In "Leave the Old Man Alone" THE WRETCHED ONES write about respect for a man who gave his all: "He's been retired since '84/ Still wears his work uniform./ Leave the old man alone./ He went so we don't have to./ Leave the old man alone./ He fought for our country, they drafted him when he was eighteen./ Made him into a young marine./ Resting in his easy chair it took a lifetime together./ Move faster, get out of the way, / That's what the young folks say./ They don't know what he's done for them./ Gave them life and freedom."

In the title track "We Don't Belong to

Nobody", THE WRETCHED ONES sing: "We don't belong to nobody- nobody. Nobody really understands./ But every day they tell us what to play./ What to do to go far./ But we don't care- that's nowhere./ We'll never be rock stars." In "Dead Man Working" THE WRETCHED ONES put into words the most sincere thoughts about working hard your entire life: "You reach that point where you got no choice./ You're just another number and you got no voice./ What you used to call your job is now your career./ Days tick by, so do weeks, months and years./ Now I'm dead man working./ My youth is long gone, but my bills are still here./ I'll be plugging away for many years./ But at least I have a sense of pride./ Making ends meet until the day I die./ So your body falls apart, that's part of the deal./ If you want nice things and three square meals./ No need to be bitter, no need to be cold./ It's part of life./ It happens when you're old." Those are very serious lyrics! THE WRETCHED ONES have a firm grasp on the day to day challenges of hard work and growing old in this blue collar society.

A great album! Get it now! Headache Records, P.O. Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432.

THE BLOODY SODS have a brutal, tough, hardcore punk record for you on Mad Skull Records from Amsterdam, Holland. This raw fucker is called "Hate of Mind" and the EP starts off brawling with "Win or Lose". This collides with "What the Fuck" and the third blow to the head "Hate of Mind". This EP has gruff shouted vocals, fast guitars and drums and is brimming with violent enthusiasm!

Look for a Mad Skull release by Georgia's TERMINUS CITY in the very near future. TERMINUS CITY is one of the strongest street rock bands down south, up north or any other fucking place!

GMM Records has some really good product for you punks and skins this month. The much anticipated full length CD from the MAIN STREET SAINTS is out now. This CD is entitled: "Everybody Wants to Go to Heaven...But Nobody Wants to Die". This fucking CD has some rock n' oi! music. The song "Johnny Bomb" is familiar to you who own the MAIN STREET SAINTS EP's "The Story of Johnny Bomb", that ends badly "When the task force came they offered Johnny life spent in a cell...Johnny chose a grave." The song "Glory" has great oi! momentum: "Oi! Oi! Oi! We're Shouting Glory". In "Main Street" the MAIN STREET PREACHERS sing: "I live by the sword and I die by the sword./ I live by the sewer and I die by the sword./ So bury me on the Main Street, where all the kids can see me./ Lay me down in K.C., it belongs to me." The MAIN STREET SAINTS perform some top quality street rock on this CD. Have a listen to "Land of Our Own": "It's happening again, we tear down the walls and they've built them up again./ They've built a wall

around us to keep us where they need us./ We float their bloated system, but they don't want us to live by them./ We all got our jobs, we're happy in this cesspool./ We don't need to get out./ Take some pride in where you live./ Do the best you can and tear down the walls again."

"The Prize" celebrates skinhead pride and you can almost hear the clanking of raised beer glasses with the lads singing along on the choruses. THE MAIN STREET SAINTS do a great cover of the old country working man's song "Sixteen Tons" by MERLE TRAVIS. In "American Upstart Skin" the MAIN STREET SAINTS stand tall for the American laborer. "Some people want you to stay in your place./ Look down their nose at a dirty face./ You work for a living./ They think you're dumb./ They grab all they can, you can't get none./ Working hard, breakin' our backs, while some rich motherfucker gets breaks on tax./ I'm an American upstart skin./ I've got scars and blisters on my hands...."

The MAIN STREET SAINTS do a fine version of COCK SPARRERS' "England Belong to Me" which they have changed to "KC Belongs to Me". A very good CD which you need to investigate immediately.

Next up on the charts for GMM is THE SERVICE from Milwaukee Wisconsin. THE SERVICE's CD "Who's Criminal" has 15 tracks of up-tempo melodic punk with good guitar sound and dramatic vocals and fully developed choruses. This is a change of pace from many GMM releases with music more in common with NAKED RAYGUN than THE ANTI-HEROS. "Who's Criminal" has lots of hooks and well crafted tunes.

The last GMM CD we will cover this month will be THE CASUALTIES "For the Punx" CD. This recent addition to the extensive casualties catalog is more high caliber pogo-punk. THE CASUALTIES have been preaching to the converted for many years. Last month's Punk-Core release "The Early Years" showed how the THE CASUALTIES won their legions of fans.

New Blood Records, those fine gents who brought you GUNDOG, have a new entry in the oi! wars. New Blood #03 is VIOLENT AFFRAY from Sheffield with their rough and ready EP "Let's 'Av It". Side A starts off at a hundred miles per hour with "Smash the State" and continues with a thorough indictment of the neighborhood "Paedophile" - tried, convicted and ready for execution. Side B begins with "Hooligan" which is more tasteful melodic oi!. The guitars churn along with strong vocals and harmonies. In "Hooligan" VIOLENT AFFRAY sing "Hooligan ya think it's fun, but you've never seen the damage that you've done." Song number four on the "Let's 'Av It" EP is "Cut the Crap" which questions the futile struggle to get ahead in working class society: "English man's home./ They say it's his castle./ But it ain't yours, the rent goes to the council./ You're

saving up, watching all your pennys - dreaming./ Is it really worth it?/ Is it really you?/ Is it really worth it, will your dreams come true?"

A very good record. Order from: "New Blood Records, PO Box 52, Gravesend, DA 11 9ZL, England.

Captain Oi! has a couple of new releases for you punks who wanna complete your collection of English punk and oi!. The first selection is THE 4-SKINS "Singles and Rarities" with a nice overview of what was certainly one of the most influential skinhead bands that ever walked the planet. Listen to "Yesterday's Heroes" or "One Law for Them". The songs are as poignant and gripping as if they were written last week. The liner notes are extensive and informative. This is a must have for 4SKINS FANS!

The next important addition for your retro British punk collection is a split CD with THE INSANE and BLITZKRIEG. THE INSANE formed in Wigan in 1979. By 1981, THE INSANE had release The Riot City #3 single "Politics" and were playing major punk venues. BLITZKRIEG also formed in 1979 in Southport, Merseyside. In 1981, BLITZKRIEG inked a deal for the "Lest We Forget" single on No Future Records. Both THE INSANE and BLITZKRIEG's music have stood the test of time. This is an important addition to your chronological history of British punk.

Josh and Upstart Productions from New Jersey has a new release that will impress you skins and punks. It's out now! MAJOR ACCIDENT's latest 7" on colored vinyl- extremely limited (300 pressed) with a pin included. This raises the stakes a notch after MAJOR ACCIDENT's release on GMM several months ago. Upstart Productions will soon be releasing a collection of the classic French punk band KIDNAP - gathering all their tracks from 1979-1985 and including eleven unreleased studio demo tracks. For a large list of foreign and obscure street punk and oi write to Upstart Productions, 65a West Madison Avenue #254, Dumont, NJ 07628.

Pogo 77 Records has two new entries in the pogo punk parade. The first fun-packed punk explosion is THE SHITFACED punking out with "Fight for your Purpose". The pogo-rockin' stance continues with "Dirty Society". Flip her over and ya got "What Are Pals Anyway" and "My Baby is Gone". All pogo, all punk, all fast, all fun!

Number two for you pogo punks is POGO MACHINE with their "I Want to Kick Your Shin" EP. This is high pitched fast tempo punk rock as if THE RANDUMBS went to Japan and sung an octave higher. This pogo pageant begins with "Shit, Shit Fuckin' Shit" and screams right through "Beer Kids", "Teenage Punk", Pogo and Laugh" an "I Want to Kick Your Shin" (Great song title!). If you are a fan of DISCOCKS and TOM AND BOOT BOYS you better listen to this.

On the hardcore front we have BROKEN and A GLOBAL THREAT thrashing about on a very brutish split EP. BROKEN comes out swinging with Mr. Jim Martin singing like a man possessed on "Life Under Whose Control?" This is extremely hard-edged punk recommended for you hardcore punks. In "Wage Slave", BROKEN sing: "Wage slave - No way! / You keep your nowhere job because it keeps you alive. / We all have to work, it's a fact. / But you can do better than that. / Wage slave, no way! / Start calling the shots, maybe you'll get to the top." Powerful shit! Good advice for working men and women!

Onside B, A GLOBAL THREAT trashes your world with raucous hardcore. In "The Power", A GLOBAL THREAT sings: "What makes you more important than me? / A uniform is all I can see. / They gave you a gun, you're not just a citizen. / You've killed before, you'll do it again. / I'm not afraid of you. / What makes you want to fight for them?..." This is another fine release by A GLOBAL THREAT.

TOE TOE TOE the hardcore punk kings of Australia have two scorching releases for you punks! The Custom/Shock label has released a four song mini-cd (just to whet your appetite) called "Slave". This kicks ass! Now you are prepared for the fourteen song onslaught that will burn your ears off: on the full length TOE TOE TOE Custom/Shock CD "Consolidated". Listen to the raw force on "For Life". This shit'll melt your speakers. "Steady Diet Of Hate" conveys the message quite clearly. Listen to "Test of Time". Great! This is extremely rough hardcore from Newton, New South Wales and you see once more that Australian hardcore plays for keeps!

Outsider Records has a killer compilation for you called "Scene Killer Vol. 2". This fucker starts out with one of Canada's top oi! bands SUBWAY THUGS doing "The Meddler". The hits just keep coming. You have THE AUTHORITY, BONECRUSHER, DROPKICK MURPHYS, SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN, FORCED REALITY, YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS, THE UNSEEN, SOLDIER 76, BEERZONE, THE STAGGERS, THE JACKS, DISORDERLY CONDUCT, TOMMY AND THE TERRORS, CLIT 45, the great HUDSON FALCONS, BOOT AND BRACES and more. Whew! What a comp! Get this now! Write to Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809.

Deadbeat Records presents a new 10" record from SMOGTOWN. This little gem is called "Beach City Butchery". This gives a youthful kick in the shorts to all you beach-bum slacker types waiting for the next STITCHES record. Check out "Bad Vibrations", "Friday Night" and "That's the Difference". Good punk rock for bad people. Buy SMOGTOWN product!

Till next month...
See you around...
See you in hell!



Brian Zero

IMAGINE / THREAT

Will it fly? That's a good question. Will this society soar into the next millennium as so many people are hoping? I have my doubts. In my opinion, we are like a kid haphazardly winding the propeller of a rubber band powered airplane. Not knowing when to quit, we are winding ourselves up until something snaps. Currently, we are on the verge of this happening. We are on the brink of critical mass, sensory overload, what the Hopi referred to as "Kayaanisqatsi," a space in time when life is so far out of balance that the wheel of existence must spin, destroying all which impedes it.

Here in Sonoma County, it seems every winter brings the threat of flooding from the Russian river. When it does flow over its banks, entire communities, such as the city of Guerneville, face potential destruction. As much as we pity the citizens of such communities, as much as we wish to help them, there is the obvious question that arises from the situation: what does one expect when they build their cities on river banks? What does one expect when the powers of nature are overlooked in such a grotesque manner?

It's a cold, dreary day as I scan through the local newspaper, the local *New York Times* subsidiary.

Inside it, I find *Envision*, a magazine sponsored by various local business interests to pep up aspirations for the next century. In the middle of the magazine there's a cheaply crafted piece of fakery, a photo of the Santa Rosa skyline as it's hoped to appear in 2020, a jumble of superimposed skyscrapers rising up like angry tombstones. Obviously this picture is meant to inspire the lusty ambitions of area real estate and banking moguls; it's meant to convey the image of Santa Rosa becoming a mini-San Francisco. For me, it conveys something different: the idiocy of building upwards in a region prone to violent earthquakes.

Nearly a hundred years ago, San Francisco and its surrounding cities were completely devastated by a massive earthquake. Defying all logic, the money interests of the time decided to re-build as though the topic of earthquakes was moot. Since they already had their big quake, they felt safe in creating a future death trap for generations to come, aiming skyward with their huge architectural monoliths. Their legacy of bad planning, greed, corruption and neglect has lead us to the point where it takes months to

fix aging sewage pipes, and literally years to even plan how to make existing bridges earthquake safe. Just how badly prepared the region is for the next big quake can be observed from what happened in 1989.

The so-called "Loma-Prieta" quake of that year, a seven second hiccup, caused billions of dollars in damage, killed scores of people, and crippled the infrastructure of the Bay Area for years to come. This being the case, it's not hard to imagine what will happen when an earthquake lasting forty-eight seconds strikes.

It would be bad enough if San Francisco was the only seismic hotspot in the state, but in reality all of California is ready to shake, rattle and roll. Perhaps even more poorly prepared for earthquakes is Los Angeles, which has no less than 200 minor fault lines running beneath its entire basin.

California is a seismic casualty waiting to happen. However, besides earthquakes, there are many other natural elements of this state which are similarly threatening, from rampant wild fires to mud slides. Once again, in case after case, our antecedents ignored their surroundings and hammered the environment into profitable forms. In his book, *Ecology of Fear*, Mike Davis clearly shows how greed coupled with a lack of holistic vision turned Los Angeles from a beautiful landscape into hell on earth, waiting to be ignited. But so what if nature decides to strike the match that burns Southern California? For that matter, who cares if all of California simply sinks into the ocean?

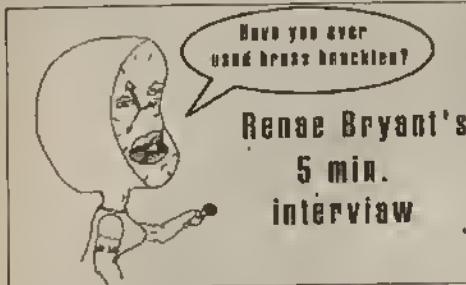
Like San Francisco and Los Angeles, Tokyo is a modern city awaiting a killer earthquake. Recent estimates on the amount of damage that Tokyo could sustain from a direct seismic hit have risen to over a trillion dollars. Imagine that! A trillion dollars! Such a huge amount of damage would (and will) simply destroy Japan's economy. The same is true for what will happen to America if San Francisco or Los Angeles receive direct hit earthquakes. A trillion dollars worth of damage would instantly obliterate the economy of California; and since this state is the breadwinner for the nation, as it goes, so goes the country.

Like California, The United States is a school bus being driven by a drunken pervert. This leech we can summarize as the "will to profit," the only principle that keeps this nation going. In any time of chaos, this principle will spell itself out in lewd acts of selfishness and self preservation, such as what's happening in Russia right now. Like Germany during the Weimar Republic, the decadence displayed while people starve can only lead to a violent correction of the situation. Since it seems unlikely that we will be able to pry the drunks from their positions of power, the best that any of us can do is prepare for the crash, and to make sure that from now on our future is held in more capable and caring hands—our own.

Death to greed!



If you would like to contact me or find out more about the philosophy of Structural Idealism, I can be reached at PO Box 4842, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-4842 or E-mail me at Brizer013@aol.com



Really strange things always happen to me. Since, this is the love month I'll share a story that has to do with love, jealousy, infidelity and confusion. No it's not the weekly USA network movie. It happened when I lived in Norco. I was walking my two dogs, a dalmatian and a red doberman. I preferred to walk my dogs to the park. Everyday I would walk the dogs to the park. No big deal. I was working as a substitute teacher. One day I didn't have an assignment so I decided to run some errands. I jumped into my truck and started driving. I suddenly realized someone was following me. It was a woman. I changed lanes, she changed lanes. So, I pulled into the 7-Eleven parking lot and got out of my car. She slowed down but didn't pull over. I thought it must have been my imagination. Then I went to my mom's house. Every time I visited she told me that someone kept calling asking for my home number, and stated that they went to RCC with me. I mom isn't dumb so she would tell them, "Well, if you're such good friends with her I am sure you can get ahold of her somehow."

Then out of nowhere the mystery woman shows up at my house. I wasn't home. So she talked to the family that I rented a room from. She had it in her mind that I was having an affair with her husband. All the evidence pointed to me. I was the one. What? What? What? I guess her husband pointed me out at the post office and said I was the one. I didn't know this woman and I didn't know her husband. So, she left a number and asked that I would call her. I called the number. It wasn't her number, it was another woman's number. She talked to me. She was very upset that this woman was using her number. She said the woman was crazy and was accusing everyone in Norco of being with her "ugly bawled husband." This woman gave me the other woman's number. I called it. The "ugly bawled husband" answered. I asked for the psycho-bitch. She wasn't there. I told "ugly-bawled husband" that I didn't want her contacting me anymore. The other woman had mentioned that the psycho-bitch worked at Vons. My boyfriend demanded that we visit her. We went to the grocery

store. No psycho-bitch. We called her at home again. This time she answered. I told her that we were at her work. I wanted to freak her out the way she freaked me out. I succeeded. She started yelling at me about calling her house and going to her work. I couldn't believe this woman's nerve. She was following me in her car, calling my parents house, trying to find out information about me. I told her she was wrong and I was not the person she was looking for, I was not having an affair with her husband. My boyfriend, being sick of hearing me trying to reason with this psycho-bitch, grabbed the phone out of my hand and told her, "Leave my girlfriend alone or I am going to kill you." Great! I decided I better file a complaint against her before she filed one against us.

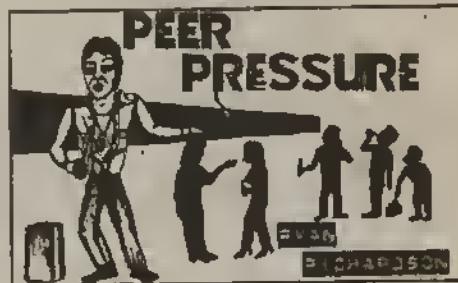
Next psycho-bitch started calling my house begging me to call her back. She was so pathetic I finally gave in. I called her back. It was truly sad. She was this sad Christian woman who didn't have a clue. Her husband had cheated on her before and was cheating on her again. This woman had no self-esteem at all. I finally convinced her that it wasn't me and told her to get some help, for her kids sake. It really made me look forward to growing old, getting married and having kids. SURE!

Now, love is in the air. OOOOOOO, I feel love. The love boat, promises something for everyone. So, it's February, the love month. As an elementary school teacher every month has some Hallmark significance. This one's all about cupid, hearts, exchanging cheesy Valentine cards, and eating candy. My column is going to be about eating and love (how do you like that segue?). First, food. I want to talk about this even though it is a common topic in the media right now. Women and their battle with their weight. I am disgusted with the current trend in popular culture for women to try to look like twelve year old girls. These "popsicle stick" women with their disproportionate head to body ratio. What the fuck? Didn't Twiggy do enough damage? Before Twiggy hit the catwalk/Vogue pages, women were shaped like bottles of Coca-Cola. Women had tits and ass. They didn't have flat chests with erect nipples, flat because they refuse to have a single ounce of fat on their bodies. I remember Laura Flynn Boyle when she was on *Twin Peaks*. She was thin but had shape. She was sexy. Now she's fucking anorexic. Skin and bones. Don't get me wrong. I don't give a fuck about Laura or Calista or their eating disorders. What I do care about is how it's affects young girls and women. Young girls are getting the wrong impression that this is what women (the ideal woman) is suppose to look like. I talked to the students in my class about this. My Latino students, at least have Jennifer Lopez in the media to look up to. A woman with a woman's body. I wanted to address this in my column because I want the girls and boys, men and

women, who read this, to preach to the community of young girls out there that they need to eat more than 1200 calories a day, that muscle is sexy, that tits and ass are sexy. Many of you would say that the punk rock community is immune to this. I don't think so.

Now to love. A few months ago I had my heart ripped out of my chest by a thoughtless person. I turned to celibacy for as long as I could stand it. A few men wrote me expressing similar experiences. It made me feel better to know I wasn't alone. So, like everyone said, when I least expected it, I met someone new. Now I'm right back in love again. Stoked: a fellow punk rocker, great personality, has a career, sings in a band, thinks I'm a goddess and treats me like it, has a huge cock perfectly shaped to fit like a puzzle piece, is five years younger than me (but I like them young) and shows me nothing but respect, treating me like an equal. I didn't think I would allow it to happen, but I'm glad I did. Happy Hallmark Day to me!!

Next time I'll share my new music finds with you. No time now. Complain to me at webmistress@ontherag.net or PO Box 251 Norco, CA 91760-0251.



It began the summer of '91 when I saw the single at my friend Jim's house. It struck me as one of the more bizarre records I'd ever laid eyes on: The Uncalled 4 from Waco, 1979. After listening to the B-side, "Grind Her Up", I decided I had to have this record. At the time, I'd gone full tilt into collecting obscure American punk records with a particular interest in early Texas punk. I wrote down the address on the record and decided I'd drive the 100 miles north to Waco and see what I came up with. The gods were smiling... an old lady answered the door, I told her I was looking for some band members, and she called out for her daughter who was visiting for the weekend. Sure enough, this woman played bass for the Uncalled 4 and was now married to the guitarist... they lived in Dallas. As you might imagine, she thought it was mighty bizarre that I'd just driven to Waco. She assured me that my efforts would not be wasted... she still had copies of the record, and she'd sell some to me. I drove off thinking what a lucky bastard I was... I stopped at the first payphone I saw and called my friend Brian to tell him. I eventually traded and sold about a dozen copies of the record. As "collector scum" items go, it was with-

out a doubt a "Killed By Death" item... rare (300 copies according to the band), obscure, and fucked up.

A good five years later, I started to work on a compilation of rare, early Texas punk singles. This would be the fourteenth release on my label, EV, and I was determined to make it a dazzling display in light of the endless lame-o reissues that I'd seen released in the midst of Killed By Death madness. I decided the Uncalled 4 had to be included because - aside from the catchy tunes - it was just too bizarre not to showcase. Waco 1979... c'mon! Once again, I contacted the band to see if they wanted to be included. They did, and the guitarist wrote some hilarious liner notes. The Uncalled 4 were listed alongside Really Red, AK 47, The Next, Dot Vaeth, and Vast Majority on my compilation entitled Deep In The Throat of Texas. All of the singles were released between 1978-1980... or so I thought.

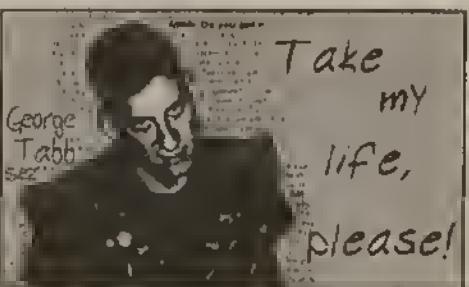
See, this is where the story really begins and curiosity kills the fuckin' cat. Last week, I noticed the guitarist selling a copy of the Uncalled 4 7" on eBay and just dropped a line to say hi. As my mind is an insatiable sponge for dumb punk trivia, I mentioned the fact that I'd never seen the record reviewed in my early Texas punk zines and wondered if they managed to actually get the record distributed in '79, or if it was more like '80. After some sketchy replies, I began to suspect that something was not quite right. Upon further e-mail exchanges, he admitted - a full eight years after I contacted him, bought copies of the record, collaborated with him on Deep In The Throat, and paid royalties to him - that, in fact, the record was released in 1985, not 1979 as it says on the record. Nineteen eighty fucking five. While he claimed the songs were written in '79 and the Uncalled 4 was a "semblance of a real band in 1980", it was not until 1984 or so that they recorded - in California. Moreover, the band had formed in Austin, not Waco. Of course, the next logical question would be why would a band from Austin put a Waco address on the record and date it 1979 when neither was true. The answer, according to the band member, was simple: "Because we meant to do it then and we knew even in 1985 that it would be important to be on the right side of 1980, and that Waco was way cooler than Austin." This logic would prove to be rather brilliant and would provide the underpinnings for a grand hoax indeed, a hoax nurtured in a collecting environment where premium is placed on the very things the Uncalled 4 deemed "cool." The story was already established when I got into the picture, and plenty of early punk fans and collectors played right into their hands over the years... and the band members ran with it. Lying to the face of people who befriended them seemed par for the course. NOBODY was suckered more than myself. I have to maintain my sense of humor about

the whole thing as I stare at the Deep In the Throat of Texas compilation, a project I spent a lot of time and effort and money on. The whole thing is funny even when I'm the butt of the joke. The Uncalled 4 managed to write themselves into the "good old days" of Texas punk in the grand style of the Great Rock & Roll Swindle.

When I asked them what their motivation was (i.e. did they do it to make money, did they do it because it was funny seeing some idiot running around singing their praises, did they just want to be thought of as part of the scene), the answer I got was this: "...motivation had more to do with our feeling like outsiders and finally having a place in history, even if it was scammed rather than earned." I must admit seeing the logic and sympathizing to some degree, but I can't help thinking that their inclusion on my compilation (as well as *Killed By Death Volume 8*) somehow cheapens the long overdue recognition that the genuine bands are now getting. None of these other early punk outcast had the benefit of knowing exactly what would be BECOME cool... they just DID it themselves their own way despite the prevailing norms and got their punk rock vindication years later. A band recording in 1985 doesn't deserve the same respect as one recording the same music in 1979... sorry. It's like the military officers caught wearing medals for wars they didn't fight in, it's like the guy who buys trophies at garage sales so he can claim them as his own... in the end, it's fucking lame.

And so... since I have unwittingly helped corroborate the Uncalled 4 hoax, I feel obligated to do my part in exposing it. It's all part of the collector scum's NEED for the real deal, the original, the authentic. I still love the record, but I can't quite hold it in the same regard. So, there it is folks... the Uncalled 4, probably one of the most inspired punk rock collectible scams around. Signing off, it's your punk rock collector scum seeker of truth and justice...

Peer Pressure, P.O. Box 49984, Austin, TX 78765
P.S. I got the URL of my own website wrong in a previous column... the correct one is: <http://home.austin.rr.com/texaspunk>



She unbuckles her seat belt, leans over, and kisses me really hard. I feel her tongue dance around my mouth, and am immediately reminded that I haven't been to the dentist lately, and wonder if she can taste all the plaque and build-up. I know I can. She

then looks me in the eyes and remarks how blue they are. She asks if they are colored contacts. I tell her that my eyes are naturally this color, but my blonde hair isn't. She says she wants to see for herself and starts to unzip my pants. I feel myself really starting to get excited and ask her to turn off the radio. I don't like distractions during sex. She argues that the station plays punk rock, and that she really likes punk rock, but finally agrees. We start to kiss again and I feel her hand return to my zipper. I start to think to myself how lucky I am to be here, in a car, making out with a beautiful girl I had just met in a bar an hour earlier. She had silky dyed blue-black hair, eyes so blue they looked white, like from "Evil Dead" or "The Exorcist" or something, and boobs that were fucking amazing. I had like won the lottery or something.

Anyway, we start to really go at it, and my heart starts beating a million miles an hour. She finishes unzipping my pants, and gently slides her hand down, inside my underwear, and grabs me. I let out a moan and kiss her deeply. Suddenly she pulls her head back and looks me in the eyes. I look back at her, puzzled. She continues to hold onto my dick as she looks down at my crotch and says, "What is this?" I tell her it is my penis. That all men have one. Well, most of them, anyway. Except for those emo guys. She says that mine feels different, and with one hand still on me, she opens the car door slightly so the light goes on. She then takes out my pecker and examines it closely. I look at her, wondering what the hell she is doing. "What are you doing?" I ask. She tells me that my dick is not like the ones she is used to, but it still turns her on. "Phew," I think. Almost had another almost. She then puts her mouth on it, and I feel myself start to float toward punk rock heaven. I look at her as she bobs up and down, and continuously bumps her head on the steering wheel of my VW. "Thick head," I think. Wow.

She then stops, sits up next to me, and asks if I want to "play with her titties." I had never had a girl say that to me before, and I was kinda shocked. Usually, I kinda just did that, without them asking, but something about this girl made me a bit stand-offish. I told her I would love too, and she said okay. She then somehow managed to get on my lap, between my wiener and the steering wheel, and take off her shirt. Then I saw it. Something I'd never seen before. Holy punk rock! She thought my pecker was different? Well, ya gotta hear about this!

Actually, it had all started about an hour and a half earlier, in a shitty bar, called, what else, "The Bar." This is a few years back, mind you. I was there 'cause there was not much else to do that night. No good bands were playing, and I had seen all the movies at the two dollar theaters in Gainesville, Florida, like five times. So I went to "The Bar." I figured I'd just drink, and if I was lucky, get put out of my misery by some jock

or redneck. I wasn't even expecting to get laid. The thought of that had long since left my mind. I was on a cold streak so bad that I was actually thinking about getting a job milking cows, just to get some action.

On the way to "The Bar" that night, I had run into my friend, and ex-drummer, Pete. Pete and I had been in a band called "The Ranch Hands." We played one gig, and were permanently banned from every club in town. See, we told the owner of this club, "Main Street", that we were a C&W band. That's Country and Western. Or "Cunt-tree Western" as Pete called it. Anyway, we told this really fat guy named Bubba that we played real cowboy material. He asked if we did any covers. We told him we did some Skynard, Alabama, Molly Hatchet, and shit like that. He asked if we did any Charlie Daniels. We told him we did, and also we did his brother, Jack. He just looked at us, but gave us the gig anyway.

So we showed up in cowboy outfits, complete with hats, and studded shirts. As we set up our amps on stage, all the cowboys and rednecks in the place kept yelling stuff like "Freebird" and "The south will rise again!" Whatever.

Finally, we went on, and opened with a Country & Western riff. Actually, it was "Green Acres." It was the only C&W riff we knew. Everyone applauded wildly, and I looked at Pete, and he looked at me, shocked. We both then looked over at our bass player, Greg. Greg looked at the floor. Like he always did. We continued the set with a bunch of originals that we had made up that afternoon. Songs like, "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Sheep", and "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Cows" and "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Chickens". The audience seemed to like us. They threw full bottles of beer at us. We'd pick them up off the floor, before they would spill out entirely, and gulp them down.

During the whole set, Bubba kept yelling for us to do "Charlie Daniels." The audience seemed to catch what Bubba was saying, and yelled for Charlie Daniels as well. We finally stopped making noise for a few seconds, and introduced the next song. "This song is by Charlie Daniels," I said, with my best southern accent, "and it's called, "Now I Wanna Fuck Some Ducks." They all applauded wildly, and one redneck yelled out, "Now I wanna fuck some sluts, alright!". Whatever. We kick into the song, which is the same thing as the last five or six songs, with maybe one different note, and Bubba runs up on stage with something under his arm. I don't have my contacts in, so I can't really make out what it is. As he gets closer, I see that it is a black case, and I start to panic. Does Bubba have a gun? Is he gonna shoot us? Bubba then drops the case on the floor, and opens it. I look back at Pete, and he is standing up and playing. He looks like he is ready to do the hundred yard dash. Then Bubba takes out a Violin.

"This here's my fiddle," he yells to me. I nod my head. "Do ya mind if I play along?"

I tell Bubba to go for it. Bubba steps up to the microphone, and starts to play along to our song. The crowd goes nuts, and besides full bottles of beer flying at us, they start throwing money. Then a couple in the audience stands up and starts to square dance. Then more people do the same.

As Bubba plays along to the awful noise we are making, I step up to Greg's mike. I don't even think he notices until he sees my sneakers. Then he looks up at me, confused. I yell to him to just keep playing. I then say stuff in the mike like "take your partner, doh-cee-doh, fuck that chicken, there ya go!". Everyone starts clapping. Finally, like a million beer bottles and eighty-three cents later, we stop playing. But not Bubba. He is still doing the riff from "The Devil Went Down To Georgia." I tap Bubba on the shoulder and tell him we are through. He nods his head and keeps playing.

Later, as we are packing up our amps, I walk up to Bubba and ask him for our money. "Money?" he says with a very thick southern drawl, "You boys are lucky I don't kick all of you all's asses." I tell him I thought he liked us. He says that he thinks we stink, and if that we hadn't played that Charlie Daniels song, he'd have killed us. I was glad to get my equipment out of there in one piece.

Anyway, so I was on my way to "The Bar" that night and I saw Pete hitch-hiking. I thought about not picking him up for a few seconds, but I think he saw my face. Pete had gotten weird lately, and I wasn't quite sure why. Maybe it was drugs, or quite possibly, it was just the Sunshine State taking its toll.

So I pull over to the curb, and Pete opens the door to my VW Bug. He then gets in and asks where I am going. I just look at him. He stares at me for a few seconds and then says, "Don't I know you?" I tell him we played in a band together a short while ago. He says, "George?" I tell him that it is me. He says, "Didn't we play in a band together a short while ago?" I think it was drugs.

As we make our way downtown, I ask Pete where he is going. He says, "I dunno, anywhere." I tell him I am going to "The Bar." He says, "What bar?" I say, "The Bar." "Which bar is that?" he asks. "The Bar," I say again. "The Bar?" he asks. I tell him yes. "Which Bar?" he asks. "Third Base," I say. He just looks at me. Then he says, "Oh, that place. Haven't been there."

So we get to "The Bar," and the place is kinda empty. I see a few familiar faces, but the place is mostly crawling with college students who thought that "new music" was hip. I order a beer, and strike up a conversation with my friend Jack.

"How's it going, Jack?" I ask him. He tells me that he got run over by a motorcycle a couple of months ago, but that he is doing fine now. I kinda cringe. He then asks if I want to see where he was run over. I tell him "sure," even though I really didn't. He lifts up his shirt, and there are fucking track marks across his stomach and chest. Wow.

"Neat, huh George?" Jack asks. I tell him that it is indeed neat, but that I had to go to the bathroom. I excused myself, ran to the men's room, and dry heaved for a while.

Eventually, I return to the bar area and finish my beer. I sit on a stool alone and listen as the DJ plays The Ramones, Vibrators, and Psychedelic Furs back to back. I then order another beer. As I go to pay for it, some girl says to the bartender that she'll take care of it, and gives him some money. I look at the girl. She looks at me.

She has longish blue-black hair, and the bluest eyes I have ever seen. She is about my height and very sexy. I say hello to her.

"Hi," she says back to me. We don't say anything to each other for a few seconds, and I sip on my beer as she sips on her pink and orange drink.

"I'm George," I say to her deep blue eyes that make me feel as though I am in the North Pole, or at least eating a Peppermint Patty. "I know," she replies, as she slowly continues to sip on her pink and orange drink.

We continue to drink in silence for a while, and I begin to wonder what the hell the girl wants with me. Obviously she knows me, and shit, maybe I know her. Maybe I don't remember her. Maybe I should know her. I start to panic. What if I used to date her? What if she was the mother of my children that I didn't know about? What if I owed her money? Yikes.

"I remember you from Roach Motel," she says to me with a deep and sexy voice. "Have we met before?" I ask her, breaking my long habit of waiting for people to say something about themselves that will give me a clue as to who the fuck they are.

"No, I just remember seeing you play many times, and I have always thought you were very sexy."

I look at her. Beautiful. Sexy. And talking to me. What was wrong with her? I tell her that mostly dogs and hippies saw Roach Motel, and maybe a few cows in our old drummer's barn.

She tells me she saw me and thinks that I am really something. I tell her that dogs used to think I was really something, like a tree or fire hydrant, and used to piss on my legs during shows. I tell her that hippies thought I was something, as did cows. But never girls. She says she wants me.

I back up a bit. I say, "What did you just say?" She says, "I want you." I ask her her name. She asks me if it really matters. I tell her no. So she doesn't tell me.

We continue to drink our beverages in quiet, and suddenly she starts to rub her leg up against mine. I look at her, and she smiles. A very sexy smile. I chug down the rest of my beer. She gulps down the rest of her orange and pink drink, and then licks her lips. I figure I'm dreaming.

I have a hard time standing up, but somehow manage to do so, as does the girl. She takes my hand, and leads me out the door of "The Bar." As we are leaving, Jack

yells over to me that I didn't see where his pit bull bit him a couple of days ago. I tell him, "next time".

We go out into the parking lot and she says to me, "Do you have a car?" I point over to my Green VW, with the "Gabba Gabba Hey" license plate. She takes my hand and leads me to it. When we get to the car, she says, "Open it." I do, and she gets in. As she does so, I get a good smell of her hair and perfume, and feel my hormones just about rip my jeans off.

I get into my side of the car, and ask her where we are going. She says, "right here," and then leans over and kisses me. I kiss her back, and then she puts her hand on my chest and starts to scratch me. Wow. I can't believe my luck. "I want you" she moans as starts to lick my face. Suddenly there is a knock on my window. I look up and see Jack and his girlfriends smiling. "Go for it, George" says Jack.

I smile back at him, reach into my pocket, pull out the keys, and start the car.

"Where are we going?" asks the girl with the blue eyes in the passenger seat of my car whom I think I am going to have sex with. "I dunno," I tell her, "away from here." She nods her head, and I start to drive. We make our way down the street, and I start to look for an empty parking lot. One where we will be left alone. Finally I decide upon a bank. I pull up behind the building, and we start to go at it again.

As we are kissing, and she is telling me that she always wanted a member of Roach Motel, I hear another knock on my window. I clear away some of the moisture that we both created, and see the face of a cop. I roll down the window.

"This is private property," says the cop. "Are you aware of that?" I tell him that I am not. "Ignorance is no excuse to the law" he says. I tell him I'm sorry and start my car. The whole time I feel as though my dick is gonna explode. "Well, you two go find a motel or something," the cop says. I laugh and tell him I will. The cop then says, "What are you laughing at, boy?" I tell him nothing. He just narrows his eyes and looks at me. Cops.

We drive around some more, and I find a kinda empty parking lot next to a greenery. A tree farm. Whatever the fuck you call those places where people go in and buy plants. Like they can't go out in the woods and pick them where they are free. Morons.

We start to kiss, and it is kinda uncomfortable. I ask her if maybe she wants to get a hotel. Fuck, I figure I could spring for it, it wasn't like I was getting laid, and this was definitely worth it. She says, "No, I want to fuck you in your car." She said the "F" word. To me. Wow. No girl had ever said they wanted to "F-word" me. This was amazing. I told her, "OK".

So we start to go at it again, and I take her hand, and put it on my crotch. She rubs it really hard, and I squirm in my seat. I

gently stroke her blue-black hair and again start to breathe real heavily. And again, there is a pounding on the window.

I open the window up this time, because the fog inside the car is too thick. Outside I see a guy with a mustache, and a woman standing next to him. "This here is my property," says the guy, "you kids should go else where. To your own homes. Alone." he adds. I just look at him, as does the girl, whose hand is still rubbing my crotch. I try not to show any pleasure.

"You kids are sinning against God," says the woman with an accent so thick she must have grown up in the fucking swamp or something. I tell them that I am sorry, start the car, and drive off, again.

"Listen, whatever your name is," I say to the girl as we are going down the street again, "maybe we should get a motel. There is one near by, and I'll pay for it." She says nothing to me, but frowns. Not good, I think. Then her eyes light up. "Right there," she says. "Where?" I ask. "Right there," she says, pointing to a very huge and empty parking lot. I look at it, then her. "The K-Mart parking lot?" I ask her. "Yes," she says, "I want to fuck you right there." She said the "F" word again. I pulled into the parking lot very quickly.

So I park the fucking VW bug right in the middle of the parking lot, right where everyone could see it. We start to go at it and the windows completely fog up.

She turns on the radio, and then turns it off. Her tongue probes my mouth, as her hands unzip my pants. Finally she reaches in there and grabs a hold of "Mr. Happy." I sigh, and think, "finally, relief." Then she stops, backs up, and looks at me. "What is this?" she asks, and I tell her it is my penis. She opens the car door to get some light, and then looks at it and examines it, like it is something she has never seen before. She looks at the shaft, then at the tip, then at the shaft, then at the tip again. She tells me she has never had one like this, but it turns her on. We start to make out again, and she asks if I want to play with her titties. I never had a girl ask that before, and tell her that of course I do. She sits on my lap and puts my hands on her breasts. I start to squeeze them, and they feel real good. She moans and groans, and continues to play with my wienerschnitzel. She keeps feeling it, around it, and the top of it.

Eventually I ask her to take off her shirt, and she does. I see a dark spot on and above her left boob, but can't make out what it is. Probably a bad birth mark or something. I start to kiss and lick her boobs and she sighs and says how much she wants me. I also notice that she is wearing a cross around her neck, and as I take it in my mouth, it really turns me on for some reason.

So, there I am, with a crucifix in my mouth, my head between the greatest set of knockers I have ever seen, and my pud being pulled by a woman who used the "F" word with me. Life couldn't get any better. Or

could it.

Suddenly the girl says she wants to see my pecker again before I put it inside of her. She again opens the car door slightly, and takes a good long look at my penis. I take a good long look at it too, wondering what the hell she is thinking. "I know," she squeals, "this is circumcised!" I tell her that it is and she tells me she has never had one like this before, and that she is wet, just thinking about it. As I tell her that that is neat, I get a good look at the spot on and above her boob. It is not a birth mark. It is a tattoo.

Lots of girls have tattoos. Even some girls I have dated. They get things like flowers, unicorns, or even hearts and shit. Some of the tougher girls I have been with have had leopard skin spots, and even one girl had a tattoo of a penis on her arm. But, fuck, I had never seen anything like this on a girl. For all her beauty, what with the blue eyes, beautiful silky black hair, and great boobs, the tattoo ruined everything, or so I thought. I mean, what kind of girl has a tattoo of the word "Skinhead" with a Swastika below it on her tit?

"You got a Swastika on your breast!" I say to her, kinda really in shock. She just looks at me. I look at her Swastika again. And the word, "Skinhead." We both say nothing for a few seconds, and I feel my dick start to get limp in her hands.

"Are you a Jew?" she asks me. I tell her that I am. "Good," she says, "I never fucked a Jew before, and have always wanted to!" I feel myself get hard again. Rock hard.

"I never fucked a Nazi before" I tell her, "and am not sure I want to," even though my dick definitely wanted to. "I'm not a Nazi," she says to me. "I used to be, back when I was in high school, but not anymore." I ask her how old she is now. She tells me eighteen. My penis goes ape shit, and almost bursts.

"How long have you been out of high school?" I ask her. She tells me she has been out a whole three months. I ask her if she knows what a swastika means. She asks me what a swastika is. I point to her tattoo. "Oh that, that is what the Nazis wear. What my old boyfriend used to wear. I never really thought about it."

I think about explaining to her the significance of the symbol she wears in permanent ink upon her lovely breast. The message of hate it stands for. The millions who died because of one man's crazy dream, and a whole country full of morons who followed him, and who are just rude people, anyway. I think of telling her about the suffering that went on, and still does, and I think of telling her to get lost. But I don't. I do something even better. I fuck her.

So we start going at it, with her on top of me, with her back to the steering wheel. I stare at her breasts and the symbol of hate as I feel her rock back and forth upon me. I watch her cross bounce up and down, and

listen to her moans and groans. I have to hold back my impending orgasm.

Then I tell her I wanna be on top, and start to have intercourse with her that way. I plunge in deep, and as I do so, I think about all the horrible things hate has done to this world over the years.

I think about the Klan, about other hate groups, and about Nazis. Now I was getting revenge.

I pinned her hands down to her sides, and continued the act as she moaned and groaned and got wetter and wetter. I think she was like having orgasms or something. But that didn't matter. What was important was me. Was the fact that I was getting pleasure from her. A Nazi. A good looking Nazi. But a Nazi.

Finally I couldn't hold back any longer, so I took out my penis, yanked off the condom, and came all over her swastika and cross.

As I ejaculated, I felt a sense of power and pride that I had never felt before. I felt like I had climbed Mount Everest, and reached the top. I felt as though I pitched a no-hitter in the world series. I felt as though I was that Armstrong guy, and set my feet upon the moon. I felt liked I, well, just fucked a Nazi.

I collapsed on to her, exhausted. She hugged me, and whispered in my ear that she never came so many times. I lifted my head to look at her, and saw her beautiful blue eyes. I also looked at her tattoo covered in white stuff, and her nipples, still erect. I looked at her face again, and she looked at me.

Then, for the first time, I saw her for what she was. A young girl, confused. A young girl, who was easily influenced by those around her. A girl who was learning about the world and who had made some past mistakes. Like we all do. A kid. I bent down and kissed her, then hugged her. It felt nice. She sighed.

Finally I pulled myself away from her, and took one long last look at her beautiful naked body in my car. It was then that I noticed that the cross around her neck was submerged in come, and upside down. I felt myself getting hard again. I tried not to, but I couldn't help it. Hell, I had never fucked someone who worshipped Satan before.

Take My Life, Please.

1. www.furiousgeorge.com 2. Saw lots of good bands, lately. Like Scrap, The Bullies, Sexy Xrist, Dick Army, um, wait, Dick Army? Good? Doh! 3. Our new bass player, Stevie, rules. And the chicks dig him. And he loves the Motley Crue. Mothers, lock up your daughters.

4. Our drummer, Michael, is a hottie as well. But he's from Michigan. Farmers, lock up your livestock. 5. Lastly, I wanna give a shout-out to all my pals in Eastern Europe who are going through some serious shit right now. Hang in there. Punk Rock!

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL
WHO CARES?

mark murrmann

A quick column this month. This month, like almost every December, is a slow month for records. Not a ton of stuff has come out. Just wait though: after everybody has cashed their Christmas or Chanukah checks, you can bet some new records will be hitting the stores and mailorder lists. Here's a quick rundown of some stuff that's come my way, a guide to help you spend that holiday money.

The vinyl version of the UNNATURAL AXE collection, "...Is Gonna Kick Your Ass," has finally been released by Alternative Action (PO Box 174/11101 Riihimäki/Finland). 15 songs that prove these guys rocked beyond the well known killer, "They Saved Hitler's Brain." They go from screeching to melodic, at times sounding like the GIZMOS. And you should also be sure to get their newly recorded 7", "Brain Damage/Bombing & Burying" on D.U.I (PO Box 46073/Mt. Clemens, MI 48046), which proves they're as vicious as ever. Rumor has it that they've been seen stomping around the Detroit area, as well as Boston.

Alternative Action is also responsible for the new LP by the legendary DRONES. They're still able to kick out thick-skinned punk, and even have a good, sharp edge. It's all recently recorded.

IVY GREEN isn't nearly as well known as they should be. Their self-titled LP has recently been re-released. Now you can get absorbed in their loud, non-stop, rolling punk. From the first song "I'm Sure We're Gonna Make It," you get sucked into the record and can't escape. I love reissues.

Another, this one on the Mod side, and sort of a unlikely candidate for reissue status, is the CHORDS' "So Far Away" LP. I would've expected the JOLT to get the treatment first. The CHORDS hold their own though, with sharp, angular mod-pop action. Some of the songs totally loose me (the BEATLES cover), but there are some great songs on the records. Not essential unless you're a power pop or mod hound.

A much newer reissue, No Idea Records (PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604) stepped up to reissue the impossibly out of print FRACTURE 12". The original came out in the mid-'90s, and was pretty much only sold on their tour and in their hometown, Philadelphia. This is serious one of my favorite records of all time. The reissue of their heavy on the Punk, pop punk includes everything they ever released (7"s, comp tracks, the 12") and some other stuff they didn't. Both the vinyl and CD

have the same tracks, but the vinyl is limited to 333 copies, so you better act FAST, like yesterday! Both are \$7 ppd from No Idea. Oh, Atom, from ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE was in FRACTURE, but FRACTURE sounds nothing at all like AAHP.

Other reissues to keep your eyes peeled for: the PENETRATORS (NY) "Watch Out for the..." 7". The REACTORS "Half Life" LP. The band who unleashed the stupidly hard to find single "Seduction Reducers/I Want Sex" back in '79. The LP includes those 2 songs, plus 16 studio and live songs, as well as an insert and all the goodies.

Two never before released ZERO BOYS songs, recorded during the same session as their classic "Vicious Circle" LP have finally been uncovered and released back to back on a 45! Limited to 500 copies, this monster features "Slam and Worm" and "She Said Goodbye". Now I know Santa Clause really exists! I guess I was a good boy this year! The question remains: why weren't this ever released before?

In related ZERO BOYS news, the ZBoys are playing a reunion show on New Years Eve, in their hometown of Indianapolis. Did I already mention this? Did I mention it's the original line-up? Still, rumor has it that Paul Z isn't very excited about it all. I got my plane ticket. I'll let you know how it was.

Over a year ago, you may have noticed Bloodstains Across the World advertised in a few record lists. Well, it's FINALLY out! As promised, all the songs have never been comped anywhere else; it even has the first Chinese punk song on a reissue comps (by the DRAGONS). They do a cover of "God Save the Queen"). 16 songs in all, limited to 400 copies. For as much money as these cost, the quality is on the low side: foldover sleeves, very little info about the bands. The sound is good though, as are most of the songs.

The second ASTRID OTO 7" tears things up a little more than the first, with an emphasis on the raucous and loud over catchy and poppy. (Meconium PO Box 25171/Raleigh, NC 27611). Should I mention that Aaron Cometbus is in this band?

BULLYS from New York shake things up with a street tough, thuggish attack. Luckily their feisty guitars and biting vocals overpower the cliched aspects of their songs. (Headlock/PO Box 580/Midtown Sta/New York, NY 10018).

And finally this month, if you buy just one record from this column, make sure it's the JOLLY GREEN GIANTS 45 on Norton. Both songs, "Busy Body" and "Caught You Red Handed" will put wind in your sails and remind you what rock 'n' roll is really about.

LAST GASP

I have the best girlfriend, ever. For my birthday, Mimi made an issue of Sty Zine (#50) for me, on the sly, with help and contributions from my friends. Plus, she dug up some of my old ghosts and reprint-

ed stuff from *Sty Zine*, going back to about issue #8. Yikes. It's really great though, if I do say so myself. Send me \$2 if you want a copy. Also, I finally saw a copy of *ACTION!* photozine #2. Jason Leonard in Gainesville, FL put it out. I haven't gotten any and can't get a hold of him. But if you're in Gainesville, pick one up. Some of the photos (and lots more!) can be seen on the *ACTION!* website (<http://www.lipstickkillers.com>). That's it.

Oh wait... I'm revamping the Scumpit/Pioneers of Punk section. If there's a band you think should be featured, let me know (even if you don't want to/can't do the article yourself).

PO Box 11906 • Berkeley, CA 94712 // icki@mindspring.com



Something to Do: Anticipating Armageddon With America's Youth

Back in the 1980s, when floppy disks were still floppy and Disney was just beginning to take over the world, there were only a couple of problems with the approaching millennium - and for most of us, these problems were the problems of others. A few religions were beginning to predict the end of the world would occur on the last day of 1999, but with the exception of those whose fears made them targets, these religious claims were not taken too seriously. However, those who had previously dismissed the claims of religious thinking for the comforts and assurances of science have now found that they have their own fear of the apocalypse to consider - an apocalypse which, coincidentally, is expected to occur at the exact same instant as the supposed biblical apocalypse (who will know the difference?).

The Y2K problem, coupled with certain religious groups predicting their own end of the world, has created a fear in the back of everyone's mind. Everyone from the cynical atheist to the hermit living in the woods looks forward to breathing a sigh of relief on January 1st, should there be no problems.

The biblical apocalypse has its roots in the idea that Christ will return in the year 2000, to kill everyone who said he was a phony. The Y2K problem dates back only about fifteen years, and was not even exposed as a problem until a few years ago. Whatever the outcome may be on January 1st - biblical vengeance, technological chaos, both, or even neither - younger people

throughout America are beginning to become excited about something, shedding the boredom and apathy which have come to define their generation. The possibility of the end of the world is popular for the same reasons that television shows such as *Cops* and *When Animals Attack* are popular: genuine panic. Younger Americans - aged twenty-five and under - have had no opportunity to directly experience a genuine state of panic or fear, and they would like to. The world has its undeniable share of problems, but these problems lack any ultimate influence on what it is to be an American teenager. Past generations have had a number of threats to confront, each affecting them directly in some way: glorious wars, nuclear arms races, plagues, and dictators who actually could take over the world. In the past couple of decades, these threats have dwindled substantially: the closest thing to a war is the video-game "Gulf War"; nuclear capacities have been reduced, and, even worse, socially tabooed; plagues are obsolete with the exception of the mostly avoidable AIDS; and Saddam Hussein couldn't even book a commercial flight into the United States, let alone dominate the country.

Instead, the present world is one of processed reactions, where any tragic event procures only an immediate cliched reply. If an elderly sports legend passes away, we automatically expect President Clinton to issue a statement that he was "deeply saddened" and that "America has lost a great hero." Any response to a tragic event which may be negative is instantly eliminated from the mind to avoid negative publicity. No event has the capacity to excite any longer - each newscast is a repeat from the night before, computers operate the world, and it seems as if there is a Toyotathon every month and an "extra-special" *Dateline* on television every night. Impeaching the President or bombing Iraq have both become just something to do momentarily, a distraction from the banalities of daily existence. The reason the FOX television network succeeds with its surveillance-footage television programming is because of the show's authenticity - people enjoy seeing how other people react in crisis situations. They enjoy seeing people lose control of their reactions, for it is these same people who - despite how pleasant a transaction may have actually been - say "Thank you, have a nice day" to each person they deal with at the local Wal-Mart. This type of programming is popular most with younger people, as it is they who have encountered the most insincerity in their experiences with the world. "All I keep thinking about," says upstate New Yorker Mike French, "is how cool it's going to be at midnight on New Year's Eve, when I'm in my cabin in the middle of the woods and I turn the radio on at midnight and I just hear the whole world click right into static." Mike French is one of the many people who may or may not be overreacting to the Y2K crisis. A twenty-four year old with a bachelor's

degree in communications and a job as a cameraman for the local news, Mike's interest in technology has since blossomed into an obsession with the Y2K problem. Like many his age, Mike has grown somewhat desensitized to disasters and tragedies, often assigning more value to the chaos an event can cause than to the sanctity of human life. He is a responsible enough member of society to realize the moral absurdity of such an evaluation; however, he also appreciates that this conclusion is not one of his own misanthropy but instead one of social development. While recalling a chronological list of disasters from centuries ago until today, Mike's tone evolves from one of appreciation and awe to the tone of someone who feels he is being taken advantage of, as if he were being deprived of the destruction he is entitled to witness as a member of the human race. As his list approaches the 1980s, he concludes, "And what do we have... the Challenger explosion? I remember that and you remember that, but as far as great tragedies go we got ripped off."

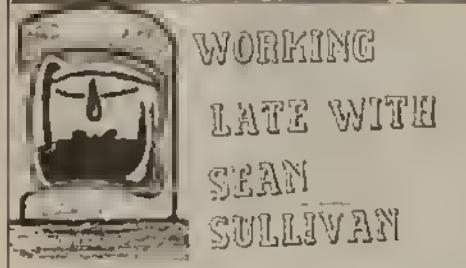
His remarks may appear bloodthirsty, but they are the genuine frustrations of a young man who, since his first dealings with society, has been told who he is and what products to buy. Upon buying these products, he has had to prepare each product for consumption by removing a "safety seal." Risk was eliminated before his generation entered the world, resulting in the irony of packaging often costing more to produce than the actual product.

Mike has a bank account, credit cards, and most of the other technologically dependent devices which are predicted to malfunction on New Year's Day. He is, however, willing to handle the problems which the potential failure of these conveniences may induce for the opportunity to experience some genuine cataclysmal confusion. He does not present himself as the stereotypical antisocial youth, but instead as a reasonable, well-educated man who has grown weary of the world trying to facilitate the problems of his life. This type of attitude evinces itself in other social mediums as well. Although Mike doesn't vote ("Why bother? Whatever side wins will have no effect on my life in any way. There aren't even issues any longer except for abortion."), the satisfaction in actually witnessing that things are being accomplished is enough to catapult a candidate to victory. It is the reason Mayor Giuliani of New York City will most likely win any office he runs for; no one cares about the integrity of what he accomplishes, as long as he accomplishes something and we can feel its effects. We need to feel changes; while we're waiting for the red light to stop traffic we remark to ourselves that we should no longer jaywalk because of the Mayor's recent proclamation, and we subsequently conclude that action has been taken. Giuliani could propose legislation forbidding shoes and he would still win his next election, because people would think to

columns

themselves, "You know, I may enjoy wearing shoes, but this fella sure does get things done!" What was once sensational now occurs with such frequency that it has become banal. The past two decades, while teenagers of this nation were growing up and understanding the world encompassing them, the concept of "Breaking News" has grown from the assassination of the President to coverage of Sonny Bono's funeral. By presenting each of these events as "Breaking News," the events themselves become equivalent in terms of their significance. The presence of information-school shootings, plane crashes, celebrity deaths, has become so ubiquitous to teenagers that it becomes assumed. Whereas their parents might respond with horror or shock, still assigning value to these tragedies, teenagers have seen it all before and too many times.

Consequently, when teenagers witness the emotional response of both their parents and the rest of society to an event that seems to warrant no sympathy, they lose their respect for emotions. Just as teenagers cannot be expected to react to "Breaking News," they cannot be expected to react to emotional responses in the same manner as their parents either. Frequency begets sterilization, and this is why kids shoot strangers in the schools. —Matthew Monteleone



SEATTLE

I've never been anywhere near Seattle. The farthest northwest I've ever been is Port Orford, a small town just over the Oregon border, and that was only for the night. When the shit started to hit the fan in Seattle on November 30th, I was walking into Bound Together (famous Anarchist book shop, and setting for many of my columns—Basically my only interaction with the outside world.) Jean Pauline, seventy-plus years old and still way more politically involved than you are, was working the counter. She had the radio tuned to our local source of independent media, KPFA, and they were announcing that the meeting of the World Trade Organization had been canceled for the day due to mass protests. I was amazed.

Like many people (including the Seattle Police department) I was not expecting the protesters to shut down the WTO. I figured it'd be like most modern left debacles. Labor and the mainstream left would hold sanctioned rallies, and teach-ins, explaining to themselves once again how just

downright bad this WTO thing was, a couple of hundred anarchists and other militants would get arrested, and that'd be that. Thankfully I was wrong. We get so used to losing out here that I was amazed that we'd actually won something even if it was a small battle in a bigger war, and even if the WTO just meets in Jakarta next year where there isn't a chance in hell of protests like those in Seattle happening.

We've devoted a large portion of this issue to the WTO, and even though I'm sure by the time this hits the newsstands, you'll have been inundated with at least a half a dozen other breaking news stories, I hope you take the time to read the reports of those who were on the streets up there. What they did was important on many levels. Not only did they succeed in shutting down the meeting for a day and putting the WTO in a position where it couldn't reach a single agreement, they got the evening news to talk about stuff like world trade and sweatshops, and those slimy bastards in their three-piece suits had to go on the news and explain why child labor is good for America. But they also showed themselves and the rest of us out here who didn't go that the radical left isn't just a dying romanticism, and that we can still have an impact.

I was going to go into a long tirade on what I thought was strategically important about Seattle, but instead I think I'll just limit myself to these comments.

The heroes of all this, if you ask me, aren't the kids who trashed Niketown and Starbucks, though I think trashing Niketown and Starbucks are good things, but the people who held the streets of Downtown all day. Building barricades and coming back from tear gassing and concussion grenades (no small thing, trust me) time after time. Marauding bands of vandals didn't keep the WTO from meeting—these people holding downtown against massive police pressure did.

This is not meant as a condemnation of violence, I am very pro-violence. There is nothing stupider than meeting police violence with love, (and no, I don't care how it'll play on the evening news because it will never play well on the evening news, no matter how nice you are while they beat the shit out of you) but trashing stores is a side story in this, and arguing over the use of violence is a debate that will go on in radical circles long after I've left this mortal coil. I'm glad it cost Nike and Starbucks millions of dollars, I just wish as many cops had gotten hurt as protesters did.

Stuff You Should Pay Attention To:

1. I was going to talk about the October 22nd anti-police brutality thing in this column, but Seattle just seemed more important. Basic gist of column: No one but the police thinks police brutality is good, so protesting it is like protesting against child abuse. It's a non-issue used to make people feel good about themselves. You think it's

bad that the cops beat up on people? So what. So does my Mom, that doesn't make her a radical.

2. I have officially been here a year. Feels just like yesterday don't it?

3. NEW ADDRESS: Sean Sullivan
PO BOX 170394, San Francisco, CA 94117
email: seansul@mindspring.com

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with armen curry



Lucky you! No philosophy from me this month, or at least, not too much. Instead, I've got some old-fashioned reminders and plugs for contributions. This may not be the most exciting list imaginable, but hey, who makes this thing happen? You do. All right!

MRR Family Theme Issue

We are putting together a special issue about punks with kids. Since so many of us have questioned the institution of family, this collection of stories promises to be a good read. To represent the picture more fully, we aren't going to concentrate solely on the decision to have children, but also the decision not to, by including pieces from people who chose to give kids up for adoption, to have an abortion, to have a vasectomy or hysterectomy, or had other experiences along these lines.

I have some vested interest in this topic—and when you think about it, almost everyone does. "I'm never going to have children," has become a moniker of my age, and among many circles I've traveled in, almost universally assumed. I've always felt uneasy with that—it seemed to me there had to be one of two explanations for the consistency of that answer. Perhaps it was a thoughtless borrowing of pessimistic generational rhetoric—basically, that breeding was *unfashionable*. I hoped for the other answer, that punks' common rejection of parenthood cloaked serious personal or political conclusions they had made about their own role in the reproductive continuum.

And in fact, as I watch the more open-eyed people around me grow older, this second is proving more often to be the case. My friends have stories about why they assumed the position of parent, or about their equally well-founded decisions to erase that possibility.

Studying the choices about *how* to have children from people close to you (the first

example being your parents') is the starting line from which you can begin to understand your own feelings about family. Is it fucked beyond redemption? Is it close to your heart? The decision not to have kids can also be fundamental in describing the course of your life. It can be a philosophical and emotional commitment, like parenthood.

It's my hope that hearing from some protagonists of wanted and unwanted pregnancy, we can cut through some of the taboos that now surround reproduction as well as abortion. Also, I expect to hear how people made these choices within the context of punk—in the sense of both a lifestyle and a philosophy.

If you're a candidate for this topic, please contribute a piece by March 1st. Anonymity will be maintained if you like, though we'll also print glossy family portraits with your maiden name, address, and social security number. See the ad on page five of this issue as a handy visual reminder

of the deadline.

Technical stuff: we are looking for essays and narratives. The length is up to you, though somewhere between one and five full type-written pages is best. Please send pieces in on a disk if at all possible, accompanied by a printed copy in case we have trouble opening the file. Photos and graphics are appreciated—let us know if you want them returned. Send pieces to our PO box, with "Family Issue" written on the envelope. Thanks.

Scene, and Scene History Reports

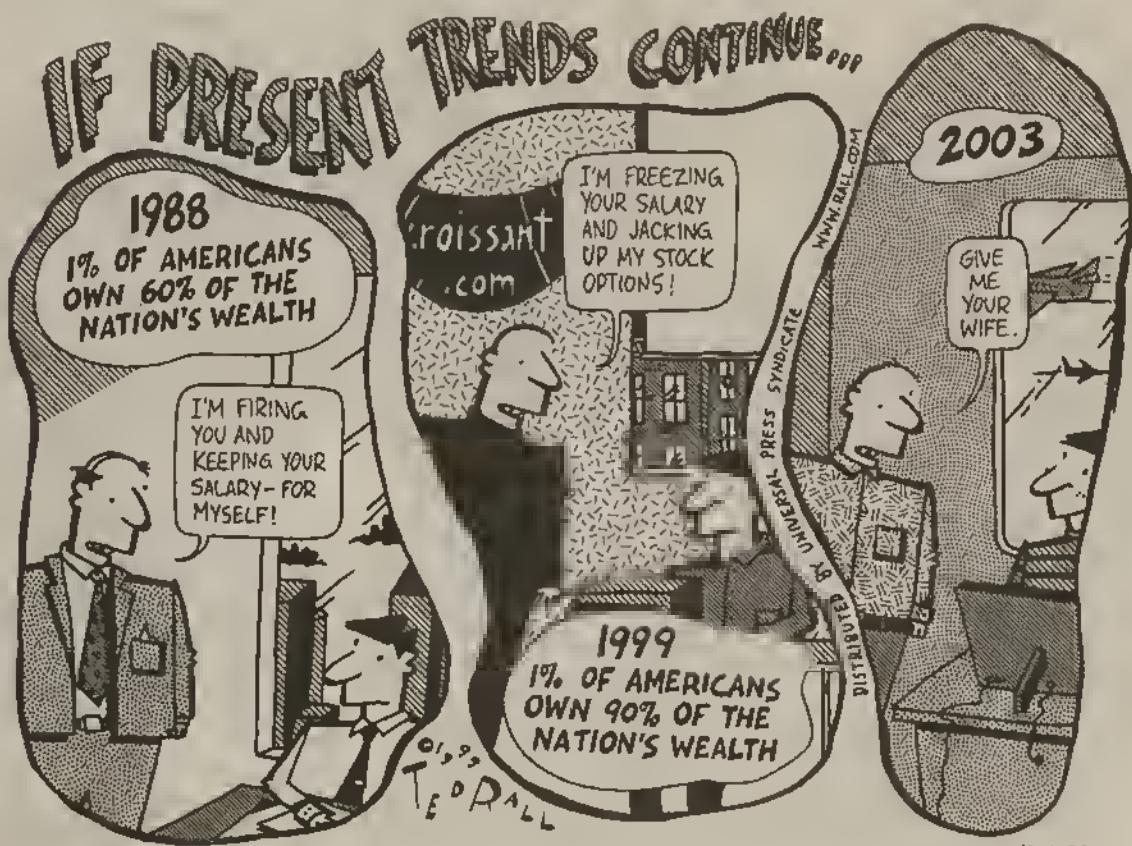
Keep sending us scene reports. Not only do they provide information for touring bands and other interested parties (yes, people read them), they are also a forum to let the world know about good (and not so good) shit going on in your area. Also, we are an international zine, and self-centered as we are, what goes on outside the US keeps us connected.

Since the scene report forum is limited, we will be printing additional, more in-

depth reports in upcoming issues. These "Scene History Reports" will be more researched based, longer, and more in-depth, giving readers perspective about how a particular punk scene developed, and in what context. This will start next month, with Ivo's look at how rock n roll infiltrated and punk rock evolved in Bulgaria during the Communist regime. Even if you're from Iowa, where no Iron Curtains spot the prairie, consider taking a closer look at what influences led to your current scene.

Back Issues

A few weeks ago I purged the Mor-dam warehouse of back issues, tossed 'em into the Maximumrocknroller, and drove 'em home, where they now populate more than their fair share of shelf space. In case you didn't know, if you buy three, the fourth's for free. We may up the bargain in the future, so watch the fine print on MRR's intro pages for more information. Contact me at: arwenc@mindspring.com.



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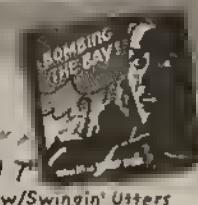
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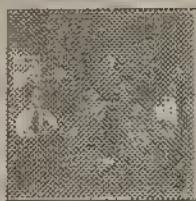
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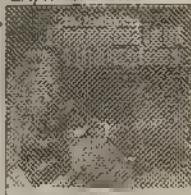
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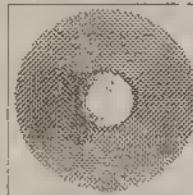
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THE FUNERALS OF LEPAKKO, HELSINKI, FINLAND, NOVEMBER 13-14 1999.

Here's a story of what happened in Helsinki, Finland, in mid-November 1999. If you think that all the good things from Finland already came and went in the '80s, you're wrong. We've had this legendary venue called LEPAKKO in the heart of Helsinki, two minutes from the central railway station, for 20 years. Lepakko was squatting by punks in 1979 and it has been a big part of the Finnish punk scene ever since. All the bands have played there and all the best shows took place there, starting from mighty Discharge back in the day.... Lots of bands had their rehearsal rooms there, bands like **Lama**, **000** (Nolla Nolla Nolla) and others. There was also a studio, a bar, a radio station and so much more. And so many good shows — I think I can say that every punk in Finland knows the place and has some memories from there.... So when we first heard the plans to tear our place down, it wasn't a very pleasant surprise. And why were they tearing it down?? Because someone needs wider highways and Nokia needs bigger parking lots and office buildings to research their rapidly growing telecommunicating stuff. And by now the place is gone, but we had a great funeral!!! There were not only Finnish people, but lots of Swedish people, some Germans, and even a handful of people from the USA and Canada.

When we first started to hear rumours about these Punk Funeral shows, it seemed impossible that some of the old bands from the '80s would play, bands that haven't been playing for 15 years or more. It was so exciting. Yes, lots of people say, "fuck reunions." And that's exactly what I'd say, IF it's only for money-making or shit like that. But all the bands that played in these festivals got absolutely no money! All the bands came for free. They just wanted to respect Lepakko

one more time, when it still was possible to do so. The original plan was to have a one-day event, a huge show on Saturday, the 14th of November, but so many bands wanted to play and lots of people were spending the weekend in Lepakko anyway, so why not have 2-day festival? And so we did.

Friday the 13th of November was basically for the "new bands," bands that started and continue to exist in the '90s. There were a couple of older bands too (like **Valse Triste** and **Amen**) and those bands had never quit, they've been playing all this time, though **Amen** have been extremely lazy or slow for the last two years. Some new bands were also introduced to the audience. **Pax Americana** played their first show there, punk rock with saxophones. Sounding like some old English bands, they were fresh and very much into what they were doing there. Lots of new bands played a good show; for some of them, it must have been the biggest show they've played so far. That Friday there were about 500-600 people there and 13 bands. That's quite a lot for one evening. Among the best shows was **Amen** (who haven't played live for over a year). Those guys aren't exactly straight-edge and thus they played quite early, and maybe because of that timing the show was excellent - they ruled! **Valse Triste** also did very good job; they're always crazy on stage, everybody should see them at least once. **Juggling Jugulars** have played many shows and it really can be heard in their playing; they totally play as a tight team and have some excellent records out too. Another band was **Unkind**, who play a kind of hc-anarcho-crust; they have a new split 7" with England's **Police Bastard** out on Fight Records. The next band **Raiivopant** plays basic punk rock and have a couple of records out too. **Diaspora** is a rather new band with two female vocalists playing political anarcho crust with an LP coming out sooner or later, which they've already recorded. I think they are going to slow down a lot because one of the vo-

calists is a US citizen and she is going back to the States pretty soon, but she'll be back for the tour and all. **Wasted** just came back from their European tour and they play old US-style (hardcore) punk. They have a couple of 7"s that are still available and a new 7" just out on Brown Records. **Oheisvasara** make their own punk-he sound and is another band with dual vocals. A CD is available with some bonus stuff from the 7"s. Their previous vocalist moved to England and is now doing some keyboards for the **Stratford Mercenaries**. **Kansan-demokratia** is another new Finnish band with young people in it; they have a 10" LP out on their own label. **L.A.M.F.** sounds like the Clash or the Pistols - their bass player must be a new incarnation of Sid Vicious - and they have a couple of CDs out. **Katyrit** is totally new band to me and lots of other people too... **Tartunta**'s set was a surprise; another band had to cancel and these guys played instead. They look like all the classic punks from Finland, with their studs and mohawks (of course) but they are young. No records or recordings available yet!

But it wasn't for the Friday



KAAOS



showcase that people were here. Everybody was there waiting for Saturday, and that night eventually came. There were also 13 bands on Saturday, so there should have been something for everybody. Over 1,000 tickets were sold for that night and it was total chaos in front of the doors. I think that not everybody came inside though: many just drank outside and never made it inside. Luckily it was not that cold yet... And lots of people

AMEN

people didn't see anything because they passed out before the show even started. But at least they were there... The first band was **Rytmihairio**, one of the most brutal groups of Finnish thrashers, evil and a bit metallic thrash. The next act was **Rytke**. They play old-time punk rock with Finnish attitude and Finnish lyrics. I can't say it's exactly '77-style punk rock because these guys are a lot angrier and crazier. **Satkyonukke** had a couple of good records in late '80s, but for some reason they were not playing the best set that they could. I was waiting for more from these guys because they can play!

Olotila is not exactly an old band but they are quite popular in Finland, and that's why they played on Saturday. Punk rock with saxophone and dual vocals. They are very entertaining; they have many good songs and lots of people were waiting for these guys. Lots of young people too, because **Olotila** stopped playing together just few years ago and thus a big part of the audience had seen them before. The next act **Neurovisio**



never actually released any records, but of course lots of bands never released so only some demos, et cetera, are available. I was quite surprised that they played here. **Turun Tauti**, **Terveyskeskus** and **Sekasorto** all played like they used to play: **Sekasorto** had people with big black flags on stage and the **Terveyskeskus** vocalist was almost too drunk... He would have been too drunk elsewhere, but this is Finland. It was nice to see **Problems?** on stage. These guys released their first LP in 1978 and their new record came out last year, so they have been doing this for a long time. Over the years they have been in different bands (some with Pelle Miljoona, another old name you must know from Finland if you are talking about punk rock) and sometimes **Problems?** haven't done much, but when they do, they do it well. They know how to play and how to entertain people. This punk rock is definitely not outdated.

Then came one of the bands lots of people were expecting to see.

Kaos. Well, what can I say? They were exactly the same as they were 15 years ago. Nappi, the bass player, played one song behind the bass amp and after that, took off his shirt and went to sleep. We didn't see him after that. Vocalist Jakke was as drunk as always - I think he's never had a sober show, but so what? Would anyone even expect that? No, not from them, or at least I didn't... On the other hand Sidney on guitar definitely knew what he was doing. He kind of kept the show going while the other guys acted just how we've come to expect them to act... This show was funny and lots of people say they were good. Of course they were good, especially since a big

part of the audience were as drunk as the performers, so they understood each other very easily. But if you were waiting to see tight playing and good musicianship, then it might have been a disappointment. **Terveet Kadet** played with the original line-up, and that was their first show with that line-up for... I don't even remember how many years. They didn't know how to play their songs, but I'm not sure if they did that on purpose or if they really couldn't play. They were teasing the audience and telling the people how ugly they looked and all that. It was a show. They played only the old stuff, of course. They had 30 minutes to play and they played exactly 30 minutes. The last 15 minutes they played "No Fun" and a kind of improvised jazz version of it. And they stopped precisely when their 30 minutes were done.

There were supposed to be some surprise acts - lots of people were hoping for **Rattus** or **Lama** - but they couldn't do it. One guy from **Rattus** is very religious and has been for a few years. God bless him! And one guy from **Lama** is living in England, so he couldn't make it. So who was this surprise then? It was **CMX**, a very big band

in Finland. They started in the mid-'80s and released their first 7" in 1987 on P.Tuotanto (PTEP-051). They started as a hardcore punk band, but later they became and are now much more than that. And nowadays you can't really talk about **CMX** and hardcore in a same sentence... oops. I just did. They are very



RYTIMIS

popular in Finland, very popular. They stopped playing live shows last summer. They are still releasing records, but don't play any

more shows. And in **Lepakko** they only played songs from a couple of the first 7's and from the first LP (called "Kolmikarkki," on Bad Vugum, Bad-10). These guys are professional musicians and performers and it was very pleasant to watch them playing again.

After CMX's surprise act came **Appendix**. **Appendix** knew how to

ever happens and they release a record full of new songs... After **Riistetyl** we all sung (at least those of us who knew Finnish...) a song by Pelle Miljoona. It was called "Hyvaa yota maailma," which means "Goodnight to the world." Very emotional and touching, it was a good way to end the festivals and **Lepakko**. Now there

is a new place in Helsinki called **Nosturi**. It's not as good and it seems to be another old industrial hall or whatever. But maybe it'll grow in time, we'll see.

For those who couldn't be there,

there will be a way to experience it all. Lots of profit was made because the bands played for free. Some money was given to the association that had been running **Lepakko**, and now they are running the new place **Nosturi**. Now we'll see how **Nosturi** can fill the empty space that **Lepakko** left in middle of Helsinki. It won't be easy, but it's worth trying. The rest of the money will be used to release a CD including live performances from most bands at the festivals.

Maybe it'll even be a double CD, but check the ads in the future and one day the CD will be out... maybe even a video. Hopefully the video will be also available in an American version. Lots of old Finnish stuff has been recently rereleased on CDs by Kraklund Records. They've released "Hardcore 83" (a comp with **Rattus**, **Riistetyl**, **Bastards**, **Kansan iutiset**, etc., etc., including a never-released **Vaurio** 7"!!). **Russia Bombs Finland** (another comp with **Kaos**, **Riistetyl**, **Terveet Kadet**, **Bastards**, **Appendix**, etc., etc.). **Riistetyl** CD (with the **Valtion vankila** LP, **Skitsofrenia** MLP and **Tuomiopaiva** 7"), the complete **Sensuuri** CD, the (almost) complete **Varaus** CD, the complete **013** CD, a **Bastards** CD (with the first LP, an EP and both comp and live tracks), and the **Appendix**'s new MCD. And more is coming! Write and ask and be fast, Kraklund Records, P.O. Box 459, 65101 Vaasa, Finland.

If you have any questions about the Finnish scene, I can help or at least try my best. So write to me if you have a reason or an excuse to do it. Cheers, Markku

Markku Hirvela, Asiakkaankatu 6 B 31, 00930 Helsinki, Finland. episjack@hotmail.com



TURUN TAUTI

play their songs and how to perform. They were probably the best band that night for me. The songs had at least as much power as they used to have and they sounded very good. They played songs from all their records. It was not that long ago, when they last played some shows. If I remember right, it was in 1993 when they played a couple of shows here and there, and I don't think that this is going to be the last time we see them playing. I hope not.

The last band of the night was **Riistetyl**. It was almost same line-up as the one on the "Nightmares in Darkness" LP, so they played songs from that LP, a couple of songs from **Skitsofrenia** MLP and from "Raiskattu Tulevaisuus - Raped Future" LP. Nothing from the first two records. Good playing anyway and a real show. Maybe at some point a bit like a cheesy, rockish show, but good anyway. The songs were good and they knew how to play, mostly. **Riistetyl** also released a new CD in 1999 on Propaganda. Actually, it's the "Raped Future" LP, some **Holy Dolls** songs and three new ones. One of these songs is very, very good, another is a total **Discharge** rip-off from "Free speech..." though still good, and one is crap. I heard some talking about going into the studio; let's see if that



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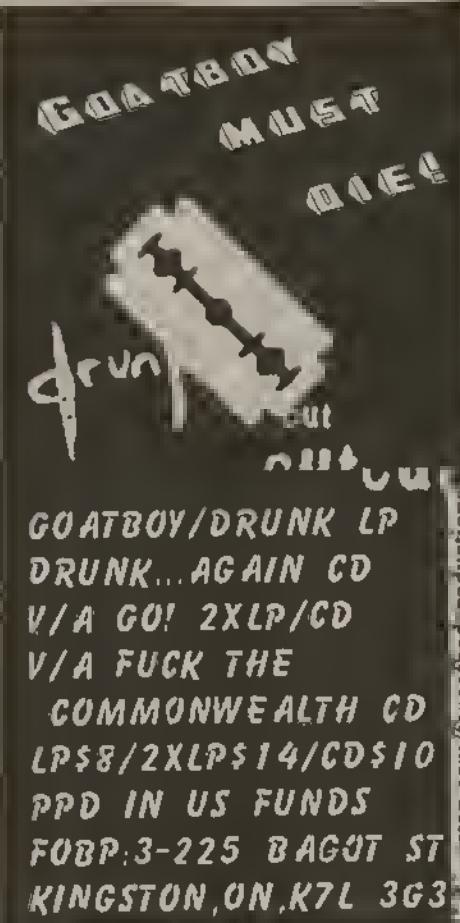
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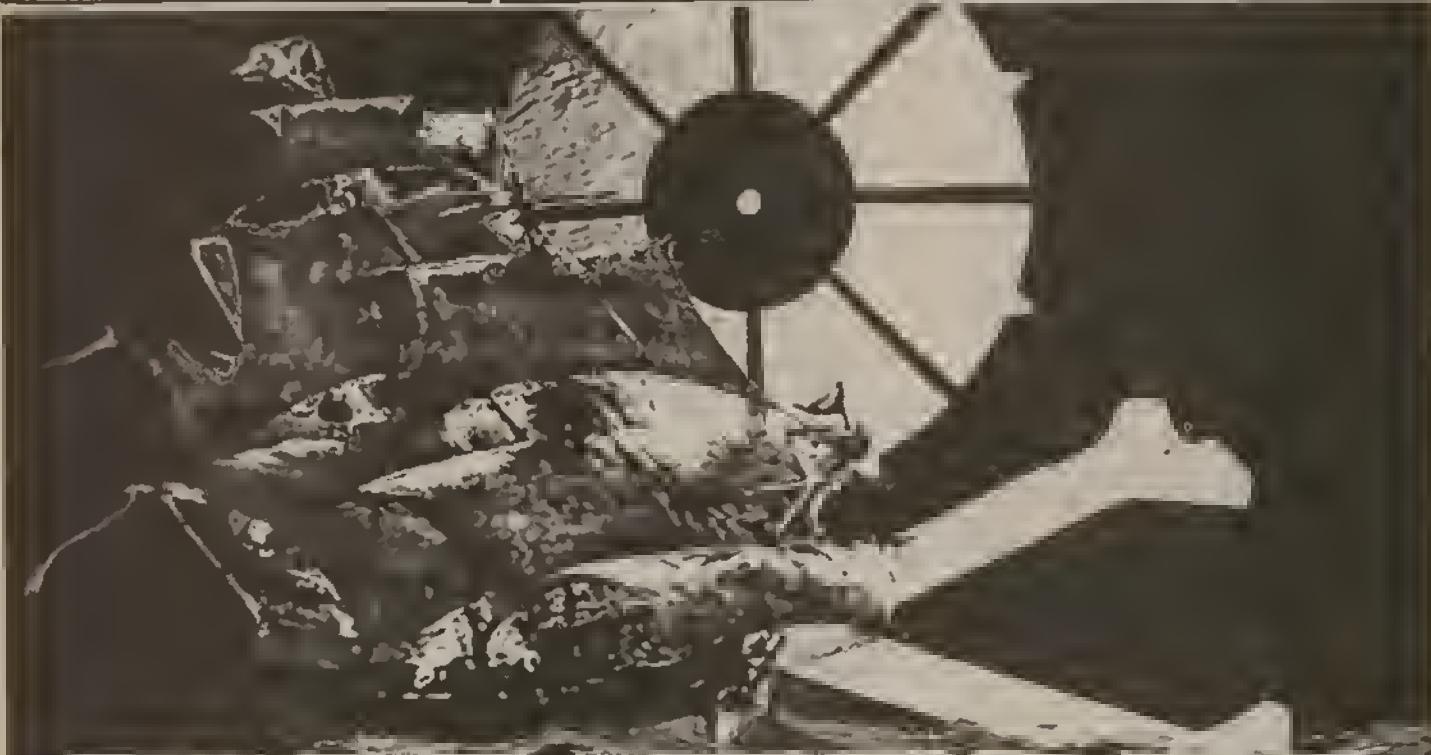
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POLICE RAID ON STUDENT PROTEST IN BELGRADE

Report from the Ad Hoc Coalition for the Women's Political Rights

Yesterday it was 9th of November, in some places also known as the International Day Against Fascism and Anti-Semitism. The Serbian parliament had a session in which the opposition parties submitted a demand for new elections. Therefore, for that day Belgrade students organisations, under the title "Protest" (about 8 organizations), announced the protest march at 1 pm, while the oppositional political parties gathered in "Alliance for Changes" announced their protest at 3 pm.

Feminists, from various NGO-s, organized around the Ad Hoc Coalition for Women's Political Rights. We chose this political occasion to print 6,000 leaflets, and distribute them on the streets of Belgrade. The leaflets state our basic demand for involvement in the decision making processes.

Despite the constant rain and strong wind all day yesterday, several thousand students gathered at the students' protest. In their march the students walked by the faculty buildings in the center of the town: Technology, Engineering, Law... screaming "Get Out" - demanding the symbolical liberation of the Belgrade University.

At one moment when we turned onto a rather narrow street, the police showed up from the front side and started to beat randomly... so everyone started to run. It turned the crowd into a panic. It was a fearful stampede with people pushing, screaming and falling. Only ten minutes later the brutal and severe police attack started again. Just when the students and citizens somehow exceeded their fearful panic and continued to walk, on the wide street in the front of the Yugoslav parliament, police forces started to push from the back. Again, running, wounds, anger and panic production.

In the evening the feminists from the Ad Hoc Coalition met again. We noted: one thousand leaflets were distributed; three activists were hurt in a stampede; and, all of us felt at moments very bad, because of the Serbian political situation, and because some students were shouting to the police "Go to Kosovo" and "You are Ustashes" (Ustashes were Croat soldiers supporting German nazis in the Second World War) and in this way reproducing hatred and the "enemy".

The independent media in the evening reported that more than 50 students were wounded, some of them badly, but none of them went to the official hospital. On the regime's media there was not a single word about the protest and beating, only 10 minutes of hate speech about "Protest students" and how they are paid by NATO etc.

Citizens that gathered at 3 pm for the opposition march were blocked by the police and were not allowed to

walk the streets as planned. Also, more than 30 buses with citizens from different towns in Serbia were prevented from reaching Belgrade and joining the demonstrations. Police stopped them with the explanation that buses were not technically OK, and that "buses with protesters pollute the environment with exhaust gas"!

Feminists from the Ad Hoc Coalition feel that at the moment on one side, the regime is ready to do anything to protesters: so shoot to beat to imprison... since the police on the streets are those "specialists" who practised torturing Albanian citizens in Kosovo in the last ten years. On the other hand the regime knows that international public is monitoring Belgrade, waiting to get "Him" for Den Haag Tribunal.

The regime is also aware that many people are against them and as a result find low intensity torturing more efficient, such as: stopping buses; "only" beating and not imprisoning; making obstacles in every way for independent media, for example creating construction on places where protesters meet... etc

Australian Civil Liberties Rescinded

Legislation was recently passed in the NSW lower house of Parliament which outlaws a key aspect of grass roots and community/leftist/ anarchist organising. This entails putting up posters/flyers/stickers etc to advertise gatherings, protests and events. Under this legislation, anyone from the person who puts up the poster, to the promoter of the event, to the printer, can be fined \$300 per poster. In the next couple of weeks this legislation will be referred to the Upper House of Parliament for final approval. This legislation is aimed at strangling grass roots protests and organising, particularly during the Olympics (next year). It is intended to wipe-out the presence of grass roots organizing and give Big Business even greater advertising space, particularly in the case of their advertising in bus shelters.

First hand coverage of the protests
in Seattle on page 81

Thousands of Dutch Students on Strike



Tens of thousands of Dutch secondary school students went on strike against government education policy. The government "Phase Two" policy curtails education prematurely for many students. This year, the Dutch government was willing to spend much taxpayers' money on throwing NATO bombs on the Balkans; destroying human lives, and also, eg, many schools. However, money for good schools in The Netherlands is a different matter ...

There were big strikers' marches; including one of over 20,000 students and teachers in The Hague, the government city. This was much more than the organizers had expected.

Dutch peace activists participated in the march. They distributed leaflets of solidarity with the students; and also calling for solidarity with schools in Yugoslavia, by helping the OBJ (the Dutch Foundation for Reconstruction of Primary Schools in Yugoslavia). These leaflets were very eagerly accepted by the marchers. Also, solidarity postcards with Yugoslav schools, and anti-war brochures, were sold. Through the leaflets, thousands of students learned for the first time about the strike in Leposavic (Kosovo) on November 23. Students and workers protested Clinton's Kosovo visit there. Big business Dutch dailies had not mentioned that protest.

In The Hague, some students threw fruit and eggs at government politicians; and also at opposition politician Paul Rosenm, Green Left party leader, had supported NATO bombing this spring; to the dismay of many Green Left voters]. The Special Mobile Police attacked peaceful demonstrators. At least sixteen students were arrested, according to RTL 4 television.

The demonstration showed the spirit of resistance is not limited to the demonstrations against Clinton in the Balkans; or to Seattle, USA.

Santa Busted in Canada

Santa Claus and an elf were arrested at Queen's Park today after they attempted to deliver an anti-homelessness Christmas card to premier Mike Harris. They were charged with trespassing, and must go to court in January, 2000.

Claus and about a dozen elves were outnumbered almost three-to-one by Metro Police, Queen's Park security and members of the Toronto Police Counter-Intelligence and Anti-Terrorism Squad as the "hardly-dangerous-looking" holiday group tried to deliver a 75-foot-long, 5-foot-high Xmas card to premier Harris.

The card, which read, "Why is there no room at the inn?" featured the names of over 100 people who have died from homelessness, as well as the names of buildings experiencing above-guideline rent increases in Ontario.

"Mr. Harris' policies have contributed to a massive increase in homelessness and hunger in Ontario," said Claus, aka Matthew Behrens, who pointed out that last night's closing of the Fort York Armoury has sent another 150 people onto the streets with nowhere to go. "Homelessness is a crisis, and all levels of government must respond in a crisis-mode with a national affordable housing construction program."

Police refused Santa Claus entry to Queen's Park, but eventually allowed an elf in escorted by MPPs Peter Kormos and Rosario Marchese. Mr. Harris was not in to receive the message.

The group began their day at the Rental Housing Tribunal, where thousands of evictions are processed every month, and proceeded to Queen's Park under a massive banner that read: "Homelessness is a National Disgrace."

As they were departing from Queen's Park, Santa Claus (Behrens) and his trusty Elf Don (Don Johnston) were surrounded in a police dragnet of officers on bikes, cruisers, a police jeep and a police wagon, arrested, and charged. They will contest the charges upon completion of their busy December 24 schedule.

- Toronto Action for Social Change

Thousands of Women March in Chiapas

San Cristobal de las Casas, Mexico, Nov 24 (EFE).- Thousands of Zapatista indigenous and Mestizo women marched Wednesday through the streets of San Cristobal to demand respect for their dignity and rights.

The march which, according to the organizers, attracted about 7,000 people, was spearheaded by survivors of the December 1997 Acteal massacre, in which a paramilitary group murdered 45 Indians.

The demonstration, which included mostly women from dozens of indigenous communities that sympathize with the Zapatista National Liberation Army (EZLN), called on the local government to "end repression and harassment" of the guerrilla women.

On their signs, the women rejected the repressive policies of Gov. Roberto Albores Guillen and invited U.N. High Commissioner for Human Rights Mary Robinson to visit Acteal.

One of the march leaders said that, "the dignity of women cannot continue to be trampled on by Mexican soldiers and by paramilitary groups."



Fascists Buy Village in Spain

"El País," Spain's largest newspaper opened its Sunday front page (14-Nov-99) with the headline "English Nazi Group Buys Abandoned Village in Spain." (Perhaps just by chance, next Saturday, 20th November, marks the date that both Franco and Primo de Rivera —founder of the fascist Falange— died.) Anarchists will remember 20th November as the birthdate of Durri.

The purchasers of the village are the "International Third Position (ITP)." The village they have bought is "Los Pedriles," 92 km. from the provincial capital, Valencia. It is basically a small hamlet, of eight houses, of which ITP has bought seven from the original owners, the last of which moved away to seek employment in the cities twenty years ago. ITP is rebuilding the hamlet with a permanent population of four, which receives visits from Spanish, British and other European fascist groups. ITP received funding from a British religious organisation, "St. Michael Archangel," which contributed 1.820.000 pts (7000 pounds) towards the purchase of this town.

"El País" reports that Spanish and European fascist groups have tried in the past to buy other villages in Spain, in the region of Aragon, without success. (Aragon has a large number of ghost towns, or abandoned villages, due to the reservoirs built in the past.)

ITP was one of Scotland Yard's main suspects during the recent bombings of gay bars in Soho last summer. El País also states that ITP owns three villages in France.

It would appear that ITP purchases these villages in order to find safe places in which to meet without police harrassment, and for shooting/etc., practice.

ITP, together with the Austrian FPOE (of Jorg Haider), Nouvelle Resistance (France), Fiamma Tricolore (Italy), Scottish and Spanish fascist groups recently held a meeting (September) in London. Some of these groups will also meet in Madrid next November 20th to commemorate Franco's death.

Mexicans Protest at U.S. Embassy

MEXICO CITY (AP) - Saturday December 11 8:16 PM ET
Rocks and fireworks flew from a crowd of demonstrators in front of the U.S. Embassy on Saturday, setting off a clash with riot police in Mexico City's famed Zona Rosa tourist district.

The protest started with several hundred university students gathering in front of the embassy, shouting for the release of demonstrators arrested during the recent World Trade Organization meeting in Seattle and to demand the release of former Black Panther Mumia Abu Jamal.

Most of the protesters appeared to be radical members of the General Strike Committee of the National Autonomous University, whose 268,000 students have been on strike since April.

Local radio stations reported that at least three photographers were injured by rocks or by police and about 40 people were detained.

Abu Jamal faces a death sentence for the 1981 shooting of a Philadelphia police officer. Some leftists organizations claim he was framed for the killing.

Some protesters burned a U.S. flag, at least one fired a small rocket at the embassy and others hurled rocks at the building and at police guarding it. At least one window of the embassy was broken. Police then charged to disperse the crowd, dodging rocks and clubbing some protesters with their plastic shields.

Chased by police, hundreds of protesters fled across the tree-lined 14-lane Paseo de la Reforma boulevard, through the Zona Rosa, hurling rocks, smashing windows and painting slogans such as "death to the evil government" on building walls.

LISTINGS!

Anarchist Gathering in Finland

The biggest Finnish anarchist meeting, ecoanarchist black and green days will be organised 11th-13th of february 2000. Ideas and propositions about program to adress: mustavihreat2000@artic.ne

Montreal Anarchist Bookfair

We are currently trying to organize Montreal's very first anarchist bookfair for the 1st week of May 2000. We will be staging a small temporary museum focusing on anarchism in Montreal, Quebec and Canada as well as elsewhere. We are looking for old anarchist zines (french,yiddish, english, spanish), books, t-shirts, paraphanelia, posters, pins, photographs, films, etc from the turn of the century 'till today. If anyone is interested in helping us out, just contact Monique Laramee, Jean-Francois Hamilton (mattersgray@netscape.net) or Jaggi Singh at (lombrenoire@tao.ca).

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WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

by Neale



Bill B. Baggins, 30, San Francisco: I'll probably just tip a few pints at me local and I hope that all the IRS files take a big fat shit on Uncle Sam's bed.



Thomas, 31, San Francisco
I'll be filling my doorway with sandbags... No, I don't think so.



Brian Soda Sax, 24, El Granada
I'm going to go on a killing spree with a thousand blood sucking termites... I think that all the rich are going to go into cardiac arrests because their computer chips in their hearts aren't Y2K compatible.



Spike Slawson, 14, Pittsburgh
Post tribulation fundamentalist Christians anxious to hasten the day of reckoning will descend on the city of San Francisco in vast armies... I'll be in Pittsburgh.



Jeffrey "Ace", 33, San Francisco
Take a piss... With any luck.



Pooch, 24, San Luis Obispo
I don't know fuck it I hate everybody. I'm not a part of any scene, I do my own thing. My mind is a machine, my body is the bullets and the audience is the target... Weird? I'll drink more piss than I did last year.



Terrance and Phillip, 28 & 29, Not Sonoma Thank God

We're gonna drink coolers in a smelly van with nine pathetic losers, watch some shitty bands make asses out of themselves and top the night off by pouring beer on our heads... Our friend Gil is gonna drink too many coolers and he's gonna shit himself all night again.



Karen, 32, San Francisco
If you take my picture, I'll kick you in the nuts! (No one was hurt during the making of this "What's The Scoop")



Pete, 27, San Francisco
I'm not sure, I gotta go get a beer. I'll tell you before the night is over.



John Cary, Ageless, San Bruno
I'll command an army of mimes hellbent on taking over San Francisco and then the world! No spare change or shopping carts for the homeless of the world, no more cable or MTV. My silent mercenaries will overthrow everything... What? You mean weirder than a bunch of mimes attacking people? Ummm... no.

Today's question: "What will you be doing on New Years Eve? Do you think anything weird will happen?"

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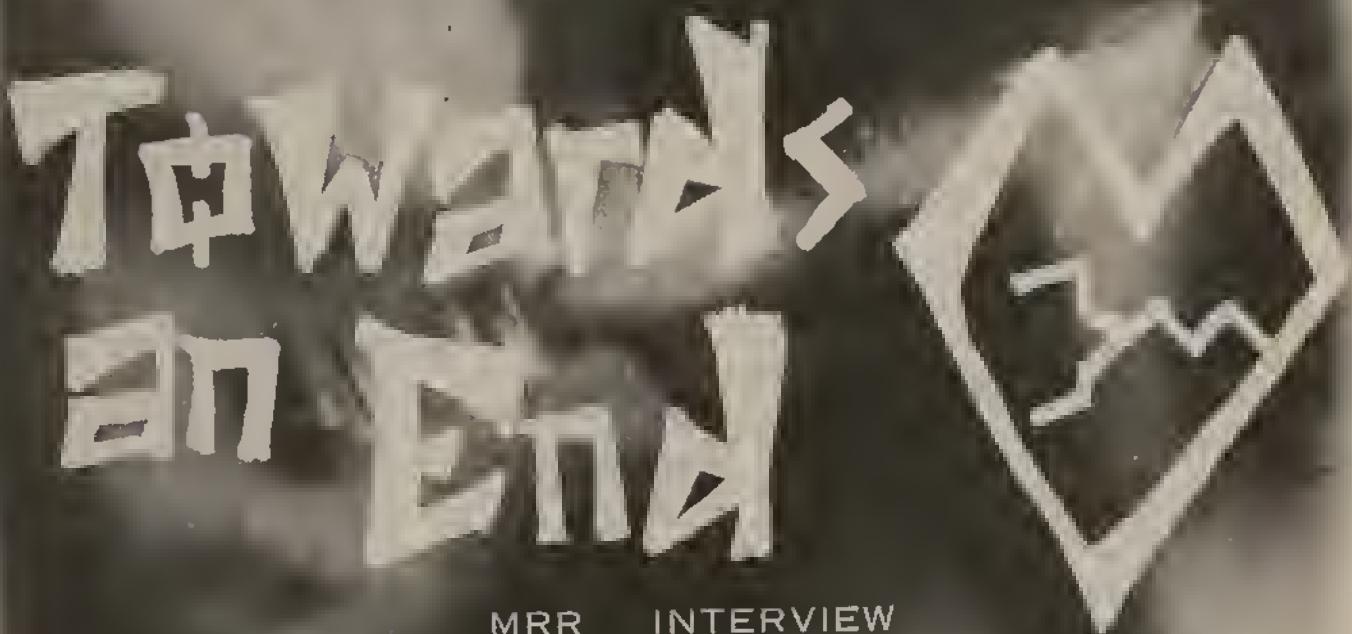
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**"When we first started, people
didn't think we were punk enough."**

Towards an End

A black and white photograph of a person's hand holding a cigarette between their fingers. A large, billowing plume of smoke is rising from the cigarette, filling the upper half of the frame. The hand is positioned on the right side, and the background is dark and out of focus.

MRR INTERVIEW

**"We don't get too much
of that anymore."**

Towards An End hail from the San Francisco Bay Area

Their self-released CD, *Chance of a Lifetime*, came out last April. This Fall, Lookout Records changed pace by releasing their 7", *Change and Pass Through*. Combining energy and emotion, Towards An End's music is not the typical pop-punk we're used to hearing from Lookout. The band puts on one of the best live shows around, and in addition to having something to say, are a great bunch of guys. Their lineups: Todd (20): vocals, Mark (20): guitar, Drew (18): guitar, Darren (18): bass, and Mike (20): drums. I sat down with the guys and asked them some questions. Interview by Ethan Avery.

MRR: You guys are known for having a strong DIY ethic. Is this something you strive for?

Mike: To tell you the truth, I don't think it's something that we are really conscious of. I mean, we've just done the things that we have had to do to get where we are.

Drew: We put out a couple of demos and were left with like five or six songs that we really liked. You know, demos can only give a band so much recognition, so we decided to put out our own CDEP.

Darren: It wasn't the hardest thing we've done.

Mark: We had some people to help us out, and it got on the top tens of the local record stores. To us, it really seems like we're doing the bare minimum, but the DIY ethic is something that's important to us.

Todd: We handed out at least a thousand demos and we play for free all the time. I'm on the phone twenty-four hours a day. You get what you give: music is just like anything else in life.

MRR: For a while it seemed like punk was a very select style. Now lots of bands who don't fit the traditional definition are recognized as punk. What do you think about this?

Mike: I do feel like there is a kind of New Punk out there. Not everything that gets recognized in the scene is like crust or thrash anymore. And I think that a lot of the indie or emo bands are a lot more punk-influenced these days.

Mark: Sure, there are some that are really punk rock bands, but the punk ethic has really extended itself to these scenes; bands like Promise Ring decided to stay with their label, for example, even though they were getting offers. At The Drive In is a good example of the kind of new punk movement.

Mike: Death by Stereo, Alkaline Trio, you know. A couple of years ago, I don't think they'd be getting a wide audience, but now they're the biggest thing.

Todd: When we first started, people didn't think we were punk enough. We don't get too much of that anymore.

MRR: Who are your influences, and to what degree?

Mike: As far as what you hear in our music, I think that Alkaline Trio and The Get Up Kids are probably the biggest ones.

Mark: Maybe something like the Pixies, too. We all love listening to bands like Weezer and Radiohead and the Beatles. So I'm sure you hear some of that as well.

Mike: It really is an odd mix of bands.

Darren: We've all tried to categorize our sound, but it's not an easy thing to do.

Todd: Everything has an effect on me. I can't get enough of bands like Refused and Death By Stereo. But there are also a lot of laid back bands like Pedro the Lion and Waxwing influencing me vocally as well.

MRR: You've been called a "happy band." Do you think people dismiss you on that premise?

Mike: We do get a lot of that, and we do try to be a positive type of band, but if people call us happy they really are mistaken. The things that we write about come from some of the most painful things that have happened to us. From the loss of family members to family members who have never been

there. We've lost friends and loves and every other type of person. And I know for a fact that everyone alive today has gone through the same things. We just think that it's up to us to make the best of all the things that come our way. Todd sings about growing and changing; it helps him get past these things.

Mark: I don't know why we'd be chastised for being positive. I read this review of our CD where the guy used the fact that it is positive against us. He said he'd rather be listening to... don't know, some band that was depressing as hell. But hell, if that's what you want.

Drew: I guess that review says it all. Lots of people refuse to enjoy themselves.

MRR: Do you guys have a musical philosophy?

Mark: We've tried to actually sit down and talk about the process. Lay down exactly what we want to happen. Those seem to be the times when the least gets done. We just have fun and the songs come out.

Todd: It's like an easy children's puzzle. Once all the pieces get laid out, we just put them together.

Mike: Todd writes all the lyrics. His philosophy is to get down what he thinks is the right solution to whatever he is going through. It really is a way for us to see ourselves the way we want to be seen. And for the people who relate to whatever he's singing about to see their situation in a new light as well. I know nothing makes Todd feel better than when someone tells him that they were touched or changed by something he wrote.

Todd: Yeah.

Mike: As far as the music goes, we just want to write something that's energetic, emotive, and a little new or different in some way.

Todd: I think everything we've written has a strong message.

MRR: Your lyrics seem to mainly be about your own personal struggles or the struggles of someone else. Do you have any political interests?

Mike: I think that those things can be quite political. If we want to make some change in this world, we have to start with ourselves. There have been many political revolutions, and to no avail. There needs to be more of a focus in social change. People are fundamentally creative, searching, and self-perfecting. But society would rather see all of humanity run as a well-oiled machine. Individuality doesn't count for much as far as society's big picture is concerned.

MRR: What do you think about the internet revolution in terms of the effect it has had on punk rock?

Darren: Get outside, live a little!

Todd: No kidding!

Mike: I think it's a double-edged sword, really. On the one hand, it's good when a band can get up a website to spread the word on their music or if they can form a support network to help book tours or what have you. But there really are a lot of negatives. The gossip circles are terrible. People act like they're in a high school locker room.

Drew: That kind of clique attitude is what the music is against. There isn't an excuse for it.

MRR: Why is the band called Towards An End?

Mike: It's basically saying that life is not the destination, but the journey. This kind of new wave of goal-oriented thinking is really missing the point. We can almost watch our lives pass us by while we try to achieve some goal. Then what? We're born, we go to school, we work, get married, have kids, retire, and die. It's no good. In reality it's not a bad timeline of events, as long as we enjoy what's happening to us as we go along. Towards An End is just about becoming a better person and being aware of it while it's happening.

MRR: Why is your symbol a broken heart?

Todd: I guess it's a combination of the things we sing about and our philosophy. Bad things happen, but life doesn't stop.

MRR: It has been said that one of the band's greatest strengths is your live show. What makes a good live show?

Mike: Energy in equal parts from the band and crowd. There have been times where we were playing a small show or one out of our element, and the crowd wasn't into it, but we really went off. While I'm sure this reflected well on us, they weren't really the best shows. We have been involved in some totally magical experiences while playing.

Todd: Just sincerity in the band's playing and singing.

MRR: Do you have any memories of the best show you've played, or of a really bad one?

Todd: I hate stages. There are two shows that stick out, and both were in tiny rooms.

Mike: As far as bad shows, I can only give you the typical stories. But there have been memorably great shows.

Darren: We played with a couple of our friends' bands, and it happened to be one of the last shows for either band, so a ton of people showed up. There wasn't the bad element here. No tough guys. So when we played there was a real connection, something in the air.

Drew: It's always the best when band and crowd enter into some kind of relationship during a set. When there is a give and take going on, and both parties put their hearts into it,

Mike: When we played with AFI and Good Riddance at Gilman, it was one of those times. That was a great show.

MRR: What is the best show you've ever seen?

Mike: One show that totally embodies what we've been talking about is the Bay Sets Fire show at the Cocodrie in San Francisco. People there really got it, and so did the band. Everyone left with the feeling that they were going to go home and change something.

Todd: Pearl Jam, Halloween, 1993. That was religious for me.

MRR: What has it been like working with Lookout Records?

Mike: Awesome. They are totally cool to their bands. We got to play at the Lookout Freakout with all the bands on the label. That was really cool. I think they are going to make a video of the day. As far as the 7" we put out, they did a good job of putting it out on time. Now that the promotional gears are starting to turn, it should do pretty well.

Todd: We've gotten to be pretty good friends with the people who work there, which is nice. I mean, it has to be a business relationship to some degree, but it's nice to be friends as well.

Drew: One thing I thought was cool is that when we went to the office for the first time, Chris really stressed that friendship is stronger than any contract we could sign.

MRR: Aside from Lookout, you've had chances to play at another Bay Area staple, 924 Gilman St. What is it like being in the center of a kind of punk rock Mecca?

Mike: "This ain't no Mecca man, this place is fucked." (laughter) It's really cool around here, but it isn't one big scene. We have like a hundred little scenes. A band can play at Gilman one week, and in the City the next, and have a completely different crowd. It's strange.

Mike: Bands who come through here really love the place. I think Alkaline Trio was thinking about moving here once. They have a song about SF.

T: Jawbreaker was from here, so I think that there is a lot of romanticism surrounding that.

MRR: Anything else you would like to say?

Mark: Just to check out our CD and 7", and come see us play if we come to your town. Thanks.

Mike: Goo goo g'joob.

Todd: I'd just like to say the word "fuck," really quick. There, now I feel better. I gotta tell ya, independent press, nothing like it.

DAYBREAK'S DEBUT 7" WAS A PICTURE DISC. BASED ON THAT FACT ALONE YOU KNOW ONE OF TWO THINGS. EITHER THE BAND IS AMAZING OR THEY HAVE MORE THAN JUST ABOUT ANY BAND ON THE PLANET. EITHER WAY AN INTERVIEW WAS IN ORDER BUT YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT THE FIRST IS A LOT CLOSER TO THE TRUTH. INTERVIEW BY JEB.

DAYBREAK

B: BLAKE - GUITAR K. KEEVE - BASS

MMR: THE FIRST QUESTION IS OBVIOUS... WHAT LED TO YOUR DEBUT RECORD BEING A 7" PICTURE 7"?

K: It was Chris X's (from Reptilian) idea. It came out really well, in my opinion. At first I was kinda apprehensive, because I was worried that our record (not to mention our first release, we never did any demos or anything) wouldn't be a strong enough release to warrant a picture disc, but I'm glad we did it this way. Chris is going to put out a series of picture disc 7"s for other similar-styled bands, which I think is a cool idea.

MMR: THERE IS A LOT OF RUMORS IN YOUR APPROACH. IS THAT A REFLECTION ON THE PERSONALITIES OF THE BAND MEMBERS?

: Totally. A large part of why we started the band is to basically explore what was meant to be a combination of our individual musical tastes shaped by our collective sense of humor. We are all very sarcastic people, and we thrive on dry humor.

MMR: WHAT ABOUT AGGRESSION, HATE, VULNERABILITY... ALL THOSE CLASSIC PUNK ROCK THEMES?

K: Oh, we'll pass. We're not into worrying about that. For the most part, we feel like other bands have those bases already covered. There are bands who hit that side of it and do it very well. There's no point in us venturing into that realm. Actually, I take that back... we do have a few hateful songs, but to be honest, we'd prefer that they not be the primary focus of the band. We're more into laughing at things that deserve to be ridiculed.

MMR: IS THERE A LINE OVER WHICH YOU WON'T CROSS FOR THE SAKE OF HUMOR? I'M THINKING OF THE NEW A.C. ALBUM WHICH FOR THE SAKE OF HUMOR ADDRESSES AN/ON DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, CHILD MOLESTATION, NAZISM, SEXISM AND RAPE.

B: Most definitely. None of us are P.C., but that doesn't mean we are going to sing about racism or sexism for the sake of being abrasive. We're not really into the shock value thing either. Although I do think that A.C. has the absolutely most hilarious song titles, that really isn't our thing, shocking people just to be a shit.

K: We've never really had to limit ourselves in terms of what we will make fun of... the way I figure it, there are enough people/things within the so-called "po-

litically correct" realm to poke fun at that we don't need to venture into those other topics. Besides, bands of that nature, Anal Cunt in particular, hit on those topics with the sole purpose of being offensive. That's their main point, but not ours. We aren't trying to put anyone off, but instead proclaim that everybody should be able to laugh at themselves without getting too bent out of shape. Anal Cunt cracks me up because they are achieving their purpose very well... the people being offend- ed by them fall into their be hated S o fail

that, and by getting angry and trying to b a n their r e - leases. t e y

K: (Laughs) No way. That was a one time only thing. We figured it would be a funny, unexpected way to celebrate Halloween. Unfortunately, we were stupid enough to put that photo on the record insert, which has resulted in a number of people thinking we were trying to be a black metal band. I'm pretty pissed about that whole black metal thing because of the way my corpse paint was applied. Our ex-guitar player's girlfriend did the paint, and I ended up looking like the Crow. Ugh. If we ever do anything with makeup again, I'm going to try and make sure we all look like the Cure. Although I don't think anyone else in the band would be down with that, unfortunately.

MMR: A LOT OF BANDS WHO SPECIALIZE IN THE 30 SECOND BOMB, ESPECIALLY REALLY EXTREME BANDS, TEND TO GET OVERDID DOWN IN A HUMORIC SLUR. YOU GUYS HOWEVER SEEM TO HAVE A DIFFERENT APPROACH FOR ALMOST EVERY RHYTHM. HOW DO YOU APPROACH SONG WRITING?

B: It really is kinda ridiculous, someone usually brings a riff (God I hate that word) to practice and we kinda go from there. Someone tweaks it a little, then it gets tweaked a little more, and then we screw around with it. We want the parts to our blast beats to stick out a little more than just a mesh of noise.

K: This will probably come off sounding cliche but it is true... we don't put a whole lot of thought into how the finished product will sound.

Usually, someone will bring a riff to practice and then we'll change it a million times until everyone is happy with it. We end up making our songs a lot more complicated than they need

to be sometimes, but I think that might have something to do with why they don't degenerate into a blur. We try to only use blasts when they are really complimentary to the song... for instance, Eric tries to use different blasts and refuses to play a certain set of drum beats because they sound too generic. Any time we come up with a riff that sounds too much like something we listen to, we throw it out. Well, unless we set out to rip something off intentionally, hah. But even in those instances, once we change everything around, it never sounds like what we originally intended for it to sound like. It's kind of like we put all of our ideas into the "Daybreak filter", and out comes the finished product. I'm kind of happy that we're so picky about the songs. This is part of the reason it takes us so long to

are giving them actually they it's course, think that racism, sexism, etc. are acceptable, but we also realize that some people have a tendency to be oversensitive and look for something to be upset about. AC makes that easy for them.

MMR: YOU GUYS LOAD PRETTY DAZZLY IN CORPSE PAINT. IS THAT A REGULAR FEATURE OF DAYBREAK'S LIVE SHOW?

write new songs, too.

MRR: SO SAB TKE TITLE TUNE ON YOUR RECORD LEO TO YOUR SCORING ANY CHOICE COLLECTIBLES?

K: Yeah. We're always on the lookout, too. We've all mastered the art of the Record Store Beckstab, which has come from years of practice on each other. Recently, we've gotten to the point that each of us has our own kind of niche in the record collecting universe and we usually end up not stepping on each other's toes. There is enough overlap between what all of us like that we could talk about music indefinitely, but at the same time, we have a hard time agreeing on what we all 5 would like to listen to at one particular time. Therefore, other than a few record staples, we are all searching out different stuff. I've traded copies of our record for a few records that I was really stoked on getting. People are really cool about that stuff.

MRR: AN INTERVIEW WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE IF I DIDN'T GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO POSE ANY UPCOMING RELEASES YOU HAVE.

K: We have a few things planned right now, but the main two upcoming releases are the split 7" with the Ultimate Warriors on Robodog Records and the split LP with God-stomper. We're not 100% sure who's doing the split with God-stomper yet, though. The split 7" is already recorded and should be out by January. The split LP is being written as we speak.

MRR: A LOT OF THE BAND MEMBERS SEEM TO BE REALLY INTO MELODIC PUNK. ANY CHANCE WE'LL SEE A POP PUNK DAYBREAK RECORD?

K: Heh, none at all. Although there are some times in some of the songs where we diverge into some poppy stuff, I wouldn't say they're into melodic punk as much as I would say they're into ALL. Eric and Chris are very big ALL fans.

B: What makes you say that, the Descendants and ALL shirts? It's very possible. We have toyed around with the idea of doing something different. I mean for the most part we all like pop or melodic punk. I don't know if we could pull it off though. I mean we also like metal, hardcore, Britpop, I mean we don't really care what genre a band is in, if they rock, they rock.

MRR: IF YOU COULD FORCE THE SAME TO RECORD A RECORD OF COVER TUNES, WHAT WOULD BE ON IT?

B: I think it would be cool to do either the entire Group Sex record by the Circle Jerks, or D.I.'s Horse Bites, Dog Cries.

K: We're actually working on some covers basically

thing like that right now. We've never played in the past, basically because we could never agree on a n y c o v e r

rest of us. I think Eric plans on doing a Gorilla Biscuits cover, and Blake wants to do a Lawnmower Deth cover. I'm not sure what Tony or Chris are into doing.

MRR: SO, KEEN ANY GOOD BURNING LATELY?

K: Well, I heard about a few. Unfortunately I couldn't see them because my power was out and my whole neighborhood was pitch black. The worst part is, I live in the basement of a house. So, after waking up to thunder in the middle of the night, I realized that I didn't have power, and had to stumble through the darkness of my house to get upstairs to figure out what the hell had happened. Natural disasters around here really eat it. We lose power once a month here. I think. Every time I want to do something cool, we get a goddamn hurricane and I can't do it.

B: We had one come through recently, but it was pretty weak, it just rained a little and the wind blew a little. I was hoping the power would go out so I could get out of work early.

MRR: IF YOU COULD FORCE THREE PEOPLE TO DO GUEST VOCALS ON YOUR NEXT RECORD, WHO WOULD THEY BE?

K: They would definitely be friends. While I could go on all day listing great singers from bands I look up that I would want to do guest vocals on our next record. I think I'd be the most stoked to have Rich Johnson (the Index, Enemy Soil), JR Heyes (Pig Destroyer), and Emeyle Sacepuntas (Akume, Secepuntas Records) do guest vocals on the next record. They are all amazing vocalists and really sound awesome in totally different ways. Actually, scratch that. I'd trade all three of them to have Morrissey, Ian Curtis, and Robert Smith sing a few lines in one of our songs.

B: Morrissey, Billy Milano, and Jason from Semiem.

MRR: ANY LAST WORDS?

K: Yeah, I guess I could use this space to promote our new website. It can be found at <http://members.tripod.com/keeve/daybreak.html> at present, but it's going to be moved onto the Reptilian Records site very soon. They can be found at <http://www.reptilianrecords.com>. I can't think of anything else, I guess that's it.

that
repre-
sented all
our teste-
s enough. It can
hard to make 5
happy, especially
they all have distinct
terms of musical taste. So, we've
decided that we are going to have each
member pick out a cover for the next
record. My personal choice for the cov-
er song is going to be "Transmission"
by Joy Division. If it were up to me, we'd
be doing Cure and Smiths and New
Order covers for an entire record. But,
once again, that won't swing with the

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Teen Crud Combo are the best new band to come out of Toronto. They straddle the garage and hardcore scenes paying special homage to a snottier side of punk rock reminiscent of the Dwarves or the Angry Samoans - their mentors. An earlier Texas punk sound coupled with the brevity of hardcore song structure and a "I just don't give a fuck" attitude, characterize the group. This interview was conducted with the Teen Crud's on October 14th outside of their jam space. Interview by Stephan Perry. Photos by Naomi Freeman.

MRR: Who is in the band and what do you play?

Allyson (A) - guitar, Jaime (J) - bass, Matt (Mt) - guitar, Nick (N) - vocals, Mark (M) - drums

MRR: How long has Teen Crud Combo been together?

A: A little over a year.

MRR: How would you describe your sound to the uninitiated? For people who have never actually heard Teen Crud Combo, what would you say that you sound like?

A: I would say a heavy Motorhead influence for sure.

Mt: You know when you play dodge ball and a ball is coming straight for your face and you just freeze, you can't move? It hits you in the face. And tears come to your eyes. That's what it's kind of like.

J: That's what it feels like to experience one of our rock phenomena.

Mt: The kind of sound that scares people. I have seen some scared faces.

A: We worship the Dwarves, we worship Motorhead. We listen to Zeke. It's really fuckin' evident in our sound that we love Zeke.

Mt: If it comes through, maybe it's just the sloppiness of it all, there is definitely a nod to classic punk bands like the Angry Samoans, Black Flag, The Nip Drivers.

J: There is one person that keeps telling us that we sound like early MDC, but I just don't see it. N: Yeah, some guy came up to me after a show and told me that we sounded like Discharge, but he had Down Syndrome so I didn't believe him.

MRR: What covers did you do and why?

N: We cover the Dwarves because we like them.

Mt: We did a whole Dwarves set for a prank.

M: Because we played with Sub Pop bands who suck. Fuckin' Black Halos. And you can print that.

Mt: Print it in "bold."

N: And if you want a font, do it in "Chicago."

M: We try and choose stuff that is not so obvious. Why be like Mayhem Deluxe and play "Search and Destroy," "Ace of Spades" or "Kick out the Jams."

J: Boring!

N: We covered the Big Boys. We did a Void cover.

M: We covered Really Red. Love Texas punk, so that's always good. Love Angry Samoans. Just really good punk rock that I

have always loved and have always wanted to cover. Adrenalin O.D.

MRR: Do you have anything recorded yet?

A: No.

M: That's the next step.

shots at people. Potshots, cheap shots, if you will.

MRR: I was noticing in the bathroom at the practice space there is some not-so-nice graffiti on the walls. You have recently garnered not too many fans from the glam scene, yet you have played shows with some of these local groups. What's this all about? How did the hate affair with the glam scene get started?

N: It got started because there was this band called Robin Black and his Intergalactic Rock Stars.

Mt: They went around thinking they were the greatest thing since sliced bread and we saw their set and they sucked.

A: So we realized that we had to book our next show opening for them.

N: So we played with them on Halloween and I got dressed up all glam but really shitty.

A: He got dressed up as Robin Black.

N: And we started off the set with Ziggy Stardust, really shoddily, and I disgustingly sang the lyrics to "Space Odyssey" over it.

A: Which in itself is offensive enough.

M: This was during the whole "Velvet Goldmine" phase.

N: This was when glam was slated to make a reappearance, but of course since every fuckin' glam band of the '90s is probably the worst thing to hit vinyl or CD or stage, it didn't work. Glam sucks, so we started a rivalry with them and it has become silly.

A: Because they don't want to play back.

Mt: They don't want to play hard.

Mt: So they write stuff in the bathroom.

A: In such a non-confrontational glam rock sort of way.

M: We'll play any shows and definitely when you are playing a show where you don't belong and you know that people don't like you those are like really good shows. We played a ska show where...

A: ...people thought we were the worst band that they had ever seen in their lives.

N: Women were spitting on me. What does that mean?

MRR: How can people get in touch with you?

J: They can write to Teen Crud at: 2037 Dundas Street West / Toronto, ON / M6R 1W8 or habaker@ibm.net.

MRR: Are there any last comments?

N: Yeah, every comment is worthy of a last comment. A nail in our tombstone. Not that they put nails in tombstones. I'm gonna go comb my hair now. (Drops comb). Go to McDonalds as much as possible, go to Burger King as much as possible, go to Wal-Mart as much as possible.

J: When you are at McDonalds put in a request for the "Add Bacon for \$0.75."

N: Yeah, and now you can "baconize" something at McDonalds and eat as many animals as you can in one sitting, including house pets.

A: And while you are at McDonalds, request styrofoam containers and put up a stink until you get one.

N: And tell them to "supersize" it.

A: Just the styrofoam and nothing else.



WE'RE WINNING

First hand reports from the streets of Seattle

Seattle will, I think, go down in the history books as the most important victory for the left in the last fifteen years. The following pieces are all (with one exception) first hand stories and opinions by some of the people who made up those crowds in the streets who shut down the most powerful trade organization in the world. These reports largely contradict those in the mainstream media (big surprise) and we thought it might be time to hear another side of the story. Underrepresented in this article are the labor and environmental groups that helped to swell the numbers; represented quite well are the radical activists and Seattle citizens who suffered five days of tear gas and rubber bullets. Remember, these are only eight out of 50,000 stories.

—Compiled by the MRA staff. Photos by Dan Halligan (DH) and Ivy McClelland (IM)

"SEATTLE WELCOMES THE WTO"

On Monday, November 29th, I was driving south on I-5. Hanging from a huge crane and framing the city's skyline, a 400-foot banner said, "WTO one way, DEMOCRACY another." It should have been taken as a calling card to the city of Seattle and the WTO, but it wasn't. Vendors had already printed t-shirts saying "I survived the WTO," and a lot of us had taken the week off for months in advance in case of arrest. The clues were there, but they bet on apathy—in fact, that's why they

chose Seattle.

Seattle was to be the WTO's grand PR move, the coronation of free trade in a city that has benefited from it. Having shown almost no political pulse for over 25 years, Americans could be counted on, unlike the Europeans, to roll over and say, "Free trade? Sounds awfully patriotic to me. Will it make POKEMON cheaper?" Instead, they got 65,000 people in the streets, all learning to respond to tear gas and rubber bullets with the same casual ambivalence as they might the rain. Oops!

Tuesday—or N30, as organizers called it—started out with a few hundred people setting up a blockade around the convention center. I got down there pretty early and people had chained themselves to all sorts of permanent-looking metal things and to each other at the intersections. Riot cops ringed the convention center and stood in single lines across alleys around it. Protesters linked arms in front of them and someone started the dreaded hippie drum circle off in the distance.

Then crowds started to build and diversify, and the energy got more intense. People would shout "Delegate!" and point to an aimless suit, and the crowd would push forward and surround him or her. After a little bit, that disintegrated into, "anyone with a suit gets it!" This was a perfectly noble sentiment in my book, because nobody was hurt but anger was expressed. Just for a day, the corporate fucks that rule our world and walk our streets with the smug assumption that they are the "elite," born to call the shots, had to deal with being targets. All the symbols of their status—Armani suits, Italian shoes, briefcases that could feed towns if pawned—instead of protecting them socially, now marked them for confrontation. Again, I'd like to stress that nobody got hurt, although a delegate did hit someone and pull a handgun.

By 9:30 AM the streets were filling. None of the delegates had gotten in yet, and the morning's opening ceremonies had been called off. Elation rippled through the crowd. People overturned newspaper racks just because they could and stood on them crowning victory. Then the police gassed the shit out of everybody blocking the main intersections. They pulled off people's masks and glasses and pepper sprayed them in the eyes and kicked them.



Still people wouldn't leave. So they shot rubber bullets at them and gassed them again.

By the time the 45,000-plus labor march hit the area a couple of hours later, there were roughly 60-65,000 people in the streets and a single line of riot cops encircling the convention. If we had been "violent" then, we could have pushed over the police lines and been in the conference munching bagels with Billy Bob Gates in two minutes. Instead we opted to get continually gassed for a few more hours. That's when the windows started to go. Niketown, The Gap, Nordstrom's and Starbucks. Someone hit FAO Schwartz and scrawled "Barbie Kills" all over it. "We are winning!" was written everywhere. At some point during all this, they finally got Kofi Annan, head of the UN, into the convention center—fashionably late by five hours.

By evening, the National Guard had been called in and the cops had run out of tear gas. They got resupplied with military grade CS by undercovers in the crowd who ferried it through in back-packs. Then they broke lines, declared a "civil emergency" and began tear-gassing all intersections downtown and people marching. They pushed people in packs miles away from the downtown and into residential neighborhoods. It became illegal to gather almost anywhere in the inner city. The television media went wild with stories of vandalism and looting, and the general public seemed, at first, to think that the protesters brought it on themselves by being "violent."

Now, I know that a lot of folks think the "anarchists" who

smashed windows were cool, and while they certainly had more fashion sense than the hippies or the union guys, what they did was tactically fucked. The cops had been tear-gassing and throwing concussion grenades at peaceful protesters for hours—they wanted a riot. If there had been a riot, they could have had the National Guard and live ammo, overturn the Constitution and EVERYONE WOULD BE COOL WITH IT IN TV LAND. At a public hearing in front of the city council a week after N30, two people testified that they saw some of the early window-breakers arresting people just hours later. In other words, undercover in the crowd were trying to get shit started. Now who is more gullible and willing to tag along with that kind of stuff than a



bunch of kids dressed like the German Autonomie, well-intentioned but easily fooled? The anarchists also used thousands of protesters sitting in front of the cops as shock troops. They gloried in the fact that they hadn't been arrested, never considering that they saved the police, our corporate paramilitary at the state level, from having to explain why they overthrew the Constitution and declared martial law. If you think I'm being conspiratorial, read some more history, for christssake! We bombed our own ships in the Gulf of Tonkin to get the public to agree to a build-up in Vietnam! This is a standard tactic. Nobody I talked to had any real problem with the destruction of Niketown. Actually, it was a beautiful and inspiring sight, but it would have been cool if they had done it before and after N30 to keep awareness up, instead of helping out the pigs so damn much. All that being said, you can read more in the next *Rolling Stone*, where they've been immortalized in glossy corporate media. Maybe we'll get to see a sexy girl "anarchist" on the cover, scantily clad, our own radical Alanis. What this revolution needs is more models! Yeah, right.

Anyway, martial law was declared. By Wednesday morning, the cops had taken signs away from the steelworkers and the Direct Action Network. When crowds gathered to defend their right to protest, they looked like a mob, de-politicized and scraggly. The funny thing was, the more people they arrested, the more people there were. It seemed for a while that for every one person nabbed, two stood up, decided they weren't as apolitical as they thought, and joined in. Teamsters and Steelworkers marched arm in arm with punks and Greens dressed as sea turtles. It was as if all the mind-numbing, Prozac-riden, New Age, self-satisfied, can't-change-anything aura of the last fifteen years got blasted away.

Meanwhile, back in the WTO, things weren't going so well. They had to cancel dinner. They had to skip the ballet. They couldn't go shopping. (Actually, no one could.) And they were having a hard time concentrating on how best to rule the world because they were stuck in a place that they had started calling "the bunker."

The police terrorized people all day and all night, gassing and pepper-spraying pedestrians, merchants and protesters in a twelve square-mile area of Seattle. But people just wouldn't give up on the goofy idea that they should have some civil rights. Steelworkers openly accused the cops of being un-American and helped the punks and freaks blinded by tear gas get away. Almost 600 people were arrested by Thursday and public opinion was turning in favor of the protesters.

Thursday night the jail sit-in started. Labor marched again. People chained themselves to the Westin Hotel, where delegates were meeting, and by Friday the third ministerial meeting of the WTO collapsed and American apathy was dead.

Four out of the top seven ranking police officers in Seattle resigned. Assistant Police Chief Joyner said on his way out the door that, "The next time they hold one of those meetings it will have to be done in a country under military rule or capable of a 10,000 person police force." Later in the week, the Seattle police marched to "thank the people who supported them." Only about a hundred folks showed up. To drive home the sanctity of American consumerism, the cops actually sold t-shirts saying, "I survived the Battle in Seattle" for fifteen bucks and donated the proceeds to good citizens for shopping in Downtown! It's OK, little Jimmy! Santa's not afraid of those scary protesters. C'mon, we'll all shop together!

But this is the point. What was really done? It may have been National Bitch Week with the amount of causes on the streets, but they did all relate. That said, WE SHUT DOWN THE WTO! We also found out that there really is an appropriate target for corporate greed and oppression. But the best thing is the radicalizing of the unions, and their love affair with the freaks and fringe element. As one longshoreman said to me, "We know how to organize and shut things down, but these kids know how to scale cranes! It's so cool, the Teamsters and Turtles together at last!"

Think of what we could do.

—Vanessa Veselka



My photos in this issue will hopefully give you a little taste of what went on in Seattle with the World Trade Organization protests in late November and early December. Needless to say, the mainstream media missed the boat. While they focused on vandalism by a few anarchist teenagers and quite a few high school kids that capitalized on the situation, they ignored many of the issues.

The WTO is something a very diverse crowd of people are concerned about. November 30th, they came together to march in union and voice their concerns. Why are people concerned? The WTO can and has over-ruled environmental, health and safety standards. It tends to rule in the favor of large corporations, rather than the average worker. Unbelievably, the Seattle protests drew together punks, hippies, longshoremen, environmentalists, factory workers, farmers from around the world, Tibetan monks, anarchists, a wide variety of religious folks and tons more people. I think a lot of people just showed up on their own to show their frustration with large corporations and the control they have over our world's future. There is a general understanding that we have been moving for the past 20 years into a new world economy that's controlled more by corporations than people. People want a voice in the world to come, especially when they see environmental, health, and labor laws getting overturned in favor of corporate profits. The WTO representatives are not elected; they often come from large corporations and industries, and "we the people" are being left out of the discussion that will indeed shape the world to come. We are just starting to stand up and say "What about us?" This protest was intended to draw attention to the WTO and to start getting people to realize what's been happening. A good 40,000 people showed up for the big labor and environment march November 30th and a good 10-15,000 people were already downtown taking direct action or showing support for the cause before the labor march arrived.

By 10 AM, the police were already using tear gas, pepper spray, wooden batons, and rubber bullets on peaceful protesters, but we still managed to shut out most of the delegates the first day of the conference. Yes a bunch of windows got spray painted and broken, but most only after the police began attacking the peaceful protesters, and most of the damage targeted specific large corporations like Old Navy, Starbucks, and Niketown. By nightfall, the police forcefully took over downtown with a mammoth amount of effort and tear gas (they actually ran out). A curfew of 7 PM was put in place, a state of emergency was declared, the National Guard was called into action, and the city created a "No Protest Zone," basically outlawing the right to protest downtown. They later even made wearing a gas mask illegal. Tuesday through Thursday nights the police pushed smaller groups of peaceful protesters out of downtown into the Capitol Hill area and then gassed the fuck out of them. They also managed to gas most of the residents, shoppers, people walking out of clubs and restaurants and a city council member. The neighborhood is up in arms over what happened.

Another council member, who happened to be Black, was stopped by police going to an official WTO function. When he showed his ID, they didn't believe him, pulled him from his car, threw his cell phone in the street, and hassled him before figuring out he was telling the truth.

The police felt like their response wasn't as strong as it should have been Tuesday (which is crazy, because they were tear-gassing innocent people by 10 AM! I was tear-gassed and pepper-sprayed while taking photos from a public sidewalk), so Wednesday they definitely took a tougher approach, arresting hundreds of people and tear-gassing, pepper-spraying, clubbing, and shooting rubber bullets at anyone and everyone that looked like a protester or gave them a little lip. Protests grew around the downtown jail each day and night and people negotiated with the police to get legal help into the protesters. Stories are still coming out about massive police abuses, including pepper-spraying people in lock-up, withholding medicine for two days from a protester with AIDS, and more basic things like not providing vegan food. The police

huge set of trade laws that, prior to 1995, were simply trade agreements. The first thing to understand about the WTO is that, unlike its predecessor GATT, the WTO's codes are enforceable international treaties. Member countries that break these codes (many of which will be discussed later) are subject to severe penalties. The trade laws that the WTO has created function to "lower trade barriers," "open markets," and "enforce intellectual property rights" (copyrights, trademarks, patents) between member nations. In short, the WTO attempts to create "free-trade" between member countries by eliminating certain protections that exist within each domestic economy. (I warned you that it was painful—don't worry, it gets exciting.)

In case you either skipped or cheated in your high-school economics class, or if you have simply forgotten the principles of "trade barriers," market access, and intellectual property rights, here are the basics. If you can bear with these next several paragraphs, you'll better understand "free trade" and the heart of the WTO.

"Trade barriers" are simply three types of protective mechanisms that governments give their domestic enterprises. These protections



(DH)



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chief has resigned in the wake of the WTO fiasco, and everyone is setting their sights on Mayor Schell. I just hope in the wake of all the vandalism and police getting out of control, that in the end everyone will remember what started this all, the WTO. One final word, the punx in the Northwest came out in droves to the protests—it was totally awesome. There were members of probably 100 bands down there, crossing every genre and sub-genre and party line, all united against the corporations and the cops—that fucking rules! I've put a bunch more pictures from the protests on my website at: www.10things.com if you want to see more. —Dan Halligan

Why We Were Mad in Seattle: How the WTO is Organized, Operates, Intends to Destroy You and the World You Live in

Immediately following WWII, a far-sighted generation of elite capitalist leaders began constructing several international institutions that would profoundly reconfigure the global economy. Designed to rebuild state economies and determine "rules of the road" for governments and their future (re)development, the IMF, World Bank, and GATT were the most powerful—and potentially dangerous—economic agreements in the post-War era. Forty-five years later, Seattle exploded with masses of people who protested the range of abuses fostered by the most dubious current manifestation of one of these organizations. Established in 1995, the World Trade Organization (WTO) replaced the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), exponentially increasing the former trade agreement's power and scope.

For all of the media fanfare, the actual organization, processes, scope, and problems of the WTO have not been presented clearly. This article will attempt to explain what the WTO is, how it works, and how it pits the developed nations and corporate profits against developing nations, workers, and the environment. As a piece of nearly cryptic international legislation, the WTO is painfully difficult to understand; as it is an internationally-binding treaty that has profound implications for most people and things in the world, it is important to try.

The WTO consists of 135 nations and it serves to enforce a

are domestic subsidies, export subsidies, and tariffs. Domestic subsidies are given to domestic industries in the process of production; export subsidies are given to industries in the process of exporting goods; and, tariffs are taxes that are placed on import goods from other countries. Taken together, these protections are designed to help domestic producers by strengthening their position in their own country and helping them compete in other countries. These protections are particularly important for developing countries because their industries are not as strong as those in the developed countries.

Market access simply refers to how much a given country protects its own domestic producers by giving them subsidies and imposing tariffs against other country's producers. If a country has stringent controls, it is said to have low market access, and vice versa.

The WTO enforces "intellectual property rights" which is a generic name for patents, copyrights, and trademarks. Although the legislation is still fuzzy, this means that member countries must honor the intellectual property of other member countries and provide royalties for product usage in the same way that royalties are enforced in domestic economies.

Once again, the primary focus of the WTO is to eliminate or severely decrease domestic economic protections, increase market access, and further enforce intellectual property rights between member countries. Although more complicated, the bottom-line for this move toward "free" trade is to allow large multinational corporations to operate and sell their goods in other countries without being challenged by smaller domestic industries or taxed in the form of tariffs. The enforcement of intellectual property rights privileges corporations that hold trademarks, copyrights, and patents by forcing every member nation to abide by these rights and pay the according royalties. It is important to understand that the WTO represents nations and their corporate lobbies. The most powerful nations within the WTO—the US, Japan, Canada, and the countries of the European Union—have the most dominant corporations and the greatest vested interest in supporting their interests.

If the WTO codes simply served to obliterate competition for large multinational corporations by eliminating domestic economic protections, it would likely have slipped under most every activist's radar screen. Indeed, prior to 1995 under the GATT codes, the trade agreement was largely unnoticed. However, when the GATT turned into the WTO in 1995 and the "Uruguay Round" (the negotiations for the WTO took



labor's interests. Secondly, while the decisions of the WTO are of great consequence for workers, the environment, and consumers, the decision-making process operates in secret. Maybe you have heard people like Clinton and others sing a tune that goes like this: "we need more openness, more transparency, and democracy in the WTO." Of course this is bullshit aimed at mollifying critics, but what he is referring to is the secretive process of the WTO. Documents, hearings, and briefs in the WTO are confidential. Furthermore, only national governments, with the input of corporate lobbies, are allowed to participate in and appeal decisions. There is not a single labor, environmental, or social representative in the WTO. Lastly, although each country has one vote, the Quad countries—Japan, US, European Union, and Canada—set most of the agendas for discussions and make the most powerful proposals. Moreover, after proposals have been made, these countries determine which other countries they want to negotiate with regarding these proposals.

"BY TEN A.M. THE POLICE WERE USING BATONS AND RUBBER BULLETS ON

place in Uruguay) codes took effect, the power and range of the organization took an exponential leap. The new WTO included a huge list of "non-tariff barriers to trade" that it intended to eliminate within the domestic economies of member countries. These "non-tariff barriers to trade," which were primarily lobbied for by multinational corporations, include food safety laws, product standards, tax laws, investment policies, and environmental standards. Here we begin to see why everyone from labor unions to punks to environmentalists to weirdo Christians turned up in Seattle.

You have probably read or heard that the WTO interferes with national sovereignty and reverses countries' domestic legislation. Well, it does. Here is how it does and where these "non-tariff barriers to trade" come into effect. Because the WTO is an enforceable International treaty, member countries must oblige its accords or face severe trade penalties. Again, when the WTO was GATT, it was an agreement rather than a treaty. Therefore, if a country violated one of its "rules" it would simply piss off the other countries. Under the WTO, member countries who have even minimal domestic standards in the form of labor and environmental legislation, product standards, or other domestic laws must rescind those laws if other countries prove that they unfairly interfere with "free" trade. There is a "dispute settlement body" within the WTO that listens to these cases and decides whether or not a country's domestic legislation "unfairly" discriminates against free trade. The WTO cannot directly force a country to erase its domestic legislation, but it can allow other nations to impose severe economic and trade sanctions on the "offending" nation. Most countries, particularly developing countries, cannot afford these sanctions and revoke domestic legislation that the WTO deems unfair.

I'm going to throw out a few more concepts and then give some examples of how the WTO enforces its rulings and reverses even minimal domestic protections.

Decisions in the WTO are made by consensus, and each country has one vote. Theoretically, any country can block any decision. However, the WTO does not operate like your local collective, and its decisions are far from democratic.

First of all, the only interests that are represented in the WTO decision-making process are corporate and governmental. Many of the actual WTO representatives are on the board of directors for various corporations. For example, Donald Fisher, the president of GAP, is the US WTO representative for textile trade and policy. That means that GAP and other clothing manufacturers' profits are represented, not

als. The developing countries and their interests are usually not included in these negotiations because they are often at odds with what the developed countries want. After proposals are negotiated, they are voted on by every member of the WTO. Therefore, if a proposal comes to a vote, all of the powerful countries have already met consensus about the issue, and the developing countries must vote for or against these dominant blocs. Technically, developing countries can veto decisions, however they usually cannot afford the political consequences of doing so.

We've seen how the WTO destroys domestic competition and privileges multinational corporations, favors the developed countries and their corporate interests over developing countries and protective legislation, and how the decisions of the WTO are secretive and undemocratic. Keeping these principles in mind, we can look at examples of how domestic legislation has been undone due to WTO's rules about "non-tariff barriers to trade."

It is illegal for members of the WTO to have domestic legislation that sets limits or controls how things are manufactured, harvested, or otherwise produced. This is the prominent piece of legislation that most overtly defecates on the environment and workers. Here are some examples: in the well-publicized "shrimp/turtle case," four Asian nations challenged provisions of the US Endangered Species Act that required shrimp to be harvested with "turtle excluder devices." The Asian nations argued that this law unfairly discriminated against Asian harvesting methods and that it was illegal in the WTO to legislate how goods are harvested or manufactured. The WTO appellate board agreed and prescribed sanctions against the US. Currently, the US is rewriting the provision to be WTO compliant.



In another publicized case, the US challenged a European Union ban on the sale of beef from cattle that have been raised with certain bovine growth hormones. The US argued that the EU's ban unjustly discriminated against US agri-business, and that there was no scientific evidence that hormone-treated beef was dangerous. The WTO ruled in favor of the US and declared that the EU must change their legislation by May 13, 1999, or suffer severe sanctions. The EU will no longer be allowed to protect their farmers and consumers from hormone-treated beef, because it was ruled that the ban unfairly sets limits on production methods.

Venezuela, on behalf of its oil industry, challenged a US Clean Air Act regulation that required gas refiners to produce cleaner gas. The US regulation stipulated that foreign oil manufacturers who sell gasoline to US markets must comply with certain EPA standards. The WTO agreed with Venezuela that the requirement was an unfair "non-tariff barrier to trade." In 1997, the EPA changed the Clean Air Act and erased this provision, acknowledging that this change "creates a potential for adverse environmental impact."

There is a bizarre potential case that Japan wants to take to the WTO if intellectual property rights are further strengthened. A Japanese culinary corporation is arguing that it was the first producer of curry and that it has a patent on its further production and use. Certainly you are wondering if Japanese food actually uses curry and to be honest, I have no idea. Nonetheless, the point is this: if intellectual property rights are further enforced, Japan has committed to press the WTO to

that is relatively unprecedented. Fortunately, as the other articles in this section testify, people are now watching and fighting back. The WTO represents and enforces global capitalism in its most powerful and egregious form. Hopefully what happened in Seattle will be a growing movement rather than a glowing moment. It seems lame and cliche to say, but you have to do it yourselves.

—Jason Crandell

Violent Brick-throwing Anarchists?

There has been a lot of talk in the media and in our own communities about those violent brick-throwing anarchists who disrupted the more peaceful protests at the WTO and are, according to some, to be held responsible for the violence that followed. The corporate media is creating the above myth, and many others, about what happened in Seattle. That is to be expected. Unfortunately, many of those same myths are being repeated in our own communities. These myths keep dialogue in our community at a very superficial level—for example, they do not allow for a distinction between violence to people and damage to property. While it is

“NG TEAR GAS, PEPPERSPRAY, WOODEN THE EFUL PROTESTERS”

important to dialogue about what happened and what tactics were used, it is very important that we do not let media lies divide and dictate the scope of our discussion. In this article I hope to dispel some of these myths.

In the past fifteen years, I have worked on everything from peace movement prayer vigils to large-scale riots both here and in Europe. To me, non-violence is a tactic (one that has been used very effectively at times), not a lifestyle. In Seattle I helped coordinate logistics for the actions and was thus in radio contact with the communications, legal and medical teams providing support. This

enforce the payment of royalties on every goddamn dish of curry that is served in restaurants of WTO member nations. Trust me, I'm not creative enough to have made up this story.

With WTO regulations that stipulate that domestic legislation cannot regulate how goods are produced, workers, particularly in developing nations, are unprotected. Labor is part of the manufacturing process. What we see therefore is the legislative codification of capital over labor in terms of global trade.

The WTO, for all of its confusing legalese, serves to lubricate the bowels of global capitalism by eliminating domestic competition and assuring corporations that they do not have to conform to labor or environmental standards in the countries that they produce, manufacture, or harvest their goods. There has been a profound shift in manufacturing from the First World to the Third World as corporations have sought cheaper labor and lower environmental protections. This has pushed wages down in the developed countries, saddled developing countries with grossly underpaid manufacturing jobs, further destroyed the environment and greatly accelerated the profits of multinational corporations. The WTO has greased this shift by eliminating protective domestic legislation and removing subsidies and tariffs.

The WTO opens the doors for corporations to more efficiently and fully pillage the environment, escape or reverse domestic legislation, and reap huge profits. In the process, you and the world you live in are fucked on a scale



position gave me an overview of many of the events that occurred. **Myth #1** The police used tear gas, rubber bullets and beatings in response to property damage caused by the violent protesters. I remember clearly that the police first used tear gas when people had blockaded the limos of the delegates and the police realized that the WTO was really shut down. At that point they first attempted to move people by using fire extinguishers full of pepper spray. When it became clear that both the numbers and the tenacity of people was not going to make that possible, the police escalated to using increasingly violent tactics, such as beatings, tear gas, and concussion grenades. Even according to the police bands, the property damage by protesters occurred after their escalation. Also one of our lawyers saw a memo in the jail telling the police that we intended to fill the jails beyond their capacity using non-violent tactics. The memo discouraged arrests. So using the above violence to attempt to drive people out of downtown was part of their plan. This fact makes it clear that our effectiveness in shutting down the WTO was responsible for their escalation in violence, and not some windows getting smashed.

Myth #2 The protesters were randomly destroying things with no sense of the issues involved. All of the damage seen in the media or by people was to large corporate chain stores, such as Starbucks, McDonalds, The Gap, Nike, Banks etc. Since issues surrounding the WTO are all about corporate interests versus those of regular people, damaging corporate property is very much related to why people came to Seattle. The fact that there have been no confirmed stories of small businesses getting destroyed shows that people were very exact in their aim. Comparing our actions to the damage done by the cops to both people and property makes it clear who was more random with their destruction.

Myth #3 The protesters were violent. If there were thousands of violent protesters on the streets battling it out with the police, then where are all the injured cops? The only incident of injured police reported was one in which the cops were hit by one of their own vans. If large numbers of protesters had been truly intent on being violent toward the police, I am convinced there would have been injuries to cops. The amount of violence caused by the police both to protesters and to random citizens of Seattle is not even denied by the corporate media and was very evident to anyone near any of the clinics we set up.

Myth #4 The violent protesters were disrespectful to non-violent protesters. The tensions between people in our movement, who believe in different tactics, are long-standing and in any frightening street situation they tend to be expressed. In my experience, there

don't make those distinctions any more." I hope that this increased sense of cooperation continues, as it will only make us stronger.

Myth #5 The protesters were a disorganized mob. If that is true, then how did we manage to shut down the WTO for five hours? How did we remain in the streets for days despite brutal attacks by the police, who have spent much time and money preparing for this event? How did we hold a squat for days? How did we help the police chief resign and probably ruin the career of the mayor? This myth is almost too absurd to address. It tries to turn our victory into an accident. Those of you who were there know that months of planning and organizing all over the country went into this action. That effort, and ten of the most amazing days of workshops and spokes council meetings, which coordinated thousands of people into affinity groups, helped create a mass action that people will remember for a long time to come.

The above facts make it clear to me that the police violence was a direct result of our effectiveness in shutting down the WTO. Our actions, even the midst of a police riot, were well organized and our targets well chosen. On our part, little violence against people occurred. It is important that discussions about tactics continue, but it seems more important that we distinguish between violence against people and property damage (even then, between damage to corporate interests and small business). It is time we stop blaming each other for violence perpetrated by the state and start working together. The level of organization on the 30th was a large factor in making it possible to accomplish so much. To me the actions against the WTO are not only a clear victory for us, but hopefully also the beginning of continued cooperation between many different groups of people in our communities.

—M. Vermont



We Won!

I was going to write a piece detailing what I did during the five days I was up in Seattle, but I decided instead I should gloat.

The World Trade Organization's first meeting went virtually unnoticed. But its far-reaching effects were felt even if people didn't know whose decisions were affecting them. A perfect example of the power of the WTO is NAFTA. Everyone is familiar with NAFTA, but how many people know it was originally drafted by the World Trade Organization? People are no longer going to put up with an



is always disrespect shown by both sides, though what is always interesting to me is the violent tactics supposedly non-violent people will use in order to stop, not the destruction of people, but merely that of property. I saw some and heard of many more instances in which people damaging property were screamed at, threatened, grabbed, pushed, slapped, and punched by people out of our own community, who call themselves non-violent. However, to be fair, there was violence on both sides and as I mentioned, these conflicts are not new. What I found very inspiring, though, was that as the actions went on and people stayed in the streets together, in spite of the police brutality, many people showed each other more respect and engaged in dialogue that seemed to find common ground. There seemed to be an increased understanding on the part of many people that differences in tactics do not keep us from working together and that the real source of violence is the police and, by extension, the state. As one person in a meeting on Friday 12/3 expressed, when a representative from another group asked us to keep our violent friends away from their demo, "We

unelected body of rich people making decisions that effect our every day lives. The WTO is so secure in its power that it doesn't even feel it is necessary to pull up facades of democracy any more. But we threatened that security.

We Won! Let Us Count the Ways We Won

We won because we effectively stopped the first day of the World Trade Organization's meeting. We won because no matter how the media tried to make us look bad, the pictures showed how unnecessarily brutal the cops were. We won because everyone is talking about the WTO and the demonstrations and people who knew nothing about the WTO before are asking important questions. We won because the chief of police in Seattle resigned.

But the most important part of winning was that a new generation of radicals learned that we can win. That we do not need to go constantly to demos with 100 people and less. That we do not need to do this work solely for the purpose of carrying hope over to the next generation. Now we know that we can win.

We have an important opportunity. We are in a moment of growth. We feel empowered. We need to take advantage of this opportunity and make sure we don't squander away this valuable chance we have by arguing amongst ourselves.

Everyone I know on the left is arguing about property damage. It is something we need to work out inside the left. We need to learn how to deal with our differences internally and show a united front.

To me it's obvious that property damage is a tactic that makes sense when you are fighting capitalism and multinational corporations. In my opinion, activists fighting capitalism cannot hold property as sacred without sacrificing what they're fighting for.

But my opinion is besides the point. The point as I see it, is that if we are going to have a large growing movement we need to find a way to be respectful of each other both in terms of ideas and tactics.

That goes both ways—it means the people who take part in property damage need to not partake of their tactics if there is already a group who is against those tactics engaged in action. But it also means that people who don't believe in property damage as a tactic need to get out of the way of people who do. It's kinda like the issue of abortion. If you don't believe in abortion, don't have one, but don't think that you should get to impose your beliefs on everyone else. The same thing holds true of property damage. If you don't believe in property damage, don't do it, but don't try to impose your beliefs on other people. Just get out of the way.

So I want to end by reminding everyone to take a moment out of their busy schedules to rejoice. To relish in victory. We do not, as a movement, feel this kind of success often enough, and part of remaining sustainable is remembering to pat ourselves on the back and celebrate our victories.

—Snag

The WTO protests exceeded everyone's expectations. As a participant in many demonstrations over the last 15 years, I have to admit I've gotten a little used to losing. You vow to "shutdown" some evil thing or another, then get arrested or dispersed quickly with little or no obvious effect. But tens of thousands of people came to Seattle and actually shut down a whole day of WTO talks, shed light on what the WTO is, advanced a growing alliance between organized labor and environmentalists, and made connections, contacts and plans for the future. So call me a junkie for immediate gratification, but it was one of the most hopeful and inspiring weeks of my

tory globalism themselves (Nike—sweatshops, Old Navy — deforestation, Starbucks — predatory chain store policies and the extension of monoculture). The mayor declared Martial Law, called in the National Guard and arrested as many people as he could while Bill Clinton was in town. Despite tear-gassing and police violence, anti-WTO demonstrations went on almost every hour of the day until the end of the conference.

Off the streets, an international counter-conference was held which discussed the impact of the WTO on the world. The WTO itself officially ended with squabbling and disagreements, no doubt partially brought on by the strength of the demonstrations. We can be assured that the WTO and the politics behind it aren't going away though. A counter-spin on the conference will probably be underway while this issue is being distributed, highlighting Bill Clinton as a champion of labor, Free Trade as good for "developing" countries and small farmers, protesters as violence-prone fanatics, and other silly ideas.

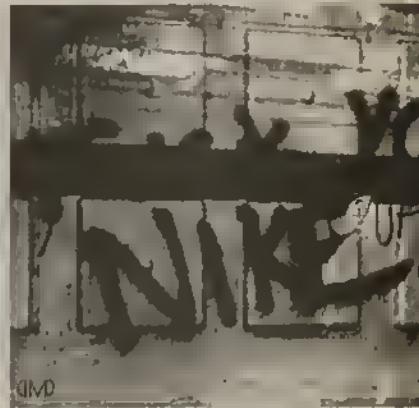
The public discussion has already shifted from almost total ignorance of the WTO to an acknowledgement that the WTO is undemocratic and needs reform or dismantling. As Ralph Nader put it in a speech at the counter-convention, "(WTO opponents) broke through to the media in a way that will never be suppressed again."

Probably this will lead to token inclusion on some advisory board or another for right wing labor leaders (Jimmy Hoffa anyone?) and/or tamed, contrite, enviro-bureaucrats. Combined with efforts to divide the growing labor/environmentalist alliance (The Alliance for Sustainable Jobs and the Environment, a Steelworker-Environmentalist alliance, was one of many groups on the frontlines November 30) this is what we need to be on guard for in the coming months. As a member of a worker-run health food store, a labor/environmentalist alliance in microcosm, this alliance is something I've been desiring for years, without the hope it would actually happen in my lifetime. Seattle gave me that hope back.

—Gordon Zola.

Shotwell Plays Live at the Riots

The WTO conference was finally coming to America and my friends and I weren't about to miss our chance to protest it. (The talks usually consist of ways to override existing laws that protect labor rights as well as environmental and health issues in the interest of corporate greed!) Held in rainy Seattle the week of November 29 to December 3, we arrived on the "eve of destruction"



that would be Monday night. The first place we stopped was the 420 space where Direct Action Network had its headquarters. Everyone in there was hustling about, preparing for the Protest of the Century. Everything from nonviolent protest workshops, to radio and medical support team meetings, to puppet and banner making, was going on all at once. I was impressed by the amount of work and organization that was going on there.

We woke up at six a.m. to head over to the Seattle City Community College on Broadway where people were amassing to march. It was one of many spots where people were meeting to eventually converge downtown. As we marched and chanted, we got to a bridge and a few people started constructing this teepee/pole structure; this guy climbed up a rope to the top and sat up there while others locked themselves to the base of it. No cars were gonna get by that sucker!

It was pretty amazing to see people from all walks of life come

life.

Though it usually operates in secret, every couple of years the WTO emerges from its hole like a rabid groundhog, looking for good press and photo ops while it tries to spread its virus of globalization and corporate control to the few parts of the world that remain relatively uninfected. Unlike Punxatawny Pete however, this year's appearance wasn't met by a bored and subservient press, but a hostile and educated group of people determined to use Seattle as a showcase for what is wrong with giving further power to government bureaucrats and tools of Western corporate capitalism to run the planet.

Most anyone who was interested no doubt has heard or read about what happened on the streets of Seattle. Extremely well organized affinity groups closed down the Seattle Convention Center and most of downtown, effectively canceling the first day of meetings. The police responded with tear gas and rubber bullets. Some downtown stores got trashed, mostly ones with well-publicized histories of pred-



together for one cause, activists and non-activists alike. There were anarchists and environmentalists as well as labor and religious groups, and many more, to total a good 50,000 people taking over Downtown Seattle! The anarchists (Black Tornado) zoomed up and down the streets in a frenzy and left behind was a lot of broken windows and graffiti-filled walls. Stores like Nike, GAP, Adidas, Old Navy, Nordstrom's, Planet Hollywood, various banks, and the Disney Store were targeted. Conflict arose between the anarchists and other protesters who didn't approve of their work, calling it violent.

But come on, people. Property damage and violence are two different things! Violence is when you get tear-gassed and shot with rubber bullets! I personally thought the vandalism was a great "Fuck You!" to the corporations that are making people's lives miserable all around the world.

Some of the tactics used to prevent delegates from getting into the Convention Center included lock-downs and human chains at the intersections surrounding the WTO meetings. When a delegate was spotted, a group of protesters would run up to boo and hiss, but also hit with a battery of questions. Some delegates agreed with us, while others tried to get out of there as fast as possible.



Did I forget to mention the police that crawled through the streets of Downtown, looking like Robo Cops/Darth Vader? Still, we were able to pretty much take over the bulk of Downtown. The cops threw tear gas at us to try to make us leave, but when the air was cleared we just got right back up there. I was in the front lines during one of the gassings and got it bad: I could barely breath because my insides were burning, as well as my face. The friendly volunteer medics rushed over to pour water in my eyes and nose. Someone else gave me a mixture of lime juice and baking soda to neutralize the effects, which worked great. It was a warzone, I tell you.

Yet in spite of that, celebration was taking place in the streets. The Teamsters had a sound system in front of the Westin which was blasting music. The anarchist drumming band was quite a sight, as they drummed in unison through the streets, all of them wearing gas masks. Puppets, chanters, singers and dancers mixed in with the waves of people going one way or another. At noon came the arrival of the sanctioned march that brought 40,000 people.

A group of people managed to climb up the face of Niketown and were covering it in graffiti and signs. A friend of mine told me a news cameraman was filming the kids tearing down the Niketown. My friend said, "Hey, they don't have masks on, don't film them." The cameraman said, "If they're stupid enough to not wear masks, I'm gonna film them." My friend wielded a pair of wire cutters and soon the cameraman no longer had a picture!

Throughout the day my friends spread the word that we were going to have a generator show with a keg right in the middle of Downtown, 8th and Pike to be exact. It was a free-for-all. Shotwell played, as well as random people who improvised, including some freestyle rappers. Protesters would stop in, have a beer, and proceed to march. We had a front-row view of the riot police going by in armored personnel carriers, throwing tear gas and concussion grenades at protesters as the seven PM curfew loomed nearer.

After an hour and a half, the cops finally got curious and one of

them walked over, asking, "What's going on here?" "A birthday party," I replied. "What the hell is this?" the cop said, pointing to the half-drunk keg. I smiled smugly and said, "root beer." With a disgusted look the cop said, "I don't care what it is, just put it away!" He also added that the music had to stop, so we told him that when the song was over, we would stop. That song lasted for a good twenty minutes! As the curfew came into effect, we packed our gear and drove back to Direct Action Network headquarters. As we left the parking lot we had just played in, our friend jumped out and cut the wires to a news media truck! All in a good day's work, indeed!

I was up there one week and in that week about five hundred protesters were arrested. We held a vigil in front of the jail until they were freed. The DAN met with the chief of police, the prosecutor and the mayor for about three days until they reached an agreement: everyone involved whose charges weren't dismissed was going to get a trial. People were gassed, beaten, and arrested, but that didn't stop us from shutting down the WTO!

- Ivy McClelland



Report from one section of the anarchist black bloc during Seattle's WTO

On November 30, several groups of individuals in black bloc attacked various corporate targets in downtown Seattle.

This activity lasted for over five hours and involved the breaking of storefront windows and doors and defacing of facades. Slingshots, newspaper boxes, sledge hammers, mallets, crowbars and nail-pullers were used to strategically destroy corporate property and gain access (one of the three targeted Starbucks and Niketown were looted). Eggs filled with glass etching solution, paint-balls and spray-paint were also used.

The black bloc was a loosely organized cluster of affinity groups and individuals who roamed around downtown, pulled this way by a vulnerable and significant storefront and that way by the sight of a police formation. Unlike the vast majority of activists who were pepper-sprayed, tear-gassed and shot at with rubber bullets on several occasions, most of our section of the black bloc escaped serious injury by remaining constantly in motion and avoiding engagement with the police. We buddied up, kept tight and watched each other's backs. Those attacked by federal thugs were unarrested by quick-thinking and organized members of the black bloc. The sense of solidarity was awe inspiring.

THE PEACE POLICE

Unfortunately, the presence and persistence of "peace police" was quite disturbing. On at least six separate occasions, so-called "non-violent" activists physically attacked indi-





violent" activists physically attacked individuals who targeted corporate property. Some even went so far as to stand in front of the NikeTown super store and tackle and shove the black bloc away. Indeed, such self-described "peace-keepers" posed a much greater threat to individuals in the black bloc than the notoriously violent uniformed "peace-keepers" sanctioned by the state (undercover officers have even used the cover of the activist peace-keepers to ambush those who engage in corporate property destruction).

RESPONSE TO THE BLACK BLOC

Response to the black bloc has highlighted some of the contradictions and internal oppressions of the "nonviolent activist" community. Aside from the obvious hypocrisy of those who engaged in violence against black-clad and masked people (many of whom were harassed despite the fact that they never engaged in property destruction), there is the racism of privileged activists who can afford to ignore the violence perpetrated against the bulk of society and the natural world in the name of private property rights. Window-smashing has engaged and inspired many of the most oppressed members of Seattle's community more than any giant puppets or sea turtle costumes ever could (not to disparage the effectiveness of those tools in other communities).

TEN MYTHS ABOUT THE BLACK BLOC

Here's a little something to dispel the myths that have been circulating about the N30 black bloc:

1. "They are all a bunch of Eugene anarchists." While a few may be anarchists from Eugene, we hail from all over the United States, including Seattle. In any case, most of us are familiar with local issues in Seattle (for instance, the recent occupation of downtown by some of the most nefarious of multinational retailers).

2. "They are all followers of John Zerzan." A lot of rumors have been circulating that we are followers of John Zerzan, an anarcho-primitivist author from Eugene who advocates property destruction. While some of us may appreciate his writings and analyses, he is in no sense our leader, directly, indirectly, philosophically or otherwise.

3. "The mass public squat is the headquarters of the anarchists who destroyed property on November 30th." In reality, most of the people in the "Autonomous Zone" squat are residents of Seattle who have spent most of their time since its opening on the 28th in the squat. While they may know of one-another, the two groups are not co-extensive and in no case could the squat be considered the headquarters of people who destroyed property.

4. "They escalated situations on the 30th, leading to the tear-gassing of passive, non-violent protesters." To answer this, we need only note that tear-gassing, pepper-spreying and the shooting of rubber bullets all began before the black blocs (as far as we know) started engaging in property destruction. In addition, we must resist the tendency to establish a causal relationship between police repression and protest in any form, whether it involved property destruction or not. The police are charged with protecting the interests of the wealthy few and the blame for the violence cannot be placed upon those who protest those interests.

5. Conversely: "They acted in response to the police repression." While this might be a more positive representation of the black bloc, it is nevertheless false. We refuse to be misconstrued as a purely reactionary force. While the logic of the black bloc may not make sense to some, it is in any case a pro-active logic.

6. "They are a bunch of angry adolescent boys." Aside from the fact

that it belies a disturbing ageism and sexism, it is false. Property destruction is not merely macho rabble-rousing or testosterone-laden angst release. Nor is it displaced and reactionary anger. It is strategically and specifically targeted direct action against corporate interests.

7. "They just want to fight." This is pretty absurd, and it conveniently ignores the eagerness of "peace police" to fight us. Of all the groups engaging in direct action, the black bloc was perhaps the least interested in engaging the authorities and we certainly had no interest in fighting with other anti-WTO activists (despite some rather strong disagreements over tactics).

8. "They are a chaotic, disorganized and opportunistic mob." While many of us could surely spend days arguing over what "chaotic" means, we were certainly not disorganized. The organization may have been fluid and dynamic, but it was tight. As for the charge of opportunism, it would be hard to imagine who of the thousands in attendance didn't take advantage of the opportunity created in Seattle to advance their agenda. The question becomes, then, whether or not we helped create that opportunity and most of us certainly did (which leads us to the next myth):

9. "They don't know the issues" or "they aren't activists who have been working on this." While we may not be professional activists, we've all been working on this convergence in Seattle for months. Some of us did work in our home-towns and others came to Seattle months in advance to work on it. To be sure, we were responsible for many hundreds of people who came out on the streets on the 30th, only a very small minority of which had anything to do with the black bloc. Most of us have been studying the effects of the global economy, genetic engineering, resource extraction, transportation, labor practices, elimination of indigenous autonomy, animal rights and human rights and we've been doing activism on these issues for many years. We are neither ill-informed nor unexperienced.

10. "Masked anarchists are anti-democratic and secretive because they hide their identities." Let's face it (with or without a mask)—we aren't living in a democracy right now. If this week has not made it plain enough, let us remind you—we are living in a police state. People tell us that if we really think that we're right, we wouldn't be hiding behind masks. "The truth will prevail" is the assertion. While this is a fine and noble goal, it does not jive with the present reality. Those who pose the greatest threat to the interests of Capital and State will be persecuted. Some pacifists would have us accept this persecution gleefully. Others would tell us that it is a worthy sacrifice. We are not so morose. Nor do we feel we have the privilege to accept persecution as a sacrifice: persecution to us is a daily inevitability and we treasure our few freedoms. To accept incarceration as a form of flattery betrays a large amount of "first world" privilege. We feel that an attack on private property is necessary if we are to rebuild a world which is useful, healthful and joyful for everyone. And this despite the fact that hyperprivileged private property rights in this country translate into felony charges for any property destruction over \$250.

MOTIVATIONS OF THE BLACK BLOC

The primary purpose of this communiqué is to diffuse some of the aura of mystery that surrounds the black bloc and make some of its motivations more transparent, since our masks cannot be.

ON THE VIOLENCE OF PROPERTY

We contend that property destruction is not a violent activity unless it destroys lives or causes pain in the process. By this definition, private property—especially corporate private property—is itself infinitely more violent than any action taken against it.

Private property should be distinguished from personal property. The latter is based upon use while the former is based upon trade. The premise of personal property is that each of us has what s/he needs. The premise of private property is that each of us has something that someone else needs or wants. In a society based on private property rights, those who are able to accrue more of what others need or want have greater power. By extension, they wield greater control over what others perceive as needs and desires, usually in the interest of increasing profit to themselves.

Advocates of "free trade" would like to see this process to its logical conclusion: a network of a few industry monopolists with ultimate control over the lives of everyone else. Advocates of "fair trade" would like to see this process mitigated by government regulations meant to superficially impose basic humanitarian standards. As anarchists, we despise both positions. Private property—and capitalism, by extension—is intrinsically violent and repressive and cannot be reformed or mitigated. Whether the power of everyone is concentrated into the hands of a few corporate heads or diverted into a regulatory apparatus charged with mitigating the di-



sasters of the latter, no one can be as free or as powerful as they could be in a non-hierarchical society.

When we smash a window, we aim to destroy the thin veneer of legitimacy that surrounds private property rights. At the same time, we exorcise that set of violent and destructive social relationships which has been imbued in almost everything around us. By "destroying" private property, we convert its limited exchange value into an expanded use value. A storefront window becomes a vent to let some fresh air into the oppressive atmosphere of a retail outlet (at least until the police decide to tear-gas a nearby road blockade). A newspaper box becomes a tool for creating such vents or a small blockade for the reclamation of public space or an object to improve one's vantage point by standing on it. A dumpster becomes an obstruction to a phalanx of rioting cops and a source of heat and light. A building facade becomes a message board to record brain-storm ideas for a better world.

After N30, many people will never see a shop window or a hammer the same way again. The potential uses of an entire cityscape have increased a thousand-fold. The number of broken windows pales in comparison to the number broken spells—spells cast by a corporate hegemony to lull us into forgetfulness of all the violence committed in the name of private property rights and of all the potential of a society without them. Broken windows can be boarded up (with yet more waste of our forests) and eventually replaced, but the shattering of assumptions will hopefully persist for some time to come.

Against Capital and State,
the ACME Collective

Disclaimer: these observations and analyses represent only those of the ACME Collective and should not be construed to be representative of the rest of the black bloc on N30 or anyone else who engaged in riot or property destruction that day.

One Medic's Story

We ran into the alley hoping to buy enough time to stop some of her bleeding and get a few gulps of air to soothe our own burning lungs. I had just enough time to press a little gauze against my patient's teeth and gums, now slick with blood, before we were once again enveloped in a fog of tear gas and pepper spray. The riot cops had discovered our impromptu clinic and wasted no time shutting it down. "Stop! This is a medical emergency!" called out another medic as he approached the line of police quickly advancing towards us through the alley. As he pleaded with the cops, two more tear gas canisters landed at his feet and rolled towards us. "Move," was all I needed to say and we ran again—snot pouring from our noses and into our throats, eyes streaming tears, our bodies trying frantically to resist the poisoned air. And still our patient bled from wounds we hadn't seen and struggled to breathe through a mouth full of blood and two lungs full of fire.

This was not what I signed up for. When the folks at Direct Action Network told me that they needed medics for the WTO protests, it seemed like a cool idea: activists with emergency medical

skills would get together to treat injured protesters and help out if the police got violent. But now, the police were hunting us down—actively stopping us from providing medical care to one of their victims.

We made it out of the alley, hooked left onto Pine, and ducked into the doorway of some store that had decided to board itself up for the week. And as we sheltered within this fortification, time suspended for a moment and I silently cursed the system which affords more protection to merchandise than to people's lives. The luxury of contemplation didn't last. Sarah (which is what I'll call her because I really can't remember her name and wouldn't tell if I did) was sobbing and shaking so hard that I couldn't even get a look into her mouth with my bike light. "Sarah... breathe... breathe... breathe. Sarah" I repeated this mantra as my partner Comet and a few others formed a human barricade against the insanity playing out up and down the block. As Sarah calmed down I was able to check out her injuries: a web of lacerations woven inside her cheeks and along her gums; swollen and bloodied lips; maybe some broken teeth; and all the signs of significant up-close exposure to tear gas. As I stopped the worst of the bleeding and Comet rinsed her eyes, Sarah began to tell us what had happened.

She had spent most of her day occupying a downtown intersection with other activists and protesters. Some people were locked down, others were sitting in, and still more were standing in rows facing off with police. Sarah was praying. Kneeling on the asphalt, she prayed for peace. Twenty feet away, the cops braced for war. And when they started shooting tear gas and rubber bullets, Sarah kept praying with eyes closed and hands clasped together at her chest maintaining her stance of non-violence in the face of police brutality.

Then, in their quest to seize the intersection, the Seattle police shot Sarah in the face with a tear gas canister. The metal can ricocheted off of Sarah's face and landed just in front of her, pointing its stream of poison directly at her as she gasped in pain from the impact. "I was only praying, how could they do this? I was only praying..."

As Sarah repeated her question, six riot cops in gas masks pushed into our circle. "What are you doing here?" demanded one of the cops, yelling through his gas mask and face shield. "We're helping this woman, she's injured." I replied—straining against my urge to smear the eye-holes of his gas mask with the blood soaked bandages I held in my hand. Another cop, cradling his baton, shook his head. "You people are out of control."

A doctor had joined our circle by this time and he agreed to take over Sarah's care. We moved towards the perimeter of the curfew area huddled around Sarah, reassuring her each time a concussion grenade exploded nearby. Comet and I had begun to rinse the gas and pepper spray out of our own eyes when we heard a man's frantic call coming from the clouded intersection behind us. "Medic... Medic!" Running back towards his voice we found a man on his hands and knees, gasping for breath and clutching his eyes...

Later that night I slumped down on the couch where I was staying to rest and consider our victory that day, the prices individuals paid for that victory, and the swift implementation of an overt police state in response to a peaceful protest.

I focused in on the television—dutifully turned on and tuned in to a local news cast. As I absorbed the coverage of "unrestrained anarchy" and "roving bands of hoodlums," there on the screen was Sarah. She was kneeling in the street praying, just as she'd described to us earlier. The camera crew must have thought she'd make a potent image—ideal for the highlights. And as the police moved in against her group, the camera dutifully panned away.

—Chris Martz



©D

note: no professional reporting was used in the making of this article

Radio Records

Label Spotlight

This interview took place in an alley in North Beach August 24th. Interview by Neale. Layout by Mundo.

MRR: Tell me how Radio Records began.

Johnny: Well when I was down in SO with The Undefeated, we recorded a tape for Ian at Chapter 11 up in Sonoma and we actually sent it to a bunch of labels and we sucked and no one wanted to put our record out, so we figured might as well do it ourselves cause no one else wanted to. But then Chapter 11 decided to do it and when I moved back to Sonoma, Ian was still doing Chapter 11 and I figured that it looked kinda fun and I was bored, so he kinda showed me the ropes.

MRR: So he really helped you out?

Johnny: Yeah, he gave me a list of distributors, told me where to get the vinyl done and he basically set me up with everything.

MRR: Do you do everything yourself for the label?

Johnny: Yeah, I do all the artwork, this, that... Uh basically, the band sends me their tape and I choose the songs that I want. And with the artwork I

don't censor, they can do whatever they want, I don't care. Also I do all the shipping, accounting, collecting, pay for it all, and pretty much everything. However, one time the band helped me stuff some records into the sleeves, but I had to bribe them though. I bought Rbe a new pair of sandals. He wore

has no real hair left, just sporadic patches on his scabbed up scalp. He has about 4 or 5 wigs that he uses, but I got him a new curly haired wig. Finally, I got Harley some new leopard skin bikini underwear. He has the same pair of zebra skin ones on since the early 80's.

MRR: That's nice of you. So,

how many hours a week do you put into your label?

Johnny: Well, I work 40 hours a week and on top of that I average a couple hours a day on the label.

MRR: 10 to 15 hours a week?

Johnny: Yeah, probably 15 to 20.

MRR: What are some of the day

to day things that you do that the average person doesn't know about?

Johnny: When you do everything yourself, there's always something that needs to be done. If there's a 7" out soon, you need to do the artwork or the label for it. There's always trying to get money from the distributors, I do a catalog, um coordinating things, paying people...

MRR: You do all that right?

Johnny: Yeah, actually when I first started, all of these labels would call me up and say that



NOT PICTURED SCOTT AND HARLEY A.K.A. THE HOG

his old pair out walking around in the rain for 4 straight days without sleeping in the biggest hailstorm that Sonoma had ever seen, then he just huddled himself up in a soggy, old gunny-sack and did about 200 laps around the whole town.

MRR: Yeah, I heard about that.

Johnny: By the end of the week, his feet looked like rotten roast beef. He must have put 1000 miles on those sandals. Then I bought Scott a new wig. He has been going through chemo and

The

THE SHIFTERS TRUST FUND BABIES

they wanted to trade, say 5 of mine for 5 of theirs. So when I first started, I traded with everyone so I ended up with a bunch of crap (laughter). You know, a bunch of shitty music that I couldn't sell so... I've kinda stopped trading right now cause I have stacks of other people's records that I can't sell, so I'd rather just try and sell my own stuff. If it's really something good then I'll trade, but in general I don't trade anymore cause... well I better not say. Too much crap in the bargain bin (laughter). My bargain bin looks like Abe's stack (laughter).

MRR: What do you do for a living anyhow?

Johnny: I'm an engineer at a place that makes pumps.

MRR: With all this stuff that you do: 48 hours a week at your job, your label, playing in a band, etc., do you have any free time?

Johnny: I have plenty of free time, I put my free time basically ahead of everything.

MRR: I know that, I think all the promoters know that too (laughter).

Johnny: Usually I try to go home right after work and get some label related things done so things don't stack up.

MRR: What do you do with what free time that you have?

Johnny: Drink beer and collect records. What else? Me, Scott and a few friends are on a bowling

team. The Radio Records bowling team, we came in last place last year. We also have the Radio Records softball team that came in second to last place last year, but we're getting better (laughter). I'm usually trying to keep myself busy, but everything in Sonoma revolves around alcohol. What have you put out thus far and what are your future releases?

Johnny: Well, the first release was The Randumbus EP. Basically because Ian had set me up with the label and also I figured, mine as well start with a Sonoma band that I already know. Also I knew that it would sell and that with my first release I wouldn't have 500 records stuck on my shelf, but it was a really good one to start with because it sold really well. What else? The Disappointments from Pennsylvania. I've done 2 7" by them. The Shifters from San Francisco. I did a 7" with them and I'm doing a full length with them as well. There's also a 7" by No One's Victim from Fresno who just put out a full length on Cyclone. That one was kinda taking over from Ian at Chapter 1 cause he was kinda goin under.

MRR: So Ian shows you the ropes and hooks you up and then you put him out of business? (laughter)

Johnny: I took over the Sonoma label scene (laughter). No, I think that he was getting over it at the time and it just so happens that

he was gonna do a 7" with No One's Victim so I just kinda took it over. But yeah, he ended up selling his label to another guy in The Randumbus for a Hustler, a pizza and a 12 pack (laughter). He still had like 200 CD's and a bunch of 7"s... Well, it was a Hustler, a pack of smokes and a 12 pack (laughter).

MRR: Is this a real story?

Johnny: Yeah, Mike Nouak. Chapter 1's allie against Bul Ian still kinda does work with him. I hear he still hasn't got his Hustler either (laughter).

MRR: So Radio Records is more or less for fun?

Johnny: Yeah (laughs). When you do like 500 pressings of a 7", you don't make money.

MRR: You're doing some full lengths soon though right?

Johnny: Yeah, by the time that this is out, there'll be a Bodies 6 song CD EP, The Shifters full length. Oh and I'm also doing The Trust Fund Babies 7". Those guys are a bunch of retards (laughter). Talk about your drunks... I've been doing this label for 2 1/2 years now and I've made squat. Not that I'm in it to make money, but I did run into a little gambling problem which slowed my progress.

MRR: Oh no, bet it all on black? (laughter)

Johnny: The first 4 Radio Records releases got lost on shitty sports bets. Which is why from the N.O.U. record and the second Disappointments record, there was

J 813833236
Wardrobe (U.S. 10)

the RANDUMBS NO ONE'S VICTIM

like 9 months in between. I just lost all my money (laughter)... now I have to do some CD's and get my money back. It takes about 3-4 7"s for them to start paying for themselves and you see some money. You don't have to pay money out of your own pocket, they just re-generate themselves, but I blew those funds so it's time to do some CD's.

MRR: What about distribution, do you feel that you have good distribution?

Johnny: I feel that I have good distribution. I pretty much deal with the same distributors that everyone else deals with. Everyone knows who the few ones out there that rip you off. But most are honest.

MRR: What's the process of deciding what bands you're gonna put out? Friends, word of mouth, demos...

Johnny: The only band that has been from a demo is The Disappointments. Even though I've gotten like 100 demos, 99 of them have been terrible.

MRR: Do you get a lot of alternative shit and stuff like that?

Johnny: No, mostly punk shit, but they all suck. You'd be amazed by how many shitty bands there are out there (laughter). No demos though, they're no good. But most the stuff that I've done like The Randumb's, our band, The Shifters, that compilation with the world stars, the Trust Fund

Babies... It's all people that I know already. But when you have no records out, no one really wants to do anything with you, because they don't think that you can distribute anything. But after the first couple of records it's easier to trick people into doing records with you (laughter). It's easier to trick em into thinking that you're a real label (laughter). (At this point Abe who's also in The Bodies shows up with a mouthful of soggy fishsticks that he found on the ground)

Abe: No matter what, you can count on some shitty graphics, care of Johnny's computer. (laughter)

Johnny: Abe, he wants to know about our tours.

Abe: Biggest dud you've ever heard of (laughter)

Johnny: We played 3 clubs in 3 nights to a total of 25 people.

Abe: "Up to no good" was what it was suppose to be titled as, but it should of been called "the empty club tour". It sucked cause their band watched your band so you had to stick around to watch their band and that was the worst part (laughter).

We had to watch The Trust Fund Babies 3 nights in a row, nothing could be worse than that. To see the Trust Fund Babies goddamn more than once (laughter)

MRR: Alright, so any advice to anyone starting a label?

Coming, soon...

Abe: (interrupting) If it's rare and it's raw, you better get em while you can cause Radio 77'll stab em on the ebay and rip you off.

MRR: Abe, what do you think about Johnny's label?

Abe: Besides his shitty taste in music, he has some pretty good stuff: The Shifters, Bouuer Wonderland, unfortunately for his label, he's put out a few of his own bands, which equals dogshit! (laughter) Don't pay money for John's shit! It'll be in the dollar bin before you know it (laughter)!

Johnny: That's the best place to find my stuff. The dollar bin at your local record store. (laughter)

MRR: Alright, any last words?

Abe: Don't forget The Purple Onion, The Lusty Lady or this sweet little alley when you're in North Beach.

Johnny: My advice to fans, columnists, bands, labels, etc., is to lighten up, have a sense of humor and quit taking everything so damn seriously. It's all shitty punk rock, it all sucks. Have a good time and quit worrying about what other people are gonna think.

Radio Records:

P.O. Box 1452

Sonoma CR 95476

email: www.radio77@uom.com

Radio Records



I'll admit it, I fucking love the retarded 7" single. I had a job function a few years back that revolved around endlessly shelving and reshelfing 7" singles, and I didn't mind one bit. If you look at the early days of punk vinyl it is immediately clear that singles were the only way to go for great punk moments; the number of totally great punk LPs is minute compared to the sea of spine-tingling 45s from the '70s and early '80s. Then something happened in the '80s. Singles started to die off a little bit, especially in

OBLIVIANS



CALL THE SHOTS

Carolyn Keddy

OBLIVIANS - "Call The Shots"

My favorite band of the '90s. Their first single, and the one that introduced me to them. Songs about your friends ("Jim Cole") are cool and "No Reason To Live" is an instant classic.

REATAROS - "You're So Lewd"

It's so catchy, so trashy...it's what would make my mother tell me to turn off that goddamn noise. Want to know what punk is? Listen to this.

MUMMIES - "Shitsville"

SINGLE LIFE IN THE 90S

The Decade's
Best 45s

the independent world. At least there were a lot fewer great ones. I really don't remember buying any new singles in 1986 (to pick a year at random), just used DAMNED or FLIP. PER 45s. Then, when I was working at this indie music distributor around 1989, the buyer was approached to pick up records by bands like PAVEMENT and the LAZY COWGIRLS, and it seems that the single started a big comeback right about then. Well, now it's the end of '90s and I'm wondering if we're looking at the end of the great punk 7" again. Don't get me wrong, there are still plenty of great ones coming out, but the 7" trickle I saw in 1990 turned into a tidal wave of shit within a few years.

As Mr. Mike Lucas puts it: "Okay, I'm sick and tired of sifting through bins to find yer single that has a great a-side that's gonna appear on the full-length anyway, and the b-side is some tossed-off cover; economy dictates that you skip the single and wait for the LP, which is gonna have the great song anyway and you don't have to spend the four bucks. And if a year passes with no full-length, then I go look up the single. Reduce, recycle and reuse!" The great ones are swept away by all the glorified demos and totally redundant 'postage stamps'.

Well, this decade can hold some great punk 45s to its chest as the firing squad levels their rifles. I got a few know-it-alls together one afternoon to expound on the state of the nation that was. Turns out I'm really obnoxious when I'm drunk; why didn't anyone tell me? The assembled were Mike Lucas, Scott Soriani (courtesy of the Sacramento Tourist Advisory Board), Jeff Heermann and me, Ryan, with Arwen as a late arrival. The group could loosely be described as 'garage'-types we got some of our hardcore brethren to contribute, so you should take a look at the other article for their picks.

I should note that a certain percentage of these records were put out by bands that never seriously toured, or that put out only one single, so supposition and the enforced mystery of the unknown plays a role in some of the descriptions that were contributed after the fact. The only rule on pleks was: no more than two duplications with any other list. It wasn't a problem; most of the lists are pretty personal in nature. So come up with yer own...

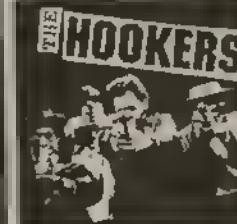
REATARDS



YOU'RE LEWD



Shitsville
THE MUMMIES



Some girls were making fun of my band (FORD) in the girl's room at the Chameleon in SF while I was in there. I relayed the story to Trent and he said, "Isn't that great?" Yeah, it is.

MOTARDS - "I'm A Criminal"

The MOTARDS' best recording. The guitars sound so right. They never achieved this sound again.

CANDY SNATCHERS - "Fuck My Family"

It was hard to pick one of their singles. The CANDY SNATCHERS have a distinctive sound and Matthew is the best guitar player in rock and roll.

BUNNY BRAINS - "For You I'd Kill"

I bought this one because Tim Yohannan liked it. Then I became BUNNY BRAINS' Number One Fan. They even wrote a song about me!

HOORERS - "Hiss My Fuckin' Ass"

The title says it all. All the bad elements of rock and roll.

BRAINBOMBS - "No Place"

Before the HELLOCOPTERS and all that new Swedish nonsense, was the BRAINBOMBS. The songs are mesmerizing, even though they are singing about sex and blood.

PERSUADERS - "Hot Stix"

I just love King Louie's voice.

VECTORS - "Some Raging Rock 'N' Roll"

The most underrated band in San Francisco. Great songs, played with the perfect amount of attitude. I never missed a show.

Icky Murmann

CANDYCIRL - "Oh Jackie Boy"

One of the best power-pop records ever. Amazingly catchy and fun.

CHINESE TAKEAWAY - "Plastic Passion"

From Germany; catchy, a little snotty and a lot of fun.

DICTATORS - "Who Will Save Rock 'N' Roll?"

The title says it all. This record can't be played loud enough...

OILLINGER FOUR - "Higher Aspirations Tempered and Oismandited"

This is their first 7". Picking which was the best was hard, so I just went with their first. They're a great band and great group of guys.

DISCOUNT - "Hor Last Day"

None of their singles are as good as their LPs, but this comes close.

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER - "Trundle & Spring"

East Bay so-called super group, back when Mike was still in the band and they were a little more raw.

RAGON - s/t

I listened to this record countless times when it came out. Studied for finals with this, skated to it. Poppy without sacrificing any power. Their LP is even more amazing.

REOS - s/t

The new torch-bearers of the raw Texas trash sound. Once I dropped the needle on this record, I couldn't stop listening to it.

RONNIE FUJIYAMA - "Coney Island"

The DEVIL DOGS plus 5-6-7-8's equal pure rock 'n' roll bliss. Two songs about Coney Island/New York that make me want to get fat on Nathan's hot dogs.

TURBONEGRO - "Get It On"

One of the best bands of the decade.

Jeff Heermann

SUPERCHARGER - "Icepick"

Their best, fastest and shortest record, before they fell into a formula and got wise to what they were doing (and found an audience). My copy was cracked and the hole was off-center, which only added to its charm.

Ryan W. says: "To this day I am amazed that anything ever came out of South City, which really is one of the most nowhere suburban holes."

Mike L. says: "Definitely the best Supercharger single; these are their best songs. If the GORIES had put out a single with their best song on it ("Feral"), it would be on my list."

LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN - "It's Hip to be Fucked Up"

You said it, and nobody understands the depths that the human soul can plumb more deeply than Mr. Beatman himself. I said it once and I'll say it again; the guy dredges up more hatred, disgust and bile with a single bass guitar and vocals than METALLICA could with the aid of the San Francisco Symphony.

Mike L. says: "They also put out a really great gospel 45, 'Beam Me Up Jesus'. The next trend will be atheist gospel."

Scott S. says: "Jeez, I might hafta take the CHICKENHEAD single off."

TONIGHT - "1978"

Leave it to the Japanese to turn an old BAGS cover ("Animal Call") inside out and back it up with two originals just as good. One of the crimes of the decade is that these kids never got around to releasing a full-length, but at least they spit out a couple singles (and one side of a split) before their amicable divorce.

PIRANHAS - "Garbage Can"

I give it such high marks 'cause it's a nasty garage punk record that doesn't rely on fucked-up cliches for its impact. An encouraging sign for the future, just when things looked their bleakest...there must have been another band with the same name by now, right?

MAO 3 - "Invader"

I actually prefer the MAD 3 over GUITAR WOLF, even though they're not really playing in the same sandbox and have even more in common visually than musically. Tough, mean and nimble like the best of DAVIE ALLAN or the surf band playing at the nearest Bar Mitzvah. Impassioned. The garbage-can production that plagued the band at points hadn't taken over at this early point, nor had the Green Hornet schtick.

Mike L. says: "Very unfairly, these guys are seen in the shadow of GUITAR WOLF. They have their own thing going. People go, 'Well, GUITAR WOLF is the Japanese band I like.' Limited vision."

TV KILLERS - "EP"

One of the better 'fast' bands of the decade, and I'm not talking about hardcore or thrash of whatever dogfuck scene turns heads in 1999 (couldn't care less). Stylish and catchy. The perfect beginning for a band who hasn't put a foot wrong since '92.

TEENGENERATE - "Get Me Back"

Some may prefer the REGISTRATORS, but there's no denying that TEENGENERATE ruled the playground in the mid-'90s. Great NERVOUS EATERS cover on the flipside, and one of their biggest and best hits on the front.

HEADCOATEES - "Ballad of the Insolent Pup"

I just think it's the best of all the mountain of HEADCOATS product, and I like to hear the 'COATEES' singing rather than Billy. The sleeper success story of the last five years.

MUMMIES - "You Must Fight to Live on the Planet of the Apes"

Maybe it isn't the quintessential MUMMIES single (and they were a singles band, sonny, no mistake), I still dig it 'cause of the subject matter and the great cover of "I'm Down" on the flip. The fact that they chop an instrumental up into two equal segments ("White Caps" and ID) is only to be admired.

BITCHSCHOOL - "Bitchschool Record Shop"

This is really an honorary winner, in that they accept the prize on behalf of the RETARDOS, BRENT-WOODS, FEVERS and the rest of the South City/Peninsula crop that were such a prize from '95 upwards. If you're gonna dig into the better singles of the '90s, this is an okay place to start... just be forewarned that you're gonna get in over your head pretty quick.

Ryan Wells

MOTARDS - "I'm A Criminal"

When this one came out I was just starting to hit the wall with the '80s 'garage' explosion; this brought things back into focus for a lot of people, I think. Contemporize, mannnnnnn. Good shit sound, all three songs are great, I never saw them touch this live, they were just toooooo drunk.

Scott S. says: "I think this one set the standard for lo-fi. This was the sound everyone was after for a while."

TEENGENERATE - "Sex Cow"

As Scott S. put it in our little record party, "It's a PAGANS single." These guys put out too many ordinary 45s, in my opinion, but this one stands up to repeated listens. My list isn't in order of preference, but this one could be my favorite of the decade. The flip is just a notch below, which means nothing.

Scott S. says: "It just sounds like...there is nothing to remove, it's perfect. Listen to that second guitar, it's just mud."

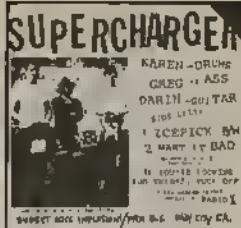
Jeff H. says: "The only thing to remove is the cover."

NEW BOMB TURKS - "So Cool, So Clear..."

Some fools will go on and on about Sacramento being the 'Cleveland' of the '90s...how about Columbus? GAUNT didn't make my list (close tho'), but two others did, and this debut single set the stage for an ass-load of hype with this very mag's late editor-in-chief leading the charge. This one's got the hooks, the production and you can understand every word without a lyric sheet. And they're lyrics worth reading.

LOS HUEVOS - "Rebel Kind"

The Central Valley's finest hour since the early '80s, the ultimate combination of garage technology





and partially frustrated hardcore intent. Guitars squeal, the tempo is sloppy yet unrelenting and some fool attempts to jabber over the top of it all. This is *my* hardcore.

REATAROS - "Get Out of Our Way"

This is thee personified frustrated teen angst punk single, for me. Spittin' and shittin', with no clue as to how to escape. And the guitars just nail you. They haven't put out a bad one yet...and counting.

OIKINI KILL - "Rebel Girl"

They probably inspired more terrible bands than anyone this decade outside of BAD RELIGION. Ain't their fault they had talent, and the example provided was the punkiest thing going for half the scene. You know, this is just a fucking catchy single. Bah.

BRAINBOMBS - "Live"

All their singles kill with a sick energy that no one else in the '90s save MONOSHOCK tapped into; channeling the STOOGES without pandering, neat trick that. Does anyone know what 'pandering' means anymore? I picked this 45 because the raw, audience-reactive sound on this EP proves they could reproduce the churn live, something I never got to witness.

OBLIVIANS - "Static Party"

Gotta get one of the OBLIVIANS 45s on there somewhere, taster's choice. This has the meanest guitar sound of any of their records, and it's also the most vicious... I mean vicious.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS - "Career Interruption Code"

The 'other' Columbus single. At the time an obscure unit that broke up before they could really get up a head of steam, then reformed and were kinda ordinary. This four-songer proves they were the real deal. In the early part of the decade, with a singer who couldn't sing and a band sound with all the forward momentum of frozen cough syrup. When I hear lauded 'emo' bands featuring mama's boys deliberately straining to get that unattainable note, I slap this one on. "Spasm Of Morality" is up there with any ELECTRIC EELS song.

THE STRIKE - "Victoria"

English accents have always had their place in American punk. It works here because these kids were beating out the best mod-styled '77 punk of the decade. You could argue for the 'Danger' 45, but this one has four great songs instead of two; economics.

Scott Soriano

THE YAH-MOS - "Off Your Parents"

If Sacramento had a band of the decade or at least the first half, it was the YAH-MOS (the BANANAS can have the second half). One of the all-time pissed-off teen-punk bands, the YAH-MOS upset jocks, patriotic skins and your garden variety dill-weed-and-please punks punks from high school to retirement home. Why? Cuz where most bands just turn up and play fast, the YAH-MOS wrote great songs with very cool hooks stolen from Motown, the SMITHS, AM Oldies radio and their own suburb-damaged heads. "Off Your Parents" is a perfect example of their skill and sound, five songs with ace playing and a vocal sneer that makes you look over your shoulder to see if it's really aimed at you. Shoot up your school, burn your church and blow up the government center; it's all here. Ryan W. says: "Yeah, I saw these guys play at Epicenter to about 35 people and they were totally great, very wild."

SPLAYEO INNAROS - s/t

I am surprised that the package this came in wasn't soaked in snot. This early '80s Midwest-punk-style blast of indifference and smart-ass will have you pulling out your copy of "Master Tape Vol. One" to see if these guys are on it, that is how good this record is. "We're a Bunch of Angry Teens" explains half the INNAROS brilliance, while my personal anthem "Social Retard" covers the other half. But lucky me, there are four more great songs with a bored-as-bread vocalist droning "Abe Lincoln Gets His Chance" and 'Richard Gebhardt/Take me to Europe/Richard Gebhardt/All covered with syrup...' over a speedy guitar-driven backing. Iowa City has done their nation proud with this great record. And if the band or members of same are out there: please, please get a hold of me! Ryan W. says: "Man, I put this on tapes for people to this day. Very left field, unexpected blast. That cover...."

COPOUT - s/t

A hardcore fan I am not, at least not after 1983...but there is no way I can deny this 9-song-strong stomp on the face. I remember taking this home after seeing them in a Sacto living room, putting the record on the platter and reliving the bludgeoning I had just walked away from. I played this so loud and so often the neighbors were downright scared of me for months after. As much fun as breaking glass.

CIBSON BROTHERS - "White Nigger"

The only problem with the AVENGERS' "White Nigger" is that they never got it right. And how could they with a fashion-queen debutante bleating it, and spare me the wooooahs. Jeff Evans, Don Howland and crew turn this beaut into a raw, fucked-up working class anthem, more desperate and powerful than the soccer chants you hear nowadays. Three guitars on this pup, with Jon Spencer buzzing like a chain saw thru ice. And what a drunken jam on the flip!

SUPERCRASS - "Caught By the Fuzz"

Two perfect poppy punkers by a great, underrated band (in the US at least). "Caught By the Fuzz" is one of the best growing-up songs ever and this indie 45 version is more punchy and raw than the LP.

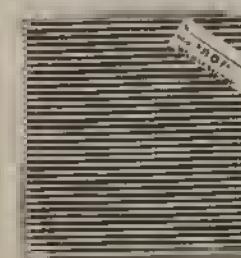
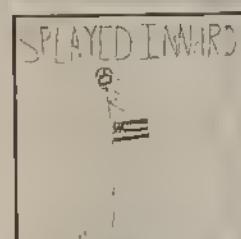
CHICKENHEAD - "Everything Must Go"

I can't think of any place less desirable to live than Florida; too many cars, endless suburbs, frat boys and Disney. Hot, humid and you sweat like a pig. And to top that off there is ska-punk. So is it any wonder that when the youth revolt, they churn out a trashed, cough-syrup-jagged thing like CHICKENHEAD. This six-song piece of spite is a lesson to those who think that aggressive guitar means speed. Fuck that. Taking a page from BLACK FLAG and the STAINS, this guitar lizard squeaks, squeals and sprawls through classic fuck-yous, such as "Smash & Grab" and "Burn it Down". Viva la CHICKENHEAD!

Arwen says: "One of my all time favorite lines: 'Do you like my car? It was free, cuz I stole it.'"

NAR - "Holiday Routine"

Call NAR what you will: power-pop, punk, punk-pop, garage-pop. I'll call them a lesson that more



bands should learn. First you take a series of hooks and make them into a catchy song. You play them long enough so they are down but still fresh. Then you grab Chris Woodhouse and tell him to record you raw and loud, like a garage band might record. You wind up with a hell of a record: more hummable than yer average garage 45, more gutsy than most power-pop and a hell of a lot more memorable than 99.9% of the pop-punk ever made.

ARMITAGE SHANKS - "Road Fever"

The only limeys that really punk out. Yeah, I know, Billy Childish, but the man is everywhere and this is better. Less controlled, more drunk and spiteful. Sure, the cover shows the guys dancin' with a sweet-lookin' bird, but the bash-around booziness of this stings like having to apologize for whatever you forgot you did the night before (see back sleeve). Aside from these guys, and teasin' eel-eating dirty limeys, I can't think of a single reason not to sink that blubbery barge called Britain. Cheers!

THE TIKI MEN - "Sneak A Drink With..."

When all the other short-eyed schmoes were wimping out sorry surf guitar in 16-track studios and thousands of lame suit-wearing blue-boys were diggin' their grooves, the TIKI MEN were hitting a 4-track in an abandoned bean-sprout factory and shaking wooden lofts with a low rumbling thunder. A classic without an equal and the best guitar-instrumental record of the last two/three decades and I dare you to argue.

Oh yeah, and fuck your "Instrumental surf ain't punk". When is the last time you ever understood most of the words on a REGISTRATORS record? Didn't think so...

NEIL HAMBURGER - "Bartender, the Laughs Are On Me"

Who are you to say that comedy isn't punk? What else do you call getting poked in the eye while your tummy is being tickled? D'kay, paradise; but beside that... All right, that wasn't funny. But we all can't be comedians. And that is why we have Neil Hamburger to remind you of that, you sorry putz. This is aggressively spiteful, very funny and you can mosh to it.

Mike Lucas

DETROIT COBRAS - "Village of Love"

A good job on a cover (and not an obvious one at that) by a band with a (technically speaking, now) really good vocalist who doesn't oversing, a rare thing. Tim turned me onto this, said "You gotta hear this", did his little dance while playing air guitar. Dynamics anyone?

Scott S. says: "This is punk rock you can fuck to, and no one would give a fuck!"

Arwen says: "This is such a good record. Simple, sweet, rough, and very overlooked. What ever happened to the singer?"

TITANS - "Speed Queen Mama"

Okay, full disclosure on this one, I put this thing out. I always thought they were a hot-shit band that was full-on punk rock and roll (whatever that means anymore) with a touch of rockabilly in the leads; not enough to make it with the psychobilly crowd, fell through the cracks. They only did the one West Coast tour so they are not as well known as their other Japanese brethren. Hot shit.

LOLI & THE CHONES - "Makeout Party"

They wrote great songs, stripping them down to the most elemental, possibly moronic, essences of...whatever. This was their first attempt to get 'production', hurrah. How can you go thru the '90s without a Rip Off record?

GLDD GIRLS/PONCHARELLOS - split

PDNCHARELLOS good, not Top Ten; GLDD GIRLS great! All-girl with a rumored off-stage male guitarist but no DONNAS backlash for them. All their singles are at least good, but this is the best one. A beautiful ending that makes me cry every time. The lone New York entry?

DONNAS - "Let's Go Mano"

An unbeatable single, all three songs. To all those sob sisters and fellow travelers crying about, "The DONNAS weren't writing their own songs in the beginning!" Well! I didn't see any of you people at any RAGGEDY ANNE or ELECTROCUTES shows supporting them when they were writing their own songs, and now that they are once again writing their own stuff, it's DK to be on the bandwagon. Let's face it, the writing of songs doesn't mean shit. Just because you're in a band, doesn't mean you can write a good song; conversely there are people who can write songs who shouldn't be on stage with a band.

THE TONEBENDERS - "Root Beer"

This sleeve band photo gives off mod and/or skinhead fumes, rather off-putting, but the A-side, "Root Beer," is so fucked up, so wiggled out... it's what every garage band wants to sound like. "You wanna write some lyrics? Yeah, well, I could scream 'Root Beer'!" I am in the market for a copy of this record, whose mysterious origins are lost in time.

Ryan W. says: "Yeah, I bought this singular copy as buyer for Epicenter Zone, tossed it into the bins without listening to it and Tim Yo bought the fucker twenty minutes later. Arrr."

BIKINI KILL - "Rebel Girl"

Not only the finest moment for BIKINI KILL, but for JOAN JETT as well! Chocolate and peanut butter! Proof that you don't need a sense of humor to play punk rock.

THEE STASH - "Selling Jeans For the USA"

Of all the Billy Childish 'productions', I thought this was the most inspired. Very Weird Al, very true, it could happen. "501, the kind of fit I like."

RED STARS - "Welcome to the Party"

My pick for this year, this got a completely so-so review; one side of this is an absolute fucking killer right down to the sort of spastic bassline that sounds like it's going to turn into a lead. Playing against the rhythm, it begs the question: Incompetence or deliberation? Insight or instinct? They really came together on this single.

Scott S. says: "I saw this band the day after the singer's house burned down, melting his entire record collection."

MUMMIES - "Food, Sickles & Girls"

Ah, they don't need a plug. It's a MUMMIES single! Quintessential.

armitage shanks





Bruce Roehrs

REDUCERS S.F. - "Don't Like You/Situations"

Northern California Oil never conveyed this much emotion until Glen and the REDUCERS S.F. took the helm. Now we are in for another treat. Look for a new REDUCERS S.F. seven inch soon!

TEMPLARS/GUNDOG - "I Don't Need You" / "Middle of Nowhere" split

These two Oil bands are at the top of their game. The gauntlet has been thrown down. Will anyone in New York or London rise to the challenge?

WRETCHED ONES - "Sideburns & Beer"

"Workingman" says a mouthful about blue collar pride. No Oil band anywhere has been as consistently great during the 90's. This New Jersey band are still kings of Northeast American Oil!

BRUISERS - "American Night/Brown Paper Bag"

Mr. Al Barr and his early skinhead celebration of pride, country, and beer. Very mean, very strong!

NIBLICH HENBANE - "Land of the Brave"

"Life Over the Edge" captures the desperation of the working man's plight in America. NH gives a big "fuck you" to "Nazi White Power assholes that give self-respecting skins like ourselves a bad name."

DUCKY BOYS/DROPKICK MURPHYS - split

The DUCKY BOYS are an American rock 'n' roll treasure. The lyrics to "Pride" represent all that is good and right about working class America. DROPKICK MURPHYS are even better now that Mr. Barr joined. Listen to "Ten Years of Service" on the OROPKICK MURPHYS/OXYMORON split.

THE TUNNEL RATS - "Run For Your Life"

"Live free or die" is the battle cry! New Hampshire's thugs reach a musical and political high point on this one. Filled with hate and alcohol- you hippies better get the fuck out of the way!

ANTIHEROES - "Election Day"

The oldest US Oil band (Southern contingent). Always delivers the truth, never pulls any punches.

THOSE UNKNOWN - "The Four of Us"

When THOSE UNKNOWN sang "You gotta fight for what you believe in" in 1991, it rang as true and loud as STIFF LITTLE FINGERS' "Suspect Device" did in 1978.

LIME CELL - "We Need a Raise"

These Philadelphia fucks rock your world. "You're not punk, you're dirty," is the shit! LIME CELL carries on the work started by the mighty ANTISEEN. Listen to "Run My World". Clayton kills!

Arwen Curry

NAUSEA - "Cybergod"

NAUSEA was an exercise in contrast, with a strong influence on a handful of bands, like MULTIFACET and DETESTATION, that sprung up over the course of the '90s. Contrast: not only in the female (totally unprecedented in natural distortion and obvious rage) / male (barely comprehensible, deep, with less character but more steadiness) vocals. More contrast: with the alternately heavy/metal/fast hardcore pace. We called them "crust," and there was a distinct association with peace-punk, more valid politically than musically. The band broke ground in its own right, because of their intensity and new approach.

ASSFORT - s/t

If you can dig up a magnifying glass and take a good look at the cover of this single, you'll discover the true influence of this band: all the kids in the picture are grinning like maniacs. Hardcore had begun to seem real serious right about then. On tour from Japan, ASSFORT blazed in and out of California in '96 with an infectious buzz. Musically, they blew away all expectations at Gilman St. and with the first EP, with fast, loose punk rock.

STITCHES - "Two New Cuts"

This wins a close race with a couple of their other 45s, most notably "Sixteen." Their singles were precious and carefully sought after; their shows were dangerous and worth commuting to, provided you brought plenty of stamina. I'm still a fan, beer bottles to the forehead and all.

FILTH/BLATZ - "Shit Split"

Live the chaos. Fuck shit up.

THE GITS - "Second Skin/Social Love"

Their best songs neatly on one 45 (that is, if you don't prefer the drawling bluesy hanging-out-in-bars stuff.) Sweetly brooding, talented Mia Zapata sings on this '95 single, dominating the band with an introversion made public.

FUCKBDYZ - "Rock 'N' Roll Problem"

The lyrics to the title song are the most credible, emotional rendition of the "rock will sweetly destroy my tired, could've-been-someone soul" thing so many kids have tried to scrape off of RICHARD HELL's pasty old skin in the last few years. Lyrically, it's strangely reminiscent of ALICE DONUT's "Tiny Ugly World," but more self-absorbed. "I'm going out this weekend/I ain't never coming back/Spend all my money on alcohol and spray paint/Gonna paint this city black." Warning: this is slower than you might expect, but it is all the more pitiful and great for it.

BORN AGAINST - "Eulogy"

The first 7" has to be cited, in terms of influence, but this one was just as good. Nothing is more frustrating than by-the-book fucking hardcore about emotional pain. The brilliant title track is so musically intense that the first line, "There was this friend of mine," recalls the entire song, which is about the virtual death of succumbing to easy solutions. A runner up is the BORN AGAINST/UOA split, which was amazing too, especially in the contrast between the two bands.

AREA 51 - s/t

It was a tough choice between this and the later DEATH WISH KIDS 7", which is also great. Insane timing, combined with the speed and vocals, created a new, but under-appreciated hardcore breed. The level of unbridled energy carried on in other projects after they were defunct.

RANCID - s/t

The first RANCID 7" was full of raw energy, sharpening the pop-softened East Bay punk scene. This EP has all the California urban decay, before they later diluted it with ska and cleaner production.

DEAD AND CONED - s/t

Post-NEUROSIS, they introduced a dark, tense hardcore which altered the mood of current HC.



BDRN AGAINST "Half Mast"

Ken: Well, the record that got pulled out the most was the BORN AGAINST 7". Three people were on that.

Tom: Even within a year of it being out, you could say that that was the start. At least the DIY '90s hardcore all sort of come back to this record.

Ken: That's not my favorite record by 'em. I like the album better, but I think that Born Against set the tone, lyrically, and with their onstage manner, for so many bands to follow them. The way they handled their politics was how bands like CHARLES BRONSON do—real sarcastic politics.

Max: Lyrically and graphically. The rub-on letters. The clip art.

Ken: BORN AGAINST certainly referenced BLACK FLAG and REAGAN YOUTH.

Neil: I never saw them, so I don't have a story, but I also think they were influential.

Ken: Being one of the first records that was in that scene and the weird hand-printed thing put together, that was really the start of all that whole save-the-beer-boxes thing.

Neil: The oversized envelopes, the plastic bags. **NEANDERTHAL Fighting Music**

Tom: I remember buying that record in New Orleans because I had bought the STIKKY 7" and thought it was hilarious, and because it was on Slapaham, thinking "I'm gonna get this too, it'll be another real hoot," and then look-

So, smack dab in the middle of finals I get approached to do a round table discussion on hardcore, or more precisely, a discussion of the most influential/favorite singles of the '90s. It was a last minute decision born from the idea that there needed to be a complementary discussion of other styles of punk not included in the original discussion (see the sister article this issue). So with this request, I attempted to compile a list of people who not only were walking storage-bins of punk/hardcore knowledge, but that were really passionate about it as well.

Of course, we are all aware that any project like this is defeated from the get-go...we are all aware that this is nothing more than a discussion of opinions, and I hope you see the following as such. We are not self-selected experts; our favorite records are probably not yours, and we all have our own pet peeves when it comes down to what we consider influential.

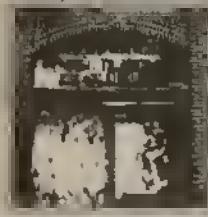
For the most part, I think this was pretty damn fun. It retained (at first, at least) a level of objectiveness because we approached this in the following way: we nominated some records that, whether we liked 'em or not, changed or influenced the scene, and in addition, listed some singles that, no matter how obscure, we could not have survived the '90s without. So without further ado, here's the discussion between Ken Sunderson, Neil Nordstrom, Tom Hopkins, and me, Max Ward.

Best Hardcore Punk Singles Of The 90s

Tom: ARTICLES OF FAITH.

Ken: That resounded through a lot that happened in this decade.

Max: I think you have to place BORN AGAINST in the whole ABC



thing, on that whole tour. RORSCHACH, BORN AGAINST, and CITIZENS ARREST all set things in motion that define right to this day what hardcore is.

Tom: RORSCHACH definitely.

CITIZENS ARREST A Light in the Darkness

Neil: That got overshadowed by their LP, which was a lot better.

Max: This EP rocks!

Ken: I think on this EP the songwriting is better and the songs are more melodic. The impact of the album, though, is much more forceful because the production so good. You put it on and the drums start, and it's like, holy shit!

Neil: When I think of that band, I think of the record. I don't think of the CITIZENS ARREST 7".

Max: The 7" created the hunger for the LP. When it came out, everybody already knew what this band could do. Especially Oarryl's vocals—I don't think since then he's stopped what he's done on this record. Without really changing anything about hardcore, they just did hardcore really damn good. They didn't propose any new genre, but they proved you could still be hardcore, without being metal, and knock people's fuckin' heads off.

Ken: Referential of really early Boston stuff.

HEROIN "Leave"

Ken: Tom and I both brought HEROIN, the paper-bag Gravity EP. There might have been bands that spawned from that, like ANTIOCH ARROW, who could find that super super chaotic sound, but HEROIN stepped the line between being really chaotic and maintaining a real straight-up hardcore energy and song structure.

Max: I agree that yes, they were influential. But I think bands like HONEYWELL put them to shame. MOHINOER. My tastes are more on chaos.

Ken: The only time I saw them was at Epicenter, and it had to be the second funniest thing I've seen, after Tom destroyed the place. It was a show with the FRUMPIES, HUGGYBEAR, and HEROIN. All these bands were playing lo-fi rock, then HEROIN came on and started playing, and this tide of bald heads came jumping up and down, and they were really worried that the motion sensors in the store downstairs would go off. And between every song, a riot grrl would grab the mic and go, "stop jumping!"

Max: When I saw them, CROSSEO OUT opened, NO COMMENT played, MAN IS THE BASTARD, the CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, then HEROIN. Everybody cleared out—there were like thirty kids in backpacks standing there doing the paraplegic thing they do.



ing at the inserts and labels and thinking, shit, this is bad news. It's fucking good.

Neil: It was like nothing I had ever heard.

Max: That defines power violence. When I think NEANDERTHAL, it's super-slow, super-fast—no bullshit in between. And I don't think anybody's touched it since, I think the NEANDERTHAL/RORSCHACH record is probably one of the best splits.

CROSSED DUT "Internal"

Ken: There is something about that record. It has that weird ponderousness to it, and it's really fast. The way that the songs on the CROSSEO OUT EP are spaced out: thirty-second thrash song, thirty seconds of silence.

Max: It's like watching a horror movie and you see someone walking toward the door and you go, OK, someone's attacking. Someone's gonna get it!

Ken: But the weird thing is, I think it was totally unintentional.

Max: Those two could be combined, CROSSEO OUT and NEANDERTHAL are like brother and sister. It added a new element to hardcore. Is it hardcore, or is it grindcore? Well, it's pretty fuckin' close to grindcore.

Tom: They were definitely the graphical power violence start-up too, with their imagery.

MAN IS THE BASTARD Abundance of Guns

Ken: I think this is their most solid single. There wasn't as much noise stuff; it was more straight-up and burly.

Max: I think that and the AUNT MARY split are fuckin' awesome. The first LP on Vermiform I think was good—it could have been better as an EP because it was so slow. And of course, on the split, that's the first time they came up with "power violence."

Tom: Well, it's no



"bandana thrash."

Neil: MITB also managed to last long enough to influence people, just by putting out releases and getting out there, whereas NEANDERTHAL just put out the one record.

Ken: In the '90s more weird musicians with really out-there music got pushed out of the way. They got segue'd off to art-rock. In the '80s it wasn't uncommon for me to go to a show and see the BUTTHOLE SURFERS with hardcore bands. You would get much more of an eclectic crossover, and I think that's one of the great things about MITB. It's so out there, but still working within the hardcore scene, in a context that wasn't pretentious.

Neil Nordstrom's: UNBROKEN: "And Fall on Proverb" (3IG) • FALL SILENT: "1997" (Moo Cow) • ABC DIABLO: "Hatedge" (Off The Disk, 1992) • FLOOR: "Laninan/Figbender" (Dirge) • GLOOM: "Speed Noise Hardcore Rags" (Crust War, 1994) • NEANDERTHAL: "Fighting Music" (Slapaham, 1990) • IRE: "Ire" (Schema) • ANARCHUS: "Final Fall of the Gods" (Rigid) • CORRUPTED: "Dios Injusio" (Frigidity) • ASBESTOS DEATH: "Dejection" (Profane Existence) Max Ward's: BASTARD: "Controlled in the Frame" (Bastard, 1990) • OPEN SEASON: "Roma Crew" (SOA, 1993) • MANLIFTINGBANNER: "Myth of Freedom" (Crucial Response, 1991) • CITIZENS ARREST: "A Light in the Darkness" (Wardance, 1990) • GOUKA/DASTON: "Continuously Attack of Endless Shock" (Forest, 1996) • EARTH CRISIS: "Firestorm" (Victory) • SAIRAAAT MIELET: "Tippa Tappa" (Highly Collectable, 1992) • LIFES HALT: "We Sold Our Soul For HC" (Young Blood, 1998) • RAZOR EDGE: "Thrash Night"

Tom Hopkins': V/A: "Bleeeceaaauuuunrrggghhh" (Slapahum, 1991) • BORN AGAINST: "Half Mast" (Vermiform, 1990) • HEROIN: "Leave" (paper bag) (Gravily, 1991) • NATION OF ULYSSES: "Sound of Young America" (DisKord, 1990) • ACME: "Blind" (Machination) • DS 13: "Aborted Teen Generation" (Busted Heads, 1998) • MANLIFTINGBANNER: "Myth of Freedom" • CHRIST ON A CRUTCH: "Kill William Bennet" (Black Label, 1990) • ICONOCLAST: "Groundlessness of Belief" (Ebullition, 1993) • FINGER PRINT: "We May Be Brothers" (Slonchenge, 1994)

Max: They could play their instruments. Each one of them's a fucking master at what they do. I could hardly even enjoy the show, because I would just be watching Joel throwing in fills.

MANLIFTINGBANNER *Myth of Freedom*

Max: I'll make the case for this EP, and the whole introduction of communist politics. If you look at the European scene, a lot of the straight-edge bands are still red. I think that's one of the main differences between European and US straightedge.

Neil: We got the baseball bats!

Max: And the weightlifters. I think the 10" is better as a complete package, but when the 7" first came out,



it fuckin' blew me away, because it was a semi-sxe band that didn't sound straightedge, with awesome lyrics. Challenging, not run-of-the-mill, just everything about it was fuckin' protest hardcore.

Tom: I picked it as one of the five I listed as my favorites, but I think looking at it as far as the political influence, even a lot of European straightedge bands that are totally on the '88 revival thing have a lot more politics in their lyrics.

Max: The speed of it, too. However you want to situate them, with SEEIN RED, or LARM, on the family tree, it's still the quintessential project. So you guys don't like it, do you?

Neil: I gave it a couple of tries.

Ken: I never really got into 'em.

LOS CRUDOS *La Rabia Nubia*

Nuestros Ojos

Ken: I think this is a really cool record. I was talking to Neil about it earlier, and you could dismiss it, since the WRETCHED did that, plenty of bands in Europe did that, but not within the same context. I think it was really radical to have a band from America not singing in English. I had no idea that Chicago had this huge Latino scene until I went out there and visited. It got people in the US to listen to music that's not in English, which is a real rarity. The interesting thing about foreign hardcore is that '80s bands had more influence in this decade than they did in the '80s. There were a lot more people listening to MOB 47 or the WRETCHED.

Max: Look at the compilations that came out, like *Peace*. Musically, there's numerous times I've seen reviews of reissues of Italian bands. "Hey man, this sounds exactly like Crudos!" and they're missing the whole point. It's the completely opposite way around.

Ken: I can be the most jaded person around, but this is a band that people I know could go see now, they can't go see the WRETCHED. Crudos also played a big hand in bringing other bands here.

Tom: I think they're awesome, but it took me forever to get the EPs.

Ken: More influential was the split with SPITBOY, because it was the one record you could always find. But hey, we're doing singles.

ASBESTOS DEATH *Objection*

Neil: This is the better of their two. "Scourge" is the song. People don't give instrumentals their due. If someone does something really awesome like that, you gotta listen to it over and over.

Max: When everybody was telling me about them, it was like, "Hey, you gotta listen to this NEUROSIS band." When I got it, I could hear the NEUROSIS, but they did something different. They emphasized slowness, mood. That's how you can trace a line from early NEUROSIS, and you can start understanding the GRIEF 7" or any of the sludge bands.

Ken: Between that, EYEHATEGOD, and the MELVINS.

Max: MELVINS.

Ken: Everybody slow down!

Max: I was at a show that was ASBESTOS DEATH, GLYCENE MAX, NAUSEA and NEUROSIS at Gilman. And in the middle of that was DOWNCRAFT. As much as I'm kinda turned off by your run-of-the-mill crust core these days, that show was fuckin' awesome. Everybody was metal. GLYCENE MAX sounded like HELLBASTARD.

NATION OF ULYSSES "Sound Of Young America"

Tom: I know you guys are all big fans.

Max: Make your case!

Tom: I bought this and thought it was fucking awesome, and didn't get to see them live for about two years after that. They are still one of the best live shows I've ever seen. I can't really think of one instance in which they influenced things in a good way. I think almost every single band that did their style were awful. Because bands would go as far as copying the sound and the look, but they all were fucking nailed to the stage.

Max: I just remember seeing people dressed in suits, and I was like, "What the fuck is going on here?"

Ken: I always think their impact was much more fashion-wise, that was more of their statement. But hey, that's important to a lot of people!

ACME *Blind*

Tom: As much as they used a lot of RORSCHACH influences, I think this is the official record for making other people aware of the new wave of German hardcore.

Neil: Them and SYTRAL.

Max: Ken and I were talking about ABC DIABOLO. I think the 7" is a lot better than the LP. That fucking 7" is insane, especially for the vocals. I think the way ACME took the RORSCHACH metal thing to a whole other level of emphasis. This is another classic example of where (a band) took something and made a slightly new form, and then right after that all these bands ran with what they did. With bands like ACHE-BORN, we're talking metal...

Tom: MORSER.

Neil: And it's all more accepted by the hardcore community than it would have been.

ABC DIABOLO *Hatredge*

Neil: I picked this because the vocals just blew me away. This as a hardcore record stands out as something that took me by surprise.

Records we really liked, regardless of how influential:

URANUS *Disaster By Design 2x7"*

Ken: To me this is really metal. My tastes aren't as metal, and it's just down-tuned, awesome, the songs are really long, they come in with this tidal wave of

churn and then midway they have a whole new part start up. Just taking your head and shoving it back and forth. It's awesome!

Tom: I like the 12" version of that better, because I like the way it sounds.

Max: The mastering is better.

Tom: But that one looks amazing.

OPEN SEASON *Roma Crew*

Max: No one is going to agree with this, but I have a good reason for it. This is European straightedge and they played right when Conversion and New Age started putting out the records that were more metal. I dug (those bands). But here comes this unknown Italian band from a place that I didn't think had a straightedge scene, and it's just fucking good. They continued what I think was the best part of '88 hardcore. They were fast and energetic, positive and had good things to say.

EARTH CRISIS *Firestorm*

Max: I forgot this record for the influential section. Their first EP caused controversy because of their questionable lyrics about abortion. When I heard it I couldn't see why anyone would even defend this band because they weren't good. Then I got *Firestorm*, and I think that record changed everything in hardcore. Good recording, confrontational.

Tom: I think that record is the '90s version of the SIDE BY SIDE EP. I always feel extremely tough when I listen to those two records.

Neil: When Max mentioned that record to me, I listened to it again, and it was definitely influential, but it isn't my favorite militant vegan meat-head core.

DEATHSIOE *All is Here Now*

Ken: This came out in '94 and is the quintessential awesome DEATH-SIDE record. The first song has the full-on flaming IRON MAIDEN intro, then starts with the galloping drum beat, then just bursts into thrash. This is by far one of the strongest of the Japanese style.

WARHEAD *Cry of Truth*

Ken: My runner up. Same thing: the flying V guitars and big mohawks.

GLOOM *Speed Noise Hardcore Rags*

Neil: I was trying to hard to find a Japanese record. I wanted Japanese hardcore because it's so awesome, but I couldn't find a definitive one.

I ended up with GLOOM because they remind me more of the CONFUSE style, noisier and crazier.

Max: I have two Japanese records.

CRAZY FUCKED UP DAILY LIFE "Atrocity Exhibitions"

Max: I love CFDL to death. The name! A band that writes songs like "No for meat, yes for tofu!" For me this is the '90s for Japan. Way far to the left of the traditional. They're running with the crusty thrash idea, but they did it in a way that nobody touched. I will never tire of this record.

Ken: I think this record is a precursor to the whole Japanese crust scene and the fastcore and hyper-fast thrash.

BASTARD Controlled in the Frame

Max: I think this is fucking awesome. Fucking BASTARD. The vocals. You can't touch the vocals.

Ken: I think BASTARD is great, because it's like the archetypical Japanese thrash; maybe more DISCHARGE in what they do. On par with DEATHSIDE as just classic Japanese hardcore. Completely burly Japanese hardcore.

Max: What I love is people who hate Japanese hardcore and say that it's so goddamn simplistic. Yeah, four chords, but those are the fucking best four chords you've ever heard in your goddamned life.

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH Kill William Bennet

Tom: This was 1990 and just makes it in. It's just awesome—only two songs. Whenever I'm cleaning out my record collection I always listen to it again. Not because I want to get rid of it, but because I gotta hear it again. It's tight but kinda sloppy.

Ken: They were completely solid. Though they had considerably more influence when two of their members were in the FOO FIGHTERS. I think they were part of an interesting period, when things were really dead but still you had all these bands like CHRIST ON A CRUTCH or ANTISCHISM that were in the middle of nowhere.

Tom: And they weren't playing "Soulforce Revolution."

Ken: Yeah. Before that BORN AGAINST wave when things started charging up again.

CORRUPTED Dias Injusto

Neil: CORRUPTED are just fucking awesome. They started off as a Japanese CRIEF, then they progressed and got their own style and own direction, but still kept it mega-slow and did their own thing.

Tom: CORRUPTED is a great example of stuff I can't friggin' stand. Because it is so slow and repetitive.

NO COMMENT Downsided

Ken: I wouldn't call this a power violence record, I'd call it an amped-up hardcore record. To me, this is a perfect hardcore record. One song to the next is just completely in your face. The last song is two minutes long and every other song is under a minute. It's perfect.

Max: I remember them being afraid at Fiesta Grande that people would be bummed that all they would play was that 7", because it was all they knew and they hadn't practiced in a while. Imagine having your favorite band play your favorite record in the exact order, live!

ICONOCLAST Groundlessness of Belief

Tom: This is my favorite record that came out in '93. It is emo as hell, but with just enough kick in some of the songs. I've got a funny feeling that some of you guys haven't heard this. The song "I Like You Less Than Apple Pie" is one of my top ten songs lyrically.

Max: I bought one of their records thinking it was a reissue of the old LA crust/peace punk band.

Tom: Yeah, no points for original name choices.

Neil: I remember MEREL and that whole scene, and buying records and not knowing what the name of the band was.

GDKA/DASTON Continuously Attack

Max: This isn't going to be on anybody's list, it is just a personal favorite. Not only are both bands totally kick-ass and solid all the way through, it's your ideal 7". Obviously they're friends playing somewhat the same style and just kicked ass. This is what a split 7" should be.

DRPDEAD "Unjustified Murder"

Ken: They spent a decade touring on this EP. I have to give them that.

Max: Ten reissues on different formats and an LP with all the same songs.

UUTUUS Systeemin Rattaissa

Ken: This is one other record that I really loved. It's just classic Finnish hardcore.

Max: And they never matched it, I don't think.

Tom: Raise the roof!

Ken: This just has that sound and has the recording, and everything

about it had that feel of 1982 Finland.

Max: They were fast as fuck and they were sloppy.

ANARCHUS Final Fall Of The Gods

Max: Good fuckin' choice. Goddamn, I didn't even think of that.

Neil: The vocals blow you away. Crazy fucking grind. They finally resurfaced recently. This was my first introduction to them.

Max: It reminds me of SEPTIC DEATH, and grindcore. In the beginning the snare is super-loud and the fuckin' vocals are totally insane.

FINGER PRINT "We May Be Brothers"

Tom: This was the first French hardcore 7" that I actually owned, besides IVICH. Lyrically it's got a really MOSS ICON feel to it, but there's some incredibly fast music, that's not fast hardcore but fast, big, wall amped guitar. On the East Coast, this was the record that everyone was trying to get from the guy with the box of records at the distro table.

Max: A lot of people feel the same way. People want their shit.

SAIRAAAT MIELI Tippa Tappaa



CONTINUOUSLY
ATTACK OF
ENDLESS SHOCK

SAUKA DASTON



Max: First you told

Timojhen about it, and then Timojhen told me about it. He said, "You gotta hear it," and I said, "It looks like Finnish New Wave." He said, "No, it's Finnish straight-edge thrash." It's true, it's like hyper-fuckin' Finnish thrash.

Ken: "The police are catching you and pouring your drinks to the ground/ That's good cuz it eliminates your stupidity." This is like the diametric opposite of UUTUUS.

Neil: That's a crazy-assed hardcore record.

Max: I saw that one of the guys from DEVOID OF FAITH chose that as one of his top five records of all time.

DS 13 Aborted Teen Generation

Tom: I fuckin' love this record!

I hardly ever make mixed tapes, and when I got this and the LAST MATCH record and a whole bunch of other crazy good Swedish stuff, I had to make a Swedish hardcore tape. The whole 7" is awesome, start to finish. They're definitely doing something old, but there's nothing generic about it. Over-the-top hardcore.



Ken: I think the best bands do things you can reference, like CRUDOS, but they do it with enough energy and enthusiasm and care that it doesn't seem referential or dated. DS 13 do that very well.

Max: I would compare that to COPOUT. It's been done before, but fuck, listen to that. That shit is pissed off fuckin' Boston.

Ken: I think a lot of what bands are doing now is really similar to that.

Max: To bring this whole thing up to date, we're all fetching early '90s. LIFES HALT, that's gonna be one of my favorite records in ten years. I'm gonna look back at that 7" and think it's one of the best fuckin' records. CRUCIAL SECTION. RAZOR'S EDGE. FLASH GORDON. Just all that shit.

FLOOR "Loanin/Figbender"

Neil: FLOOR fuckin' rules. Period. Total dirge/sludge. It came out around the same time as CAVITY. FLOOR had more groove. I was definitely into the sludge thing.

IRE s/t

Neil: Another one that blew me away.

Ken: Their album was terrible.

Tom: They were so wishy washy on their abortion stance.

UNBRDKEN And/Fall on Proverb

Tom: That's their best thing by far. Great songs, hardly any noodling on that, and none of it's really slow. That was the fourth or fifth wave of sxe stuff. That record was accessible on a lot of different levels.

FALL SILENT 1997

Tom: That 7" was surprising. I didn't realize they were nearly as political as they are.

Max: They're intelligent and good at what they do.

Ken Sanderson's: NO COMMENT: "Downsided" (Slapaham, 1992) · URANUS: "Disaster By Design" (Great American Steak Religion, 1995) · CITIZENS ARREST: "A Light in the Darkness" · LOS CRUDOS: "La Rabi Nubla Nuestros Ojos" (Lengua Armada, 1993) · DEATHSIDE: "All is Here Now" (HG Fact, 1994)/WARHEAD: "Cry of Truth" (Warhead, 1991) · MAN IS THE BASTARD: "Abundance of Guns" · CROSSED OUT: "Internal" (Slapaham, 1991) · UUTUUS: "Systeemin Rattaissa" (Genet, 1994) · BORN AGAINST: "Half Mast" · HEROIN: "Leave" (paper bag)

CBGB's, New York City, a Sunday matinee. A band boards the stage. They twiddle with their amps and guitars. The singer, dressed in baggy jeans and a black hooded sweatshirt, with a baseball cap that reads "Downturn." The singer speaks. "We're OUT OF CONTROL. 1-2-3-4!!!"

"This is my hardcore anthem sung for the community/Of all who are outsiders on the fringe of society" -from "Anthem," words and music by Barry Levine.

The song is from *NYHC*, a new play by Barry Levine, a New Yorker who recently transplanted to L.A. The play is about two generations of punk rockers in New York. It operates on two different timelines, the mid-'70s and the present. It opens with the near-middle age Audrey Madden, the ex-lead singer for the classic (fictitious) '70s punk band, Downturn, talking on the phone to Lenny Kaye (Patti Smith Band) about a Downturn reunion. She is hesitant to reform the band because of the loss of her brother Tim, the band's guitar player, who died of a heroin overdose in the early '80s.

Back in the '70s, we find Audrey hanging out with her kid brother Tim, going to CBGB's to see the Ramones, and discovering the world of heroin with her new boyfriend and future husband Jack. Twenty years later, Audrey is worried about her teenaged son, Tim Jr., who has his own punk band, Out Of Control, and is fully immersed in the New York punk scene of today. Audrey passed on her heroin addiction to Tim Jr. while he was still in the womb.

Tim Jr. has just had a horrible experience with alcohol right before the play opens, which pushed him to become a serious straight-edger. The relationship between Audrey, Tim Jr., and her brother Tim are the driving forces behind this play.

The play also serves as a primer for the uninitiated, and is loaded with references to famous punk musicians. This drew criticism from several judges when *NYHC* was read at the Edward Albee Theatre Conference in Valdez, Alaska this summer. They felt that the play was too esoteric, and that they would have enjoyed it more if they had to dig more for the references and history.

The play bristles with the excitement of discovering new music and a whole new way of life. The play is told from Audrey's point of view, which speaks for the author as well. "Punk made me feel like I belonged," said Levine. "I grew up pretty sheltered and mostly listened to classical music." Levine found his place within punk culture, and quickly began mixing his two loves, music and theatre. Enter Godot. "I think (Samuel Beckett's) *Waiting For Godot* is the most punk rock play ever," said Levine. "Angst, despair, worthlessness, apathy—these are all themes touched on in punk." Audrey steps up to the mic, and rips into "Waiting For Godot."

I'm getting pale and thinner all the time/Soon boredom will drive me out of my mind/And I will let it happen since I think it's for the best/Because my life is wholly meaningless/And I'm sitting on the corner waiting for a dream that hasn't come/And it doesn't really matter if I walk, stand still, or run/Cause I'll wait for something to come around and save me from losing hope/You might say I'm Waiting For Godot —from "Waiting For Godot," words and music by Barry Levine.

Levine has touched on Godot before. A few years ago, Levine directed an "updated" version of *Godot* at USC. "We left the words the same, but put the characters on a street corner," said Levine. "And dressed them up in modern punk style clothes." Levine has

had punks as characters in his plays before, but *NYHC* is the first of his plays that is completely immersed in punk culture. The play ends with Downturn and Out Of Control playing at CBGB's at Downturn's reunion show.

Besides being a well-paced, interesting story, *NYHC* has a fantastic soundtrack, all written by Levine. The songs were actually played live, by the actors, during the play's debut performance last April at USC. Levine said he was adamant that the actors be able to play their instruments. "The actors actually talked about forming a real band after the show ended," he said. There has been a long-standing tradition of musicians moonlighting as writers, and punk musicians like Rollins and Patti Smith most famously. There have been punk movies (*Decline of Western Civilization I and II*, *Suburbia*, *Dudes*, *SLC Punk*), punk rock short stories, but no punk rock plays. You could make a case for *Cowboy Mouth*, Patti Smith's collaboration with Sam Shepard, or *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, but they were more pre-punk, catalysts for what was to come later in the '70s. If you did count those as the first two, then *NYHC* would definitely be the third.

The play, through the words of "Waiting For Godot," pushes the true impetus of punk rock back to the forefront: the personal search. *NYHC* works because it is not just a story about punk rockers. It doesn't just show the superficialities of punk culture, or make its characters out to be cartoons. It shows real people, faced with the knowledge that they are irrevocably different. It digs down to the real reasons why people dye their hair, put on a leather jacket, and stick chunks of metal into their face! People that need to express themselves, by any means necessary! It shows why a lot of people in punk rock culture want to de-



Article by

Josh Medsker

Trish Narciso photo



Barry Levine chatting with theatre demi-god Edward Albee in Valdez, AK, 1999.

stroy everything and everyone, most of all themselves. Most importantly, it shows that when people work through their frustration and pain, they create the most honest and meaningful art.

Contact:

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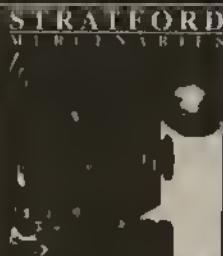
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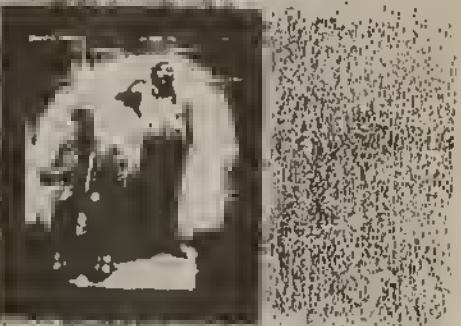
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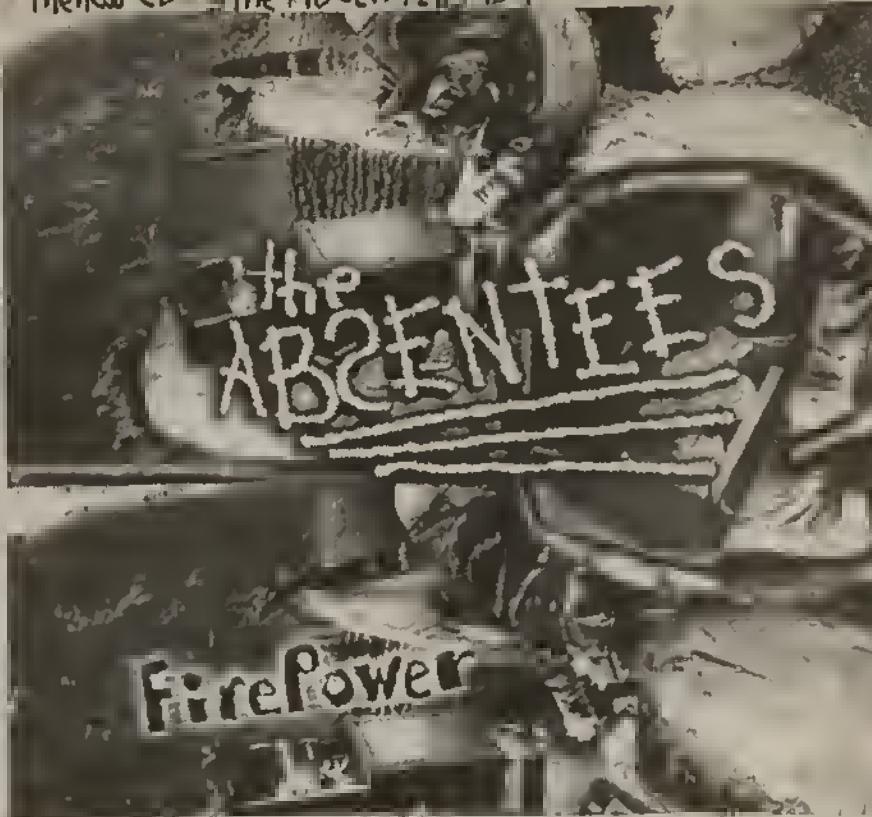


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Beer Zone

During the last two years, Beerzone's constant touring has earned them the respect of the punk and oi community. The band members are: Adam-guitar, Spike-bass, Bryza-drums, Iain-vocals. They are based in Crawley, Sussex, UK, which is 2 5 miles south of London, near Brighton—home of Peter and the Test Tube Babies. Iain and Bryza are originally from Scotland, but moved down in the '80s to try and find work.

Iain Kilgallon was previously in a punk band called Intensive Care, named after a Peter and the Test Tube Babies track, in the early '80s. Intensive Care was first heard of on the second volume of the "A Country Fit For Heroes" compilation. In 1984, Intensive Care put out the "Cowards" EP on Punishment Block Records. They played with the likes of The Business, The Exploited, Condemned 84, and Section 5. Intensive Care also issued a six track 12" called "Rebels, Rockets, and Rubbermen" on their own Back to Back label.

Beerzone has established itself as a fun-loving punk band with lots of energy and a total commitment to their audience. Interview with Iain and Bryza by John Esplen.

BANNED FROM THE PUBS

MRR: Tell us a little of the history of Beerzone.

Beerzone:

Beerzone

started

playing

live in

July 1997, and

we have played nearly

every week since then. The

name came about from a piss-take

of the garbage pop boy band Boyzone, who are too bad for words, but braindead kids

buy their records by the millions. We thought by calling the band Beerzone, people will know we are out to have a good time and not be too serious.

To date Beerzone has played just over one hundred shows, and has performed in the UK, France, Germany and the United States. We have played alongside The Damned, Slaughter and the Dogs, GBH, UK Subs, Vibrators, 999, Dropkick Murphys, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, Anti-Nowhere League, The Business, One Way System, Sham 69, Oxymoron, and The Wretched Ones, to name a few. We have gigs lined up with The Exploited, Cock Sparrer, Cockney Rejects and more in the new year.

MRR: What are some of your musical influences?

Beerzone: We were influenced by the great punk bands of the '70s and early '80s, like Stiff Little Fingers, The Damned, the Buzzcocks, Peter and the Test Tube Babies, and the Clash. More recently, we have been influenced by



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the Dropkick Murphys, and by drinking vast quantities of lager, of course!

MRR: What are you all about?

Beerzone: Beerzone is all about having fun and playing powerful melodic punk with sing-along choruses. We are trying to put a smile on people's faces while having a few beers along the way.

MRR: Do you have any records or CDs available at this time?

Beerzone: We have three CD singles already out in the UK and have our debut full length out worldwide on TKO/Flat Records.

MRR: How did the TKO/Flat Records deal come about?

Beerzone: We met Ken Casey, the bassist and songwriter from the Dropkick Murphys, at the Holidays in the Sun show in June of 1999. We had a bit of a laugh with him and we gave him a copy of all our releases. He called us up about ten days later. Mr. Casey offered us a two album deal. Since that time, TKO Records and Flat Records have united. Ken Casey offered Beerzone a chance to tour Europe and the United States with the Dropkick Murphys. We jumped at this as we were already big fans. The Dropkick Murphys remind us of Stiff Little Fingers. We are currently near the end of the US tour and we have been absolutely stunned by the reaction of the American audiences to us. They seem to love us. They have been magnificent!

MRR: What does the future hold for Beerzone?



offered a second US tour which will be around March or April, and instead of being the opening band we are being told we will probably be second to the headliner band on the tour. We just want to come back and play so we leave all the details to Mr. Casey.

If the two albums do well, we will look to extend the deal with TKO/Flat Records.

MRR: You have nearly completed your US tour with the Dropkick Murphys as we speak—tell us what you think of the tour so far.

Beerzone: It has been absolutely awesome. The majority of the shows have been sell-outs with hundreds being locked out. We have been overwhelmed by the audiences reaction to us. They seem to really like our show and that has been reflected in the amount of merchandise, such as t-shirts and CDs, we have sold at the shows.

MRR: What is the punk scene like in the UK at the moment?

Beerzone: The scene in the UK seems to have come out of recession and is getting more lively again, with increasing attendance at shows and more new bands appearing all the time.

MRR: Do you have a website?

Beerzone: www.beerzone.freemail.co.uk.

MRR: If people want to contact you where can they find you?

Beerzone: Beerzone, PO Box 89, Crawley, Sussex RH10 7PD UK.

FULLERS

Beerzone's recorded output so far:

—"Beer Here Now" - CD only, with four tracks, released in December of 1997

—"Life in The Beerzone" - CD only, with five tracks released in July of 1998

—"Gazza Gazza" - CD and colored vinyl 7", containing three songs, released in May 1999. This single has received airplay in over 20 countries and has been played at English Premiership Soccer matches. It is also played on the BBC World Service which is broadcast all around the world (much to our pleasant surprise).

—"Scenekiller Two" on Outsider Records from Long Beach, California, along with The Dropkick Murphys, The Business, etc. This is a good compilation album with quite a variety of interesting bands.

—We are also on a live CD recorded at Streetpunk 99 in Kansas City, Missouri, along with The Wretched Ones, Lower Class Brats, and many more. This compilation is on OSS Records from Austria.

—"They Came, They Saw, They Conquered", our debut full length is out on TKO/Flat Records, manufactured by TKO Records, San Francisco, California, and distributed through Mardam.



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Like many fans of true crime, I have been searching for *The Indiana Torture Slaying* for years. I'd read about the case in *Murder Can Be Fun and Answer Me!* as well as in one essay by John Waters. The only time I located a copy was over the internet. The seller wanted over \$40 for an admittedly "poor condition" copy. No thanks. My search led me to the author's own website. He recommended looking for the book in a library. No luck there. Then, finally, I got an email from him plugging a second edition of the book. Turns out, a copyright attorney found that the rights had reverted back to him when the original publisher went under. This new edition includes additional photos and updates on the lives of the "main players" in the case.

The only way to describe this book is to repeat the superlatives already known. Words like "shocking," "horrific" and "nightmarish" are at once appropriate and somehow completely insufficient.

The rundown is as follows: Two sisters are left in the care of a single mother by their carny parents. One sister, Sylvia, is eventually tortured, scalded, starved, beaten and burned until she eventually dies from her injuries. Her sister, on the arrival of police, tells an officer, "You get me out of here, and I'll tell you everything." "Everything" includes, but is not limited to, the story of her sister being burned with cigarette butts, thrown down stairs, stomped, punched and forced to insert a pepsi bottle into her vagina. Finally, after being branded with the words, "I'm a prostitute and proud of it," she mercifully dies.

A trial follows, in which the mother and several kids are charged with torture and murder. By the time the book details the trial, the reader is stunned beyond feeling. This book is the single most effective true crime book I have ever read. Seeing it return to print is a very good thing, especially since the only other book about the case, *The Basement: Meditations On A Human Sacrifice* is so presumptuous as to have the author speaking through the voices of both the victim and the woman who caused her death.

Indiana Torture Slaying has no such pomposity. The writing is stark and merely states the facts of the case, which renders the terrible truth of the story in a cold fashion. In the words of the author, it is an attempt to reconstruct the crime, which is so horrifying that embellishment is wholly unnecessary. While a price of more than fifteen dollars may seem excessive for a paperback, bear in mind that this is a self-published, limited edition of a classic. To use publishing house hypspeak, this is truly a "must read". —Ed Hunter

Out of Business: Force a Company to Close its Doors for Good! • Dennis Fiery
286 pages • \$17.95
Loompanics Unlimited • P.O. Box 1197 • Port Townsend, WA • 98368



Out of Business: Force a Company to Close its Doors for Good! is just what the name implies—a handbook for committing subversive acts against companies and corporations. Author Dennis Fiery holds to the belief that any company can be toppled with enough effort and packs this book with 101 strategies for doing just that. Whether you're a disgruntled employee or just filled with your fair share of random anger, Fiery has ideas about how you can exact a little revenge. He, of course, holds his sense of humor throughout, but as he reminds us at one point, if you really want to shut down a company, it is serious work: "Vandalism of the company may be fun, but it should be done with a purpose in mind . . . You have to distinguish between fun and terrorism. You want terrorism."

Thus, while the first third or so of the book deals with strategies that anyone can use against a company, the rest of it tackles how to pull off inside jobs and more in-depth assaults. The old "fill the shopping cart with perishable food and leave it in a random aisle to rot" trick and the "broken glass in the parking lot the night before the big sale" trick both make their way into this book, as do dozens of tips on corporate espionage. Other Ideas range from spreading rumors, to screwing with company mail, to vandalizing company or employee vehicles, to using spam e-mail in order to give the company a bad name.

I don't know what happened to Fiery as a child to create this kind of anger, but he's obviously spent a lot of time figuring out ways to bring down any size business, from the corner store to the giant multinationals that seem out of reach for most of us. What he's included in *Out of Business* is pretty amazing. Each of his 101 strategies is a well-planned attack that includes info on how each one can be used best in different situations and anecdotes about folks who have either used these strategies effectively or fucked up trying (so you can learn from their mistakes). He even includes web addresses for organizations that may lend a helping hand or provide information about a target company and other reference notes to help you research and plot more extensive terrorism.

Fiery doesn't hold back and honestly abides by the old maxim of using any means necessary. If anything, some of his ideas are a little over the top for me. I don't think I could bring myself to reporting a business owned by African Americans to the Klan no matter how much I hated the owners, and I don't think I could haze or personally attack employees in order to drive them literally insane. But maybe that's just me. The other downside to *Out of Business* is that almost two-thirds of the book is dedicated to tactics that require finding a way deep inside a company to bring it down from within.

Still, *Out of Business* is an excellent book. It's a quick read, full of serious information but never taking itself too seriously. Whether you're



filled with anger just waiting for a target or looking to become a freedom fighter who devotes his or her life to taking down one company in a lifetime. *Out of Business* is a book capable of unleashing your creativity as well as your destructive urges —Doug Grime

Anne Frank In Jerusalem • Scott McLeod

90 pages • \$10.00

Ex Nihilo Press • 300 Vicksburg St Ste 5 • San Francisco, CA • 94114



What a bombshell! The title sets out a pretty stunning premise — Anne Frank, the tragic child-diaryist of the Holocaust, has been alive for all these years. There's plenty of intrigue there already — Anne Frank's possible activities during the intervening years, her decision not to come forward, her eventual fate (the entries simply stop). But each of these is more interesting as a question than it would be answered, fictionally. McLeod has the sense to open this Pandora's box, and not trivialize it with sappy pseudo-biography.

This manuscript is presumably her journal, from the end of her life. The entries begin "Helsinki, 2 December, 1995..." Unlike the mythologized Anne Frank we all know, the tender, optimistic, intelligent and brave little Dutch girl of World War II, this diarist is misanthropic, harsh, and unable to prevent memory from flooding into her present. The prose is a streaming diatribe of dark notations, at once perfectly clear and strangely disjointed. It is quite disturbing to read, like speaking with a schizophrenic person or a speed freak — you know, that special kind of logic that is not nonsense, but is also not quite coherent. The sentences are all vivid, but the synthesis is jammed, somehow. This style bears some resemblance to Céline, perhaps, in *Journey to the End of Night*, but without his rascally confidence. This Anne Frank is, as you might expect, a ground-down, damaged psyche, making these stabs at expressing the inexpressible. Whereas a speed freak and a schizophrenic each have their reasons for language and logic breakdown, so would a survivor of the death camps have an obviously difficult time with these. Authors like Elie Weisel, Primo Levi, and Jerzy Koszinski have all struggled with the conundrum of expressing events at the limit of comprehension. Weisel has relegated himself to nonfiction; Koszinski and Levi, after having apparently triumphed in this linguistic struggle, both committed suicide rather late in life. Both authors were thought to have "dealt with it," but then succumbed to the suicidal urge statistically common among Holocaust survivors.

So then, what of Anne Frank? Of course, she wouldn't be the same before as after the death camp. This journal is presented in the shorthand sentences of someone taking notes:

"All limits have been passed, dominated and transformed in the same way, subtle predators having fainted, leaving a dead weight upon the fingers, the stench of man's sojourn on earth. Operative metaphors penetrated, fragmented, the forest and the body buried in it moving on separate pivots, altering the pre-recorded future.

Only compromise survives. There is no compromise possible." Needless to say, it's all about death. None of the child Anne's aspirations

and observations. Certain themes crop up repeatedly; for example, "the forest." A neutral thing or place, but the site of so much death (the mass graves, the Death Marches, the bucolic camp locations) that it takes on another meaning for Anne, much the same way the trains or railcars are a constant fugue in Claude Lanzmann's movies. The whole book is a powerful evocation of bodies, cold landscapes, blood, time, lies, certainty, words, and most of all, memory. While difficult to read, it is absolutely worth the effort.

I had heard that the book used "references" from other literature. As I was reading, I was immersed in its mood, but I didn't recognize any other distinctive passages. I looked up the author (McLeod lives in San Francisco) and found that the construction of the book was quite fascinating. Amazingly, McLeod harvested and recombined "phrases" from other texts to create *Anne Frank In Jerusalem*. Using at least 43 sources, McLeod described scanning these other books and compiling lists of phrases that he chose intuitively, with Anne Frank's second diary in mind. Then, with these lists of phrases before him, perhaps the list from Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, from de Sade's *Justine*, and from Emily Dickinson, he would compose a journal entry from combinations of phrases. Thus the weird sense of simultaneous clarity and ambiguity in the writing.

I have to admit, I am a form slut. It's so unusual to see a movie or a book or mural, or whatever piece of art where the form is really maximized. The result of McLeod's method, itself a neat balance of intentionality and chance, is the creation of this universal vocabulary of despair and boundary, and an illustration of the relationship between the Holocaust and language that has been under scrutiny since Existentialism. —Greta Snider

Logic Bomb: Transmissions from the Style Culture •

Steve Beard

218 pages • \$16.00

Serpents Tail • 4 Varick St • 10th Floor • New York, NY 10014



Beard was (perhaps still is?) a writer for the London "style" press, including magazines like *I-D*, *The Face*, etc—the glammey, smart, ironic British fashion magazines that are such a glorious waste of time. But Beard isn't just a hire slob for the these rags (though he says just a few too many times to take it as anything but false modesty, that he is, in fact a hack) he's really, like, smart. So smart, in fact, that he dropped out of Cambridge short of finishing his PhD because he realized how bankrupt the academy was, and decided that instead of wasting his time teaching he would really revolt against the dominant hegemony and write for fashion magazines. Baudrillard would be sooo proud.

Away, *Logic Bomb* is a collection of Beard's writings for these style rags. They cover the usual stale subject matter of early nineties hipster magazines: William Gibson, William Burroughs, Virtual Reality, Gen X, blah blah blah.

However, the book isn't a total waste, and here's where it becomes hard for me to express my feeling for it. Beard is a pretty good writer



(those years of high schooling were good for something, it seems) and some of the subject matter in here is incredible intriguing, namely the articles on British conceptual artist/musician Scanner, who records cellular phone conversation out of the air and makes records of them, and the article on the "otaku" fan culture in Japan (where what you purchase has become an overruling identity like never before). These pieces were really quite interesting, and Beard's analysis of it fun to read, although I wish he had spent more time on them instead of falling back on the half-assed excuse that the articles were reprinted front the fashion magazines, and therefore lacked depth, because well, they were written for fashion magazines.

That is obviously bullshit. This isn't a fashion magazine—it's a book, and if Steve had taken the time to re-work some of these articles and cut some of the very overdone material, then I think this would have been a much more absorbing read.

Addendum: The book ends with excepts from Beard's PhD dissertation that he really should have left out. No one wants to read your college papers, no matter how transgressive you think they are.

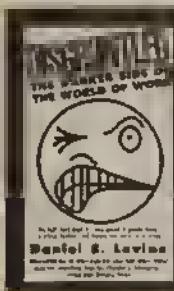
—Sean Sullivan

Disgruntled: The Darker Side of the World of Work

Daniel S. Levine

274 pages • \$12.00

Berkeley Boulevard • 200 Madison Avenue • New York,
NY • 10016



The archetype of a "disgruntled worker", according to the reports we get from the press, is some irrational, fucked-up guy who comes into his old office one day and sprays his former co-workers with an Uzi, or who paints mindless obscenities on the front door with his own shit, or crashes the whole computer system with a virus, or something similarly stupid or disgusting. Media portrayals of "disgruntled workers" imply either the workplace equivalent of Beavis and Butt-head, or David Berkowitz. What's missing from all these images is one simple fact: in most nineties workplaces, being disgruntled, bitter, pissed-off, and resentful about your job is the sanest and most honest attitude you can have. Few have ever had the luxury of viewing their job as a pleasant thing that's constructive to their sense of self, but in the last fifteen to twenty years, that phenomenon has dwindled almost into non-existence. Anyone you know with that attitude in the nineties is most likely deluding themselves.

This, in fact, is the very idea that kicks off Daniel Levine's book *Disgruntled: The Darker Side of the World of Work*. He leads off with a quote from Bertrand Russell: "One of the symptoms of approaching nervous breakdown is the belief that one's work is terribly important. If I were a medical man, I should prescribe a holiday to any patient who considered his work important." That, in a nutshell, describes the sanest attitude one can have towards the workplace: it is, at best, a symbiotic relationship (more often parasitic) that allows you to eat, sleep, and live, while giving your employer one-third of your life to use as they see fit.

The beauty of Russell's words is in their concision, and for the next two hundred and some pages, Levine proceeds to elaborate on them,

laying out in detail the reasons why work sucks, and why it's getting worse. We may each have the sensation that our own job is ripping our guts out bit by bit, but reading *Disgruntled* gives it a depth that isn't immediately obvious, because it shows with beautiful clarity that it's not just you. It's something more widespread than teenage acne, and even worse, it's deliberate—the atrocious result of a dance between the corporate bosses and weasel politicians.

This clarity and depth comes from the fact that *Disgruntled* is not an anarchist rant, but a carefully plotted history of the last fifteen years of labor and corporate culture. Each chapter focuses on a different reality of work, including the decline of the unions, discrimination, downsizing, disposable workers, health and safety problems, and how to survive all of the above without taking Uzi in hand. The realities of each aspect of work is illustrated both on the individual level, through people's stories, and on the larger scale, through carefully-researched statistics and studies. Some of the stories are comic, such as the tale of the Motorola cellular phone plant in Illinois that instituted a policy forbidding employees from smoking in their cars while parked on company property, the punishment for violating the policy four times was instant termination. Motorola claimed that this was their "way to control litter and promote employee health," but ditched the policy after being shown up as jackasses in the press. Others are just nauseating, especially when they're not the stories of one or two people dealing with their employers' greed, but things taking place on a much grander scale. Levine gives excellent pictures of just how few resources workers have to protect them from the dehumanizing effects of work, and of how those resources are slowly being drained away. His chapter on unions, for example, looks at the decline of the power of organized labor, starting with the passage of the Taft-Hartley act in the fifties to the gutting of labor protections by the Reagan-Bush administrations (in particular Reagan's busing of the air-controllers' union in the eighties).

But the unions don't get off clean in Levine's view. Unions can be just as corrupt or inept as any corporate officer—and they will be, as long as they're made up of human beings. The main criticism of unions that *Disgruntled* makes is one of complacency. Besides being reduced to fighting defensive battles just to survive, the unions have failed to devote themselves to organizing in new arenas. Levine quotes an organizing director at the AFL-CIO who notes that: "If we won 100 percent of our elections today, we still wouldn't organize what we did in the 1970s." The AFL-CIO has shifted its stance on organizing in the last couple of years, but the above quote shows just how far the unions—and the workers who have suffered from their decline—have to go.

The last couple of chapters in *Disgruntled* are the most hopeful—a welcome change after reading page after page of how people are regularly robbed of their dignity, money, and privacy by their employers. Levine tells the stories of people who have managed to escape the degradation of the workplace, either by accepting a lower standard of living or finding some way to become their own boss. The catch to these stories, as encouraging as they might be, is that there's not much here that would be much help for folks like me, who do data entry for temp agencies or something equally mind-numbing. The sad truth is that to escape the grind of work, you have to be firmly established within the daily cycle. It's good that there are so many people willing to fight back, to realize that people are recognizing a right to their own lives, but that is a right that gets harder and harder to exercise the farther down you are in the



system. As a temp, I still feel like the rung that people step on to get to the bottom rung on the corporate ladder. But although Levine may not be able to change brute realities like the one above, the clear vision he offers is definitely worth looking at, if only to have a better idea of why work sucks, rather than just knowing that it does. —Chris Hall

Punk '77 • John Stark

104 pages • \$13.99

Re/Search Publications • 20 Romolo #B • San Francisco, CA • 94133



James Stark issued the first version of this book back in 1978. It was a Xeroxed affair, produced in a minuscule edition that was mostly handed out to friends and supporters of the early San Francisco punk scene. Ten years later he went back to his original photos and fleshed them out with interviews and text. In 1992, *Punk '77* was issued and was greeted by many as a key to the past that they had only heard tales about. It was not long before this version too went out of print. In 1999 Stark approached Re/Search with the idea of reprinting his book. With the exception of an added index, a page of error corrections, and a short introduction, *Punk '77* has been reprinted exactly as it first appeared in 1992.

In the years since the pictures in this book were taken, punk has gone from being a movement based on individuality to a mall-bought image. The pictures and text that Stark has put together here serve as a reminder that punk was not always Top 40 and Warner Brothers, but a legitimate movement of artists and musicians looking to move away from the mainstream.

I would venture to guess that 99% of the readers of this 'zine were not involved in the punk scene when these pictures were taken (myself included), some of you were probably not even born at that time. That fact is what makes this book an important work: it is history. It is your history, a link to your past. Stark interviews the important people that were involved in the San Francisco punk scene at its inception and follows them in his 100+ photographs. In the pages of his book he features, Crime, The Nuns, The Dils, The Avengers, The Screamers, Devo, Blondie, The Sex Pistols, The Damned, The Ramones, Nico, The Zeros, UXA, Negative Trend, and The Weirdos, among others. Stark chronicles what he saw as the birth of punk rock and also what he saw as the end of the powerful underground punk movement, when the Sex Pistols played their infamous Winterland show. However, for one brief shining moment San Francisco, like New York in the mid- to late 1970s, had a legitimate and thriving underground scene that will be fondly remembered for what it was: a gathering of people looking for something new, something other than what the status quo had to offer. And instead of complaining and sitting on their asses and doing nothing, they took charge and affected change.

It is unfortunate to see the direction that punk has taken in the last 20 years. Today the pictures in this book may seem silly to the suburban teens who buy their "punk" at the malls and chain stores, but back in '77, looking like those featured in the book got you more than a shake of the head when you walked out in public. You opened yourself up for an endless barrage of harassment at the very least and invited a fight at the extreme.

While this book is in large part a history lesson to those that were not there, it is also a reminder that these people changed the world in some ways... and in the end how can anyone resist a book whose first picture is a full page of the Dictators' Handsome Dick Manitoba? —Trent Reinsmith

What A Sap I've Been • David Wilson McCord

104 pages • \$7.00

Synthetic Productions • P.O. Box 2714 • Berkeley, CA • 94702



What A Sap I've Been is a book of short stories by the late David Wilson McCord. Dave McCord was a charismatic East Bay writer and musician who passed away in 1994 from a heroin overdose. Fellow writer, and one of Dave's best friends when he was alive, Jerme Spew has continued to publish this and other books by Dave McCord via the d.i.y. publishing company they started together, called Synthetic Productions. I've read short pieces by Dave McCord previous to this, and I was familiar with his former band KWIK WAY, but *What A Sap I've Been* is the first time I've had a chance to read an entire book by him.

What struck me immediately was McCord's ability to use the simplest of facts and the most obvious of details to lure the reader into the imaginary lives and landscapes he has awaiting them. McCord's created mysterious, slightly surreal stories that seem too sound to be completely made up. His smooth, confident writing style has the effect of further pulling the reader into worlds that can seem absurd and tangible at the same time. I knew better, and still found myself believing that all these characters and locations were just thinly disguised representations of real figures in his life. This is about the point when the stories took unpredictable twists and turns that could only happen in a piece of fiction.

Limbless nude art models, pig-Offing flying saucers, and pet rats that feed on dead junkies are just some of the characters that inhabit the stories in *What A Sap I've Been*. Dave McCord surrounds these characters with back stories and locations that seem so personal and gritty that the outrageous nature of these tales take on a greater weight and significance. The stories and their characters seem perfectly suited for the work of filmmakers like David Lynch or David Cronenberg. There is a certain amount of social commentary here, but I'm not sure that there was any real intent by the author to make this any more than just another part of his literary puzzle. Each piece contributing to the overall success of his collected work.

At the end of *What A Sap I've Been* are twenty-two pages of journal entries by the author. The text here outlines many of the problems that shaped the young writer's life. It's here that he describes the chain of events that ultimately lead to his death. The way it's presented here is so matter of fact that I felt obligated to empathize with him, even when his actions were completely misguided and self-defeating. The journal entries start with accounts of the dysfunctional family life that caused him to act out against authority by keeping late hours and drinking with friends. Then it's on, from minor acts of rebellion, to sexual promiscuity and drug experimentation, which soon turned into heroin addiction and ultimately death. The oddest part for me, reading all of these stories, was how immediate and alive the writing seemed. This made the actuality of Dave McCord's demise seem all the more tragic, if not more than just a bit wasteful. —Jay Dead

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

DON'T CALL ME INDIE

My be-bated New Year's resolution is to separate myself from as much media propaganda as possible. This includes all types of magazines, from Hit List to Entertainment Weekly to the Hal Hartley internet discussion list I (used to) receive. My addiction to reading such things baffles my mind. I don't care, and am not even shocked, that the Warped Tour was out to make money, but I read the entire article.

It's going to be impossible to completely cut myself off, but I will be satisfied to just sit back and say, "No, I haven't heard anything about (blank) movie or (blank) band". Can you imagine? It would be nice.

The event that truly sparked this epiphany was when a friend of mine told me that Dreamworks is considered an independent film company. I was having trouble understanding why everyone: reviewers, "indie" film discussions lists, people in general, kept referring to *American Beauty* as some type of independent film breakthrough. My personal opinions of the movie (boring, predictable, a movie for suburbanites who want to think interesting things happen in the suburbs when they actually don't) aside, it seems odd anyone would consider it an independent film. Steven Spielberg, David Geffen and some other guy own Dreamworks. I don't think any more needs to be said, but, of course, this could evolve into a "what's punk" type of discussion.

I say we just forget the labels and judge movies on the content. Make a good movie and I'll go see it. I refuse to see something just because it's labeled "indie", 'cos you know when they do that, it's because the movie sucks and they are just looking for some marketing angle.

So on that note, HBO produced a documentary: *Black Tar Heroin: The Dark End Of The Street*. It focuses on five San Francisco heroin addicts: Tracey, Jake, Jessica, Oreo and Alice, and follows their lives for over two years. It is very well done; showing the audience why these people use heroin, how it is fucking up their lives and their attempts to get clean. There is an objective viewpoint that seems very cold, though I can see the necessity. The filmmaker films the addicts shooting up in every way possible: neck, hands, feet, shoulders, you name it. Some are so gruesome that people in the audience were groaning out loud. The guy sitting next to me, after repeated groans, got up and left the theater.

I am always amazed to hear why certain people started doing heroin. I can never see myself wanting to try it. Tracey said she wanted to try it after reading William Burroughs. I've heard that from a lot of people, but I've read Burroughs without the desire to do heroin. Also, Burroughs wrote books while on heroin, but the junkies who quote Burroughs as their inspiration don't seem to have any motivation toward accomplishing anything in that sense. I guess that's my biggest problem with that reasoning. Tracey claims to have a near-genius IQ and the desire to try everything life has to offer, until heroin took over her life. Jessica says she started doing it 'cos she was bored, though she seems the least likely to actually be a junkie. The others don't seem to have a reason.

Near the beginning of the film Tracey is arrested for dealing and sent to jail for six months. She comments that drugs are easily available in jail, but that she has stayed clean. She is out for eight hours before she starts using again. She also gained a noticeable amount of weight in jail. She loses so much again that it seems impossible. I almost wonder if the before-jail and after-jail footage weren't the same. It amazes me how severe the weight loss is.

Although the title is *Black Tar Heroin*, the references in the film to Black Tar Heroin is few. In fact, none of the main people say that is what they are using. We are told that if you accidentally inject Black Tar Heroin into your mus-

cle (due to overuse, veins are hard to get into), it causes an abscess under the skin. It's quite scary as shown by Oreo's girlfriend. I was expecting a little more information on the Black Tar Heroin. It has been responsible for some people in San Francisco contracting the flesh-eating virus, but there is no mention of this. It probably just seemed like a good title.

Overall, this documentary seems more as if it's aimed at people like me, who will probably never do heroin. I wouldn't say it gives you a sense of superiority, but it's a similar feeling. I noticed I was looking at people on the street a bit differently, wondering who was on heroin.

It doesn't glamorize the drug, but it does make you want to shake some sense into the people that help the addicts. Tracey's mom sends her \$1200 a month. Jake, later in the film, tests HIV positive, prostitutes himself on Polk Street, and is very messed up. He somehow starts living with a man who allows him to move in. Then, there is a seemingly staged scene where Jake is kicked out of the apartment because drugs are getting in the way of the relationship. All I can wonder is, how did these two get involved in the first place? If you judge by the events in the documentary, he was obviously very strung out before they hooked up. After seeing this, I have to remind myself of the addictiveness of heroin and try to be more sympathetic.

I needed something more innocent, like a teenage love story, but teen films these days are so lame. Kids with cell phones and the attitudes to match. I wanted something the equivalent of John Hughes for the '90s. *Show Me Love* is a Swedish love story between two teenage girls. It was extremely popular in Sweden, where it beat out *Titanic* in box office sales. Sounds good already.

Agnes is unpopular and rumored to be a lesbian. She has a crush on Elin, a popular girl who is bored with her life. Agnes' mom throws a birthday party for Agnes. No one shows up to the party, causing one of those fights between mother and daughter. I remember those type of arguments well from my younger days—it was very realistic. Then, Elin and her sister Jessica show up at the party. They were on their way to another party, but thought it might be more fun to go to Agnes'. Of course, no one is there, but Agnes' mom gives the girls some wine, so they stick around for a while.

Elin's interest in Agnes is sparked by a kiss she gives her to see what would happen. The story then develops in a sweet young love story way. Elin really likes Agnes, but pretends not to because of her friends. It's the oldest story in the book, but pulled off sublimely. All of the characters have depth. They seem to involve real people, unlike most '90s teen films. You don't really see any teen lesbian films either.

After my recent trip to Spain, I was looking forward to seeing the documentary *Antonio Gaudi*, by Japanese director Hitoshi Teshigahara. It was made in 1985 and was shown for one night only in San Francisco recently. Spending a couple of days in Barcelona, I was completely blown away by Gaudi's architecture. It's extravagant and makes quite an impression. It's truly amazing.

The thing that blew me away about this documentary was that it made this incredible architecture seem incredibly boring. All I could wonder was how is it possible for anyone to make this subject seem dull.

Teshigahara films it as if he is a tourist, walking around Gaudi's buildings with a hand held camera. There is very little dialogue, and subtitles that give the name of the building or a small fact about Gaudi. The only sound for 95% of the film is a Phil Glass imitation soundtrack by an "award-winning composer" Toru Takemitsu. It just lulls you into a comatose state. The camera work is equally boring. He walks through an entranceway, tilts up, tilts down, pans right, pans left, zooms in, zooms out. Basic filmmaking, without any type of imagination.

Compared to the seemingly inexhaustible imagination

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

of Gaudi, Antonio Gaudi is a disappointment. After seeing the architecture up close, it is frustrating someone could have made this as a tribute to his work. — Carolyn Keddy

KORINE STINKY-MOVIE

The stuff of art-film nightmares happens in *Julien Donkey-Boy*, with its epicenter in suburban New Jersey. Gawk, schizophrenic, early 20-ish Julien (Evan Bremner) has whacked-outs dialogues with himself in his room, or still worse, on the curb in front of his house. Mostly, he talks about Hitler or Jesus. He looks like a nightmare, too, with metal-capped teeth, hair flying everywhere, and the agog glare of a mental absentee. His father (Werner Herzog) isn't much better; when he isn't watching figure-skating on TV, he goes off on strange tirades every bit the equal of Julien's, or lays around his room weating a gas mask. Dad makes a point of taunting and torturing Julien's younger brother Chris (Evan Neumann), berating him for his lack of manliness, or hosing him down outside in freezing water. Chris, who envisions himself as a Greco-Roman wrestler, also tortures himself by climbing up and down the stairs with his arms. Grandma is content toying with the dog and half-parrotting her son. And Julien's sister Pearl (Chloe Sevigny) is seven months pregnant — with Julien's child.

This freak show has overtones of God and Hell right through to its festering pit. The family goes to Baptist revival meetings every Sunday, during which Julien usually weeps, and the rest of the family sits there as the crowd chants to the sermon. The irony in our anti-hero's name should not be lost on the audience. Julian the Apostate was the last Roman emperor to oppose Christianity a millennium and a half ago; it's also the name of a 14th century mystic who purportedly had visions of Jesus and the virgin Mary, and wrote extensively on the nature of good and evil. You don't have to dig too far to figure out the derivation of his older brother Chris's name. Pearl plays the harp. In fact, the whole movie seems to aim for the feeling of a church revival set to the language of cinema, which is tipped apart over the course of the film.

Don't look for establishing shots, coherent dialog, or even a story. Director Harmony Korine (who wrote the script for Bob Clark's controversial *Kids* as a teenager) splices together ultra-grainy color film, video, images dubbed off TV screens, exchanges between characters that are either dream-improvised, too far away to hear, or (at their worst) spliced so that they're a continuous incomprehensible jump cut at half-second clips. Moments of silence alternate with opera. Few of the scenes are related to the ones that came before.

High-profile filmmakers and ex-filmmakers like Bernardo Bertolucci, Gus Van Sant, and Jean-Luc Godard have rallied around Korine as if he were the holy carrier of a new film language. Maybe for cineastes. *Julien Donkey-Boy* definitely has a liberating underground feel to it, but it can also run the gamut from rebellious to exasperating (in an embarrassing, artsy kind of way). As the not-quite-a-story develops, we're made aware that Julien's Dad is behind his children's compulsions (and maybe a recessive gene or two). Dad tries to get both of his sons to wear women's clothing — and Julien actually does while wrestling his younger brother in the front room. When Julien offers a poem at the kitchen table, Dad excoriates him for the sin of bad verse, then goes on to explain why the climactic scenes in *Dirty Harry* qualify as high art. After these intense family conflicts, Dad frequently retreats to his room, taking swigs from his stock of Robitussin PM, and then launches into his own schizophrenic ramblings. His best friend is an armless man who has the talent of being able to pull aces at random from a shuffled deck with his feet — what he sees as God's equalizer for his infirmity.

Aside from beating her brother's child, Pearl emerges as the family's one relatively sane human being here, though she, Julien, and their offspring meet a tragic end. And yes, the film does eventually end — though not as quickly if Korine had anything to say about it. He recently admitted he preferred his 6 1/2 hour

director's cut to the 92 minute release print, a remark that indicates he's destined to make films that play to an audience of one. After the art students and film fans tire of his shick, who's left?

Consequently, Korine has everything to gain from his affiliation with Dogme 95, a small group of Danish filmmakers who require members to make a "Vow of Chastity". Basically, this involves strict adherence to Dogme 95's Ten Commandments in an effort to ensure the artistic purity of their output. For example, sound must be filmed along with the images (and never dubbed afterwards), optical filters are forbidden, everything must be in color, and the director must never be credited. But these rules are apparently applied in a loose, Catholic sort of way, because *Julien Donkey-Boy* — which won a Dogme 95 certificate — violates every one of the above rules at one point or another. Maybe they just need more converts.

You may disagree, but I don't believe that Ten Commandments were sent down from heaven to Moses, nor that the precepts of Dogme 95 — which were written up in less than a half an hour — constitute much of a cinematic religion. However, those interested in joining the creed will want to check out Korine's debut directorial effort *Gummo*, which was thought to be so nasty that Fine Line Features denied it a commercial release and sent it straight to video.

Like *Julien Donkey-Boy*, *Gummo* plays better on paper than on screen, but with the eye-jarring photo-effects mostly gone, it's considerably more watchable. In Xenia, Ohio, a trailer-trash town visited by a killer tornado twenty years earlier, the kids mostly watch over themselves. Ferret-faced Solomon (Jacob Reynolds) has a mother who tap-dances in oversized shoes in-between threatening the boy with a gun; if he doesn't smile, she'll shoot. She feeds him spaghetti and candy as she shampoos him in the bathtub. He and his wasted friend Tummlet (Nick Sutton) supplement their income drowning or shooting cats, then selling them to a local supermarket, which in turn sells them to the Chinese restaurant. There's not too much to do locally save sniffing glue, or boning a local who's who may be borderline retarded. A pair of skinheads like to punch each other out for fun, and the local albino girl without toes has a crush on Patrick Swayze. Another pair of girls try to increase their breast size by putting electrical tape on their nipples, then ripping it off. And there's a coven of kids who listen to death-metal and worship the devil. All the teenage girls are bleached blonds.

But it's easy to concentrate on Korine's fascination with the human freak show and downplay his disarming moments of actual sensitivity. There's a visit to the hospital, where a teenage girl has to face the terrifying prospect of a mastectomy. Another kid diligently takes care of his grandmother, who's being kept alive by a machine and hasn't talked or moved in months. In a public toilet, a young, victimized kid wearing pink rabbit ears plays the same notes on his accordion, over and over.

They say the best way to tell a lie is to mix it up with truth, and that's *Gummo*'s basic strategy. Just after you groan over some adolescent attempt at shock, a streak of tenderness and nostalgia will come through in the film's mix of home video and sullen, withdrawn narration. The same problem with credibility stems from Korine's use of amateur actors, whose performances can be anything from riveting to excruciating.

As with *Julien Donkey-Boy*, it's almost a given that the father characters are from Korine's age, the less true (and more freakish) they become — whether they're child-molesters or mentally unhinged. Korine may understand kids, but he doesn't have a clue about the other two-thirds of the population.

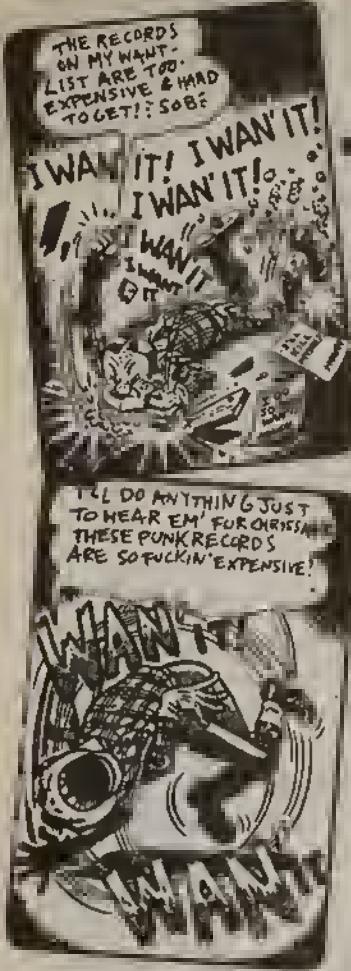
Gummo is not particularly shocking. The film is too slow and non-linear to arrest or excite. At the same time, it's not a bad film; I'll even wager that if he doesn't succumb to his worst tendencies, Harmony Korine may eventually pull it all together and produce something that works from start to finish.

Maybe. Just not this time. — Steve Spinali

THE FAST

by Chuck "New Wave" Nolan

ANOTHER SUBCULTURE GOING



Note: this is a new section in MRR, sort of combining the Scumput and Pioneers of Punk. Here, we're gonna focus on bands that fall in between the cracks of those two sections, as well as bands that would have fit squarely in either. If you want to write an article about a band, get in touch!

It's better to write to make sure we can use the article first. Or, if you have a band you think we should write about (but don't want to do the dirty work yourself), let us know.

A word of advice: card-carrying "punk rockers" stop reading! If shining your chainwallet, bleaching your hair, and digesting the latest musical dung corporate labels are shelling out, takes precedent over original thought, you don't need to go here. However, if concepts of true punk (DIY records, booking your own life, and following your own genetic imperative) appeal to you, then proceed to the tale of the sadly forgotten NY pop-punk groundbreakers, The Fast.

According to Louis Bova, bassplayer on The Fast's 1980 debut LP, punk was not created overnight, and there is an often overlooked "gray era" between the glam movement of the early to mid seventies, and punk's sociological upheaval. The Fast started as early as '72, fronted by Fast mastarmind guitarist/songwriter Miki Zone, and his brother Armand (Mandy to his buddies) Zona. Early rare cuts sound influenced by Bowie, and The Who, but the roughneaa of unbridled teen-angst give the songs a flavor more appropriately described as maximum rock and roll. Early gigs were played in lofts, and rented spaces, in a scene inhabited by NY Dolls, and Wayne/Jayne County.

Armand, a most gifted singer, fronted The Fast until late '75, when youngest brother Paul Zona was appointed frontman, and Mandy moved to keyboards, and interstellar backing vocals. Paul's less trained, adenoidal vocal delivery (at times recalling influences Alice Cooper, and Brian Eno) combined with his rock atar looks made him perfect as Miki Zone's foil during the NY punk vanguard.

Paul recalls Dee Dee Ramone approaching an already established The Fast, about the formation of his new band! The Ramones played one of their first gigs, opening for The Fast, and remain in contact with Paul to this day.

The '76-77 era Fast was visually stunning, in the tradition of the NY scena, where according to John Holmstrom, everyone was an individual. This tradition carried over to bands like Minneapolis' The Replacements, where you could have guys looking like Rod Stewart, Peter Ferrett of The Only Ones, and your local gas attendant, all on one stage! Paul Zone had long hair reminiscent of Kiss' Paul Stanley, yet Miki sported spiked hair, and Armand was decked out in goth attire, sporting a strangely Nazi looking armband, with his initials on it! Like the Stooges, Dead Boys and Sid Vicious, Mandy was no fascist, and was merely morbidly fascinated by German aesthetics.

The first sign of potential success occurred when The Fast came under the wing of seminal NY punk venue Max's Kansas City. The classic Max's 1976 compilation CD (available right now on amazon.com if you hurry!) contained 2 Fast classics Wow Pow Bash Crash, and Boys Will Be Boys (preceding similar sentiments conveyed by David Bowie in his classic tune Boya Keep Swingin').

However, during the mass punk major label signings of 76-78, The Fast were unfortunately tied to RAM records, Max's label. In order for The Fast to have been signed, Max's entire roster of artists needed to get signed too, and as a result, they were overlooked.

The Fast's determination to succeed is admirable, and they plugged along in the seventies with excessive touring, releasing singles, including a seemingly J.G. Ballard inspired song Cars Crash, with backing vocals by Jayne County.

During the close of the aeventies, it almost seemed the name The Fast was becoming a burden. It seemed that they didn't mesh with certain factions of punk's intelligentsia, and a rapidly solidifying philosophy. According to Punk magazine, and current High Times editor John Holmstrom, The Fast could be perceived as teenybopper wannabes though they were certainly respected by everyone. It must be noted here that the Sex Pistols also never hid a desire to succeed, but on Mr. Holmstrom's behalf, he doesn't like them either! John does state that strangely enough, The Ramones also thought of themselves as a teenybopper/bubblegum band. Despite the fact that one could choose to view The Fast as sharing the same principles as punk icons The Ramones, the stigma remained. As a result, the band

changed their name briefly to Miki Zone Zoo, though they still had to go brought the band to Electric Ladyland Studios, for sessions that would result in The Fast's debut LP, For Sale (released on the Zone's DIY label Recca).

Combining 6 Ric tracks, with their previously released singles, For Sale is an impressive document of the band's evolution. Earlier cuts like Kids Just Wanna Dance, and Boys Will Be Boys seem to presage the tradition of punk-pop, that can be exemplified by The Damned, The



Dickies, on to the modern day punk-pop era of Green Day. X fans would be happy with Sizzler, which mixes cool rockabilly with punk feel. My favorite cut, It's Like Love, is a power pop gem, that combines masterful lead vocals by Paul (that recall Eno's Here Come The Warm Jets), with Armand's soaring backing vocals (recalling Frankie Vallie and the Four Seasons of all things!) The Fast shared a penchant for classic ireali rock and roll with The Ramones. The LP was mainly sold at shows, and on consignment at record stores.

Despite friends in high places (like Blondie, who thank Paul on the liner notes to Plastic Letters) the big break never came, but The Fast (now merely called Fast) kept plugging along, making them, according to Trouser Press guru Ira Robbins, "early examples of the DIY bootstrapping ethic."

Things get bizarre around this point, and on their second, and swan-song LP, *Leather Boys From The Asphalt Jungle*, The Fast became forerunners of two musical movements, queer-core and Goth. During previous work, The Fast toyed with bisexual issues, but so did the whole glam movement, including straight bands like Mott The Hoople and Sweet. Fast were now giving a more direct representation of the gay leather underworld that was inhabited by the increasingly drug addicted Zone brothers. Videos filmed during this era show the band in black, and Paul in head to toe black leather. The whole band wears futuristic wraparound shades that also cover the nose (any old timers out there remember Incognito advertisements in Creem magazine, selling these "phantom" glasses, that were also worn by DEVO circa '79?) The whole aesthetic recalls later incarnations of The Damned, and a certain Mr. Reznor (but unlike Trent, these goth godfathers seem to be having a good time in their videos!)

By this point, Ian North, of NY's prototypical power pop band Milk 'N' Cookies (what a fuckin' name!) had joined, and according to Paul, "has no memory" of doing the videos! I guess if you remember the Max's/CBGB golden years, you weren't really there!

Toward the end, Fast were once called "a male Plasmatics" in the press. Pictures show Miki wearing crazy whiteface makeup, and Paul sporting a Wendy O Williams looking mohawk, furry pants and vest (ala Captain Sensible), and a big snake wrapped around him!

On a serious note, the drugged out tales of yesteryear often take on mythological proportion, but the reality of the matter, is

that around this point, Paul suffered heart problems, and is lucky to be counted among NY rock's survivors. As a result, Paul's antics began to tone down, swinging from the rafters at a show didn't have the same appeal sober, and another metamorphosis began.

Line-up problems were another issue. At one point in Fast's tumultuous line up changes, Tommy Victor of mega-metal group Prong was a member!

Though the name Fast clung on until about '84, Paul and Miki finally said goodbye to drummers and began creating music inspired by new wave synth bands like Soft Cell. They finally went all the way with their vision, and became the electronic duo Man 2 Man, with the aid of electro-funk godfather Man Parrish.

Like Martin Scorsese's modern myths *Taxi Driver* and *The King of New York*, success has the damnedest tendency to follow tragedy. On December 31st 1988, Miki Zone died from a combination of AIDS, and cocaine abuse. The '80s British Invasion was the earliest influence of the Zone Brothers, and Paul had to play The Top Of The Pops without his brother. However, Paul feels the Zone brothers finally achieved their dream, although Miki couldn't be there in the flesh. The Man 2 Man single *Male Stripper* hit #4 on the UK charts, and remains to this day, a must for any electronica DJ.

Paul reconnected with Armand (Mandy) briefly in the late eighties, under the name Zone Brothers. Sadly Mandy passed away in 1996, another victim of the AIDS epidemic.

Paul spent his money wisely, and bought property in NY, that pays his bills in LA. Paul continued with Man 2 Man into the early nineties, but an Italian label has recently sought some new material, so the saga may continue. Paul still continues to produce music, and has recently worked with Angela Bowie, as

well as NY friends Dee Dee Ramone, Lydia Lunch, The Cramps, and Jayne County. Due to recent interest in The Fast, Paul is currently seeking interested indie labels for a Best of the Fast reissue that he has compiled, including much unreleased material. Sadly, without an extensive search for vinyl, the Max's comp is your only chance right now to hear 2 tracks from an amazing body of work.

For more information regarding The Fast, please check out the website at: <http://members.xoom.com/fasthomepage/> Also check out current issue #28 of the excellent Roctober magazine, for an extensive article on the Zone brothers. (1507 E. 83rd St., PMB 617 Chicago IL 60815). The author of this article can be contacted at charles.nolanjr@gte.net. Paul Zone can be reached at: PaulZone1@aol.com

FAST



LEATHER BOYS FROM THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

•V/A-Max's Kansas City LP: Boya Will Be Boys & Wow Pow Bash Crash (LP/76, Ram Records)

•It's Been Love/Kids Just Wanna Dance 7" (77, Ram)

•Boys Will Be Boys/Wow Pow Bash Crash 7" (78, CBS)

•(As Mike Zone Zoo) Coney Island Chaos/These Boots Are Made For Walkin' 7" (78, Zoo Records)

•Cars Crash/B-Movies 7" (79, Sounds Interesting)

•V/A-Sharp Cuts: Kids Just Wanna Dance LP (80, Planet/Elektra/Asylum)

•The Fast For Sale LP (80, Recca)

•V/A-New Wave Hits For the 80'S: Boys Will Be Boya/Kids Just Wanna Dance LP (80, Max's Kansas City Records)

•Ozone (featuring Armand Zone)-I Could Have Been/Broken Toy (81, Max's Kansas City)

•Leather Boys from the Asphalt Jungle LP (81, Recca)

•Mountain/Love Is Like an Itchin' in My Heart (82, Recca)

•V/A-Max's Kansas City CD (98, ROIR)

THE FAST

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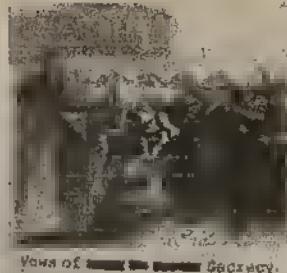
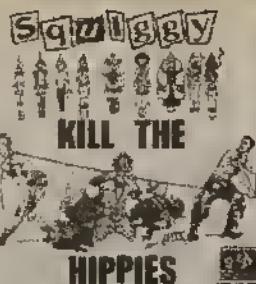
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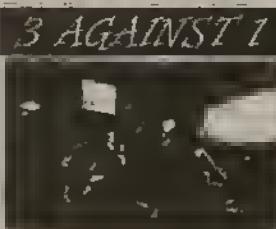
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ACADEMY MORTICIANS - "Shallow Permanence" CD

This album could have been just another simple BAD RELIGION clone record, but there's something else going on here. While many of the songs follow the simple structure of most Epitaph types, the simple production and clean Fender guitars give this record an interesting '60s garage edge. The vocal harmonies are the only thing connecting them production-wise to the BAD RELIGION sound. Politico lyrics like RANDY, and I do mean that some of them sound like they've been translated from Swedish. (LH) (Smokin' Troll, 48 Llwyn Beuno Bontevwydd, Caernarvon, 66552, UK)

A.D.E.S. - "Prontolo Vereis" CD

I have been betrayed. At first the European Metal blessed my little ears and then it never went anywhere new or even interesting. Repetitive metal hardcore with some funky songs just to mix it up in a fucking lame way. (TJ) (W.C., PO Box 41019, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

ALLIED JAGET - "The End" CD

Hmm. ALLIED JAGET from Norway definitely have a crossover appeal to them. Thrashy metal core with hoarsely yelled vocals. Not quite metal, not quite hardcore and not quite bad. (RC) (Heart First, Bockhstr. 39, 10967 Berlin, GERMANY)



AMULET - "Life On The Edge Of Chaos" EP

The look of this record has MADBALL knucklehead-core written all over it. But fans of recent Swedish hardcore know that Bridge Records wouldn't try to sell us any of that crap. AMULET trips through four songs with no corny kickboxing breakdowns. Sure there are slowdowns

but no bass heavy 1-2-3, 1-2-3. Tight mix of BETTER THAN A THOUSAND, early Victory Records, and BURN. (TH) (Bridge, Box 1903, SE-581 18 Linköping, SWEDEN)

ANAL CUNT/INSULT - split CD

Well it looks like a total Seth Putnam fest here, considering he is in both bands. This is all live stuff from various radio shows. The ANAL CUNT stuff is exactly what you would expect from them. Out of control speed, noise and utter fucking mayhem. INSULT go for more of a old school, fast and furious hardcore style. All the recordings are really good, and the CD is worth getting if you are a fan of either band.

(Wicked Sick, PO Box 650101, West Newton, MA 02465)

ANTICHRIST - "The Blind" LP

Jesus on the front cover, yet the ANTICHRIST converting souls to the darkside from within. Thunderously heavy when mid tempo, without being redundant, then breaking into double bass drum frenzies on the drop of a dime. (TJ) (Malarie, PO Box 10, 60-170 Polznan 27, POLAND)

ARMAGEDEON/FORCA MACABRA - split LP

Brazil's ARMAGEDEON are back, bringing with them everybody's favorite wannabe Brazilians, Finland's own FORCA MACABRA. Unfortunately, ARMAGEDEON seems to have a more death metal influence on this record and have slowed it down considerably. FORCA MACABRA may wear their influences on their sleeves, but when your influences are OHLO SECO, RATO DE PARA, and the such, it's a good thing. This record is brought to you by those two lovely people at... (JF) (Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

ASTRID OTO - "Welcome Home" EP

This sounds a lot like the GRU'PS, with scratchy male and female vocals trading off over messy punk rock. I like the GRU'PS a lot more, but this isn't bad. Nothing ground breaking. It's Aaron Cometbus' new project. It's on red vinyl. (BC) (Meconium, PO Box 25171, Raleigh, NC 27611)



MUSIC

THE AUTHORITY - "On Glory's Side" CD

This is pretty good. By far this band's most powerful release to date, and I must say that Bill's vocals are better than their previous singer's. Fifteen songs of solid street punk. (RM)

(Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)



BARBWIRES - "Rattlehead" EP

Oh, yeah that's right...ride that wave, ride the wave...Swedish Surf!! The first few bars of "Wave Rebel" remind me of the intro to the CLASH's "Lost In The Supermarket"...but I'm weird, so that doesn't matter much. It's three original instrumentals that sound like your standard beach band. I may not like water, and I hate the beach but I loves me some surf guitar!! (BM)

(Kook, Kocksgatan 23-116, 24 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

BARBWIRES - "See That Seagal" EP

Surf garage rock that doesn't do shit for me. I'm sorry, but this record has all the creativity of the latest BACK-STREET BOYS record. I don't know what I did to piss off Mr. Hopkins, but he ain't getting shit for X-Mas. (JF)

(Zorch, Schantzgatan 2C, II, 703 66 Orebro, SWEDEN)

THE BAR FEEDERS - "Pour For Four, Por Favor!" CD

The wait is over! Frisco's finest goof thrash band's second CD is finally out! Quirky rhythms and blazing speed continue throughout with a couple awesome acapella moments. The booklet contains all their wacked lyrics, silly tour photos, and a glimpse into the madness known as the BAR FEEDERS. An awesome live band you oughta check out on their spring US tour. (HM)

(Fast, 401 Broadway #2011, New York, NY 10013)

BILLY CHILDISH & HOLLY GOLIGHTLY - "In Blood" LP

From the school of more is less, this plotting pair ride one earnest chord down the track. Stickin' to a gentle, bluesy locomotive rhythm that keeps this train of sexy-lyrical innuendo a rolling, rolling, rolling me into drowsy oblivion. (DL)

(Wabana, P.O. Box 381700, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02238)

REVIEW

BLOODY SODS - "Hate Of Mind" EP

Six pissed...six? Yeah, I guess so. Six pissed-off dudes from the Peach State who play fast, loud 'n' angry punk rock quite similar to a number of COS bands. This isn't bad, but there's just so much better shit out there that I prefer to spend my time listening to. (NF)

(Mad Skull, PO Box 57159 1040 BB, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)



BONUS/SARCISTIC BOMBS - split EP

Here's a punchy 'lil release coming from the Spanish airwaves. Straight up Espanol spoken here. The SARCISTIC BOMBS side jabs with two short and sour one's with AEROBITCH speed and enthusiasm. The BONUS side blazes like a Spanish version of SMOGTOWN with a tough hardcore edge. Rockin' shit. (DL)

(Betty's Punk Secret, correos 175, 28930 Mostoles, Madrid SPAIN)



BORN DEAD ICONS - "Part Of Something Bigger Than Ourselves" EP

From dark and brooding, to fast and pissed—this varies in pace among the four tracks but could definitely be filed under political/crust/hardcore, y'know...all that stuff. Not as heavy or hard hitting as HIS HERO IS GONE, though not far off it (and they have that "HHIG School of Graphic Arts" look on the packaging) this lacks a little something I can't quite put my finger on, less dirge-more rage maybe? First release on this label... (AD)

(\$5 ppd; Deranged c/o Gorden Dufrene, PO Box 543 Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T1, CANADA)

BROGUES - "Modern Modes" EP

I always try to think of amateur-ish stuff as charming. Unfortunately, sometimes it's just shitty. Such is the case here. This reminds me of UK DECAY. Lots of effects on the guitar and screaming vocals. Fuck, they even screw up "Can't Explain," which is about as tough to do as fucking up "You Really Got Me". Nuff said. (RL)

(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203)

MUSIC REVIEWS



BUCK - "Christmas in my Heart" EP

When I was little, my dad was cool. Then one day he became an ultra-right-wing freak who drank himself into a stupor to Patsy Cline records, so basically I fucking hate country music! I also hate Christmas songs. The combination of the two makes the a-side of this

records one of the most horrible sounds I've ever heard: The b-side is a rock song called "Father Christmas" and it's no picnic either. This record was a waste of my time, of studio time, of mastering time, of record label time and of valuable natural resources. Tim would have called this a crime against punk, and I'd have to agree. Basically, I'd like to say this sucks, don't buy it, and if you get it for free, just throw it at some yuppies or something. (BC)

(Sympathy, PO BOX 292407, LA, CA 90029)



THE BURNING FLAMES - "Deprogramming The Jocks" EP

I hope this driving hardcore band never suffers the indignity of the "youth crew" description. In your face and able to keep their tight and structured songs loose, add slight melodies to a slightly ugly sound, and lyrically make political observations accessible in an every day living kind of way. Aspects of

AMENITY, mid-period ENDPOINT, CHAIN TO THREAD may tickle your ears. (TH)
(Eternity, Lundgren, Strandgatan 30B, 633 43 Eskilstuna, SWEDEN)

CATHARSIS - "Passion" CD

Passion is most definitely what this band has...whether it's the bone-crushing music (which is way beyond what others have done in recent years), the lyrics, or the live performance. If the anarcho-zine *Fifth Estate* played crushing hardcore, it would sound like CATHARSIS. Their fans have probably already gotten this, but for those afraid to dabble with the metal-core, why don't you start off with the band who has proven their intelligence, originality and above all, their impact. Awesome to say the least. (MW)
(CrimethInc. 2695 Rangewood Dr, Atlanta, GA 30345)

CATHETER/FIENDEAD - split EP

This record arrived so damaged that I was barely able to hear one song per side. FIENDEAD is from Santa Fe, and they play some whip ass hardcore that's a cross between AXIOM and PHOBIA. CATHETER draws the same comparisons, which means if the rest of their songs are as good, then I'd recommend it. Hypothetically speaking, of course. (JV)

(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

THE CHORDS - "So Far Away" LP

I'll make this simple. JAM fans alert! JAM fans alert! I'm sure fans of the CHORDS will regard it an unfair comparison, as the CHORDS were arguably better, but spatial constraints force me to resort to linking this reissue of their 1980 release with a the band whose shadow I'm sure they were always sick of inhabiting. Not as good as the JOLT, says Greg Lowery. (DD)
(no address)

CHOREA/ASMODINAS LEICHENHAUS - split EP

Most of the liner notes are in German, so I might be wrong on some of this. It's either a sampler from a previous Hardcore Festival, or there's one coming up January 24th that these bands will be at. Regardless, both bands tear it up, with rough, frenzied hardcore—CHOREA working a quicker pace, and ASMODINAS LEICHENHAUS utilizing more distortion and noise. Lyrics are translated for both, and touch on alienation, daily struggles, materialism and relationships. Great split—the packaging is nice, the music rips, and there's some obvious thought behind it all. (TM)
(Flowerviolence, Augartenstrasse 15, 68185 Mannheim, GERMANY)

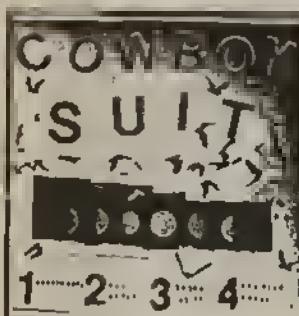
COOL KIDS NEVER DIE - "Tigerbaby" EP

By the looks of this band alone, I knew I was going to like this. These kids look pathetic, wasted and scary. They could be left over from the uncool part of the sixties. The first side starts out with what sounds like footsteps, but is actually the kick drum for 30 seconds. The song starts slowly and sounds like I'm playing it at the wrong speed. I change to 33, but when the song really kicks in, it's obvious that I need to go back to 45. Obnoxious rating is a ten. Music resembles STOOGES through the ears of BRAIN BOMBS, except that the band comes across as not really knowing what the hell they are doing. I mean that in the best possible way. The singer croons to the point of whining, but it's easy to get wrapped up in the music and not think about the whining too much. Very cool. (CK)
(\$5 ppd: URU, Buskvagen 28, S-611 45 Nykoping, SWEDEN)



MUSIC

REVIEW



COWBOY SUIT - "Surround-ed" EP

These guys are trying to hide the fact that they want to be an emo band behind the fact that they can't really play, so they make a bunch of very jumbled noise. Maybe they just need to be recorded better. It sounds too muddled. (CK)

(Nightrain Vinyl, PO Box 6347,

Evanston, IL 60204)

CRIMINALS/AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY - split 10"

The three-song CRIMINALS side is good stuff, gruff per Jesse L., and tuneful enough to hold the sloppiness, which was one of the band's potholes on the first 10". They keep it tight and driving this time around, feet on the pavement. AAA is not strictly *ska*-core here, except for the horn (sigh), but they still are hyper-melodic. Nursery-rhymey, even. The harder parts are snotty (voice) and sincere (words), when the up-and-down bouncy tunes don't dominate all the punk rock. AAA does a CRIMINALS song, and vice versa. The Bay Area's still sneering. (AC)

(Sub City, PO Box 7495 Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)



DAY'S WAIT - "Saturday Night-Fever Dance Activists" EP

Aggressive yet catchy pop punk along the lines the poppy STRUNG OUT stuff, like their first LP on Fat. Five songs that are written well enough to keep a usually boring style of music interesting. Big plus for the really thick white vinyl. A record well worth listening to. (PA)

(Radiation Star, Renweg 1, 93049 Regensburg, GERMANY)



DEFACTO OPPRESSION - "We're Digging Our Own Graves" EP

Six songs of vitriolic metallic hardcore with a definite environmentalist bent. Suburban sprawl, pollution, factory farming, and the exploitation of indigenous peoples are some of the topics that come under scrutiny, and you can rest assured that

DEFACTO OPPRESSION don't like any of them. Nice packaging too. (AM)

(1520 Tainter St, Menomonie, WI 54751)

DELIVER ME/EDGE-UCATE - split EP

Whoa. Midwest striking again—had heard about these bands, but hadn't seen anything yet. Gotta love any record that has songs starting with slower, almost ('80s style) mosh parts, then crank immediately into a frenzied, chaotic attack of guitars, choked vocals and general mayhem. Slow it up a couple of seconds later, then repeat. Structure is there, but the building is collapsing anyway. Flip is the earthquake vs tornado—slower and creeping, but arriving at the same place. Lyrics working the spiteful, personal politics of everyday life for the most part, with some forays into larger concerns. Best clear the area. (TM)

(Disgruntled, 827 Somonauk Street, Sycamore IL 60178)



THE DERITA SISTERS & JUNIOR - "Ain't Street" CD

These sisters pull off some pretty legit gangsta packaging including lyrics, but they sound more like a cross between the RAMONES and old VANDALS. Nineteen pop punk ditties and a silly dance version of "Whoop There It Is!" with a surprise ending. Pretty mediocre, but entertaining none the less. (HM)

(To The Left, PO Box 4829, Boulder, CO 80306)

THE DERITA SISTERS & JUNIOR - "Wrong Turn At Jerusalem" CD

This 21-song CD contains 15 tunes from their "Ain't Street" CD (possibly the exact same versions). At least three more tracks are from other DERITA releases making this some sorta simultaneous re-release or European special release. By the time I finished listening to both these DERITA CDs a few times, I'm definitely sick of some of these tunes and I maintain my stance of their melodic pop punk mediocrity. (HM)

(Smokin' Troll, 48 Llwyn Beuno, Bontnewydd, Caernarfon, Wales LL55 2UH, UK)

DIALTONES - LP

My pick of the month. This German band has all the energy and attitude of the REGISTRATORS and TEEN-GENERATE. The recording quality is excellent, the songs are short and fast. This restores my faith that punk is not dead. (DP)

(Screaming Apple, Düsternichstr. 14, 509 39 Köln, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE DICKIES - "Archives" LP

A cool bootleg featuring a few alternative takes ("Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind", "Toxic Avenger"), demos ("Monster Island", "H.I.V."), live unreleased tracks ("Monster Mash", "I'm Leonard", "Walk On The Wild Side", "Nobody But Me") and more oddities ("I'm On Crack", "Diamond Mine", "Monkey See, Monkey Do")! Not essential, but really fuckin' cool. (HM)

(Hit & Run)



DRILLER KILLER - "What Goes Around Comes Around" EP

Ok, I have to admit, DRILLER KILLER's older CDs just did not do anything for me. They were always way too overproduced and written from formula. Well, this EP has converted me now... this is so unbelievably heavy (I actually thought I had it on the wrong speed). Man,

now if all their records sounded like this, I would be a fan for life. Check it out, even if their last releases did nothing for ya. (MW)

(No Fashion, Caixa Postal 03, CEP: 13450-970, Santa B.D'Oeste-SP, BRAZIL)

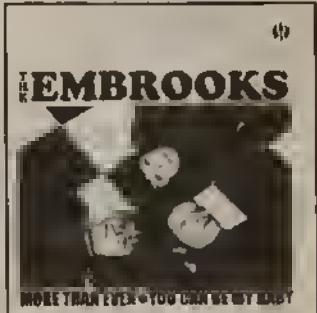
EGGHEAD - "Dumb Songs For Smart People" CD

Tim does it again! Wussed-out pop punk for all of the inhabitants of GeekRock USA™ to consume as if they were ravenous feral dingos and this was Meryl Streep's baby!! Rise my geeky betheren! Rise up I say!! Buy, steal, borrow and never return a copy of this beautiful little gem!! It's a compilation of odds and ends from this late great New York band, who would influence the likes of the KUNG FU MONKEYS (all three members later joined for their "Shindig" EP) and DIRT BIKE ANNIE, to name but a few. I am not a smart person, but I too enjoyed this CD!!! (BM)

(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

THE EMBROOKS - "More Than Ever/You Can Be My Baby"

.....English '60s revival shit that don't sound that motherfucking good...this shit just reeks of being pussy-ass music.....both sides have been LAME!!!!...what's a fellow to do????...LIE????!!!!...yeah, I know, doing record reviews hurts peoples feelings and egos, but that's rock-n-roll, baby!!!!!!...no one gets out alive, not even me.....!!!!...you get on the stage, you're subject to a pie in the face....(SW)...P.S...never trust a record reviewer....(Guerssen, C/Sant Marti 59, 5-A, 25004 Lleida, Catalonia, SPAIN)



ENEMIES - "Get Bent" CD

The ENEMIES are originally from Concord, California but they have pretty much been based in Oakland the last few years, and I've seen them play underground shows countless times. Live, the ENEMIES play dark, intense, melodic hardcore. With Kevin Army behind the boards, the ENEMIES sound much more on the melodic side of things. Kevin Army's great for some bands, but terrible for others, especially hardcore bands. Jason, the ENEMIES' drummer, really shines through in spite of the production values. Don't get me wrong, it's worth a listen definitely. (JV) (New Disorder, 445 14th St, San Francisco, CA 94103)

ESTRELLA 20/20 - "Afromexicana" 10"

What the fuck IS this??? Lo-fi garagey freak fest, I guess. The hooks are catchy, the vocals are snotty, but there is way too much weirdness to pass this off as just another crummy garage act. There are horns, slide guitars, weird psychedelic type noises etc. If you like your rnr heavily medicated and all fucked up, give this a try. Don't worry, it's OK to like something on... (ST)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

THE EXCELS/THE SWANKS - "Let's Dance/Ghost Train"

Another winning jukebox single from Norton. I think the EXCELS were from Texas; I know I've got this on some (probably out of print) comp. At any rate, it's not to be confused with the CHRIS MONTEZ/RAMONES song of the same name. I'll hazard a guess (what do I know?) that the SWANKS' version of the oft-covered and highly rocking instro "Ghost Train" is the original. Thumbs up, big daddy. (DD)

(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

MUSIC

REVIEW

FID - "What's Your Poison" CD

The best thing about this band is that they have a fella named Hoser in it, which I think is pretty fuckin' cool. Other than that, they sound like Dr. Frank singing for MXPX. (NF) (no address)



FIRST ALERT - "Trade The Life/Silly Game"

Another good record from these great Japanese punk/powerpop-ers on the elusive Mangrove label outta Japan. Both sides sound like they could be lifted right off the *100% Mod '70s* comp; we're talkin' spot-on imitations of flange-driven 1980 UK mod-pop. Fan? Buy. Casual punker? Buy the comp, it'll be way easier to find... (RW) (Mangrove, ACP Building, 4-23-5 Koenji Minami Suginami-Ku, Tokyo, 166-0003, JAPAN)

FIVE CENT DEPOSIT - "Your Mother Likes Us When We're Drunk" CD

Pretty much inoffensive pop punk. It comes. It goes. You know, nobody really wants to encourage this kind of band. But I guess it's not really hurting anything either. Wait a minute, they just fucked up a TURTLES' tune. That's fucked. This CD makes me think, I don't know anyone that actually owns an MXPX record. (LH) (PO Box 158, Centereach, NY 11720)

FOUR PAST MIDNIGHT - "Jesus Christ It's 4PM (Again!!)" CD

All the way from Glasgow, Scotland, 4PM play fast paced catchy Brit-punk that varies from toe-tappin' poppy ditties, to harder angrier street-punk. This is a sound effort, "Wasted Life (The Story Of Little Jimmy)" is a great song, as is "Hands Off", throw in a cover of the PARTISANS' "Police Story" and you've got a killer album. Printed lyrics would have been nice as it sounds like they have a lot to say. Good stuff, hope they're not Rangers fans — or I take it all back... (AD)

(Smokin' Troll, 48 Llwyn Beuno, Bontnewydd, Caernarfon, LL5 2UN, UK)

FRACTURE - "No Way DNA" LP

Everything that the band did in their five year history on one easy LP. Well, actually 330, on white vinyl through mailorder only. Don't worry, it's on CD as well. Includes two demo songs that I had never heard before. I found out I wasn't really missing anything. This shows their obvious progression as a band, their last LP being the better part of the record, keeping to their earlier pop punk sound but adding more power. I'm having a hard time being objective about the 7's because they were close enough to the cheesy crap that I was listening to in high school, but were one of the reasons that my punk tastes branched out. I don't know what I'm saying, but this is really a great pop punk record and it's great to see it all available again. (PA) (No Idea, PO Box 14636 Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

FRONTSIDE S.C.H.C. - "Last Day" CD

Hopeful '86 style hardcore packed with the good qualities: catchy, straightforward and heartfelt. Some elements of early DAG NASTY with a little '90s punch. (TJ) (\$14 ppd: Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, NSW, AUSTRALIA 2042)

THE FROWNIES - "Familiar Faces" CD

"I just heard the greatest band last night!" my girlfriend exclaimed, "they're right up your alley, exactly the kind of stuff you're into, they're called the FROWNIES." I mindlessly agreed (like a good boyfriend) to eventually look into them but forgot all about them until, lo and behold, they managed to wind up in my bin this issue... I had to break up with that girl because of this band and I can honestly state that my beloved has no taste whatsoever (which explains me). They sound like what everyone thought AVAIL would sound like when they signed to Fat. This bores me to tears and annoys the hell out of me since I don't like AVAIL or Fat. It's got its moments when they even sound like early RANCID (minus the street punk/East Bay influence). I'm sure their label loves me for yet another unflattering review. (BM)

(Fast, 401 Broadway # 2011 New York, NY 10013)

FUN PEOPLE - "Middle Of The Round" CDEP

Imagine if you will, a band comprised of members of CHEAP TRICK and the MISFITS, playing a '50s rock 'n' roll/'70s punk hybrid. This release is ultimately infectious, driving and somehow touching. I don't even mind the disco cover song either. Oh yeah, and they are from Argentina, too, for what it's worth. I want to hear more. (BG) (Ugly, CC 2975 CP (1000), Correo Central, BS AS, ARGENTINA)

MUSIC REVIEWS



GANGWAY, MAN - "Bad Day" EP

Pretty cool early HC-influenced punk from Italy. I hear a cross between old BLACK FLAG and something like ARTICLES OF FAITH, with some '70s punk influence to boot. The occasional out of control guitar parts are the best part about this release. Five songs, all mid to

fast-paced. Not bad. (BG)

(Rumble Fish, Via Giusti, 93 72015, Fasano (BR) ITALY)

GG ALLIN - "Res-erected" CD

Back from the grave...here you get a taste of America's underground pride and joy live. Captured is classic Mr. Allin in his purest form...spittin, kickin, rapin and pillagin' your ears with pure hate in that inimitably vile style we have all grown to hold so dear. Also included is an interview and some scarce tracks from GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES rehearsals when 'ol DEE DEE RAMONE tried his hand at joinin' the band. Yeah, get in the Xmas spirit, and don't miss this great stockin' stuffer for the kids. (DL)

(Reachout International, Inc 611 Broadway Suite 411, New York, NY 10012)



A GLOBAL THREAT/BROKEN - split EP

BROKEN plays a slower version of AUS ROTTEN hardcore, along with SUBMACHINE style vocals. Lyrically, BROKEN addresses problems with the scene, while occasionally offering their own blend of simple solutions. Not too bad. A GLOBAL THREAT plays a crusty version of youthcore, and their lyrics seemed particularly relevant because the day I reviewed this record was also the last day of the WTO conference in Seattle. A decent release. (JV)

(Controlled Conscience, 320 Rt. 81, Killingworth, CT 06419)

GORE GORE GIRLS - "Mama In The Movies" EP

Raw, trashy R 'n' B garage punk done the way it was meant to be done. There's lots of messy, yet stompingly catchy distorted hooks and hollers here. These three women draw the perfect razorblade line between pop and aggression. And it's great to dance (really hyper) to also. The title song sounds like a fucked up and murderous version of the Jeffersons TV show theme. The B side is no clunker either. Not only is this probably the best new garage that I've heard in a long time, but they were nice enough to send along a complementary GORE GORE GIRLS mirror as well. Bless their vicious little hearts. (BG)

(Charles, 4767 Commonwealth Detroit, MI 48208)

GUNDOG/TEMPLARS - split EP

The TEMPLARS and GUNDOG are two of the very best oi bands playing today. On this record, both display why, with two of the better songs that either has put out to date. Very, very good! (NF)

(New Blood, PO Box 52, Gravesend DA11 9ZL UK)

THE HIGHLANDER TWO'S - "Looking For The Bully Of The Town" EP

Well, the guy on the right looks just like an uglier version of this guy who threw all of my pistachio nuts at Tom Guido one fall night... Anyhow, what we have here, is four fun numbers that could easily be used in an old John Wayne movie. Old Western gun battletype stuff with a little bluegrass riffs here and there played very well. Recommended. (NF)



(Goodbye Boozy, Via Villa Pompelli 147, 64020 S Nicolo, Teramo, ITALY)

HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS - "Passing Notes" CD

'50s girl rock 'n' roll that rocks but only really takes off on every third song. "Cat Got Your Tongue" could have been on "Plastic Letters". Not a bad record at all, but that's the only real stand-out. The music has more in common with a non-ska DANCE HALL CRASHERS than it does with BLONDIE. Hopefully, they'll really let loose on the next record. (LH)

(Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

HINDSIGHT - "The Natural Science" CD

Ooh, so deceiving. This thing starts off pretty powerful, with a somewhat *emo/straightedge* number. What? The second song sounds like **BIG DRILL CAR**. Then the next four sound similar to the first **STRUNG OUT** record. Lots of octaves and muting, upbeat drumming and a mix of clean and raspy vocals. Parts of "Three Weeks to Live" make me think they are getting back on the right track, but... Somewhat of a frustrating listen. (PA)

(Building, PO Box 1010, Dee Why, NSW 2099, AUSTRALIA)

HOMEMADE - "What Were We Getting Into..." CD

You want big rock production? Want pop metal for the punk generation? Maybe some indie-style vocals to top it off, and make it a salable formula? Then, yes, this is the band for you, just be sure not to play it around me. I hear the sound of a group primping for the major leagues. (BG)

(Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

LONG JOHN HUNTER - "Ooh Wee Pretty Baby!" LP

A fantastic collection of 45s and outtakes from those sessions recorded between 1961 and 1963. **LONG JOHN HUNTER** was relatively well known in Texas and Mexico, but his reputation never really spread any further. Fortunately for us, we have Norton Records. It's a very rock and roll version of the blues. Love songs and instrumentals. Amazing. (CK)

(Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

HYSTERICs - "You Lose Some, You Lose Some More" CD

So, what happens when your two favorite bands are **SCREECHING WEASEL** and **GREEN DAY**? Maybe **ZOINKS** or the **INVALIDS**, or not quite as good as the first two, the **HYSTERICs**. Although they do keep the cheesy one-string lead guitar parts to a minimum, there isn't much to this record that has not been done a million times. And really, when was the last time you saw a pop punk kid lying in his own filth in an alley? (PA)

(Flammable, PO Box 7714, Chicago, IL 60680-7714)

INDECISION - "Release The Cure" CD

The brutal chugga hardcore rants of **INDECISION** that you have grown to love continue. Thankfully their storm of aggressive music has not dissipated. Tough New York (Brooklyn) style that is also thoughtful, a rare combination. (TJ)

(MIA, 315 Church St, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10013)

INFORMERS - "Resistance Is Not Futile" CD

This is kinda funny. A fairly serious attempt at political punk using *Star Trek: The Next Generation* as its main reference point. "I wish all the big tycoons, bankers and leaders could soon get doomed to stay in warp bubbles". Wow. Otherwise catchy pop punk with lots of crazy stops and starts that make all of the vocals seem like an afterthought. Is that Picard on the cover? (LH) (Negative)

INSULT/RUIDO - split EP

Four out of the seven thrash songs by **INSULT** make fun of handicapped people. It's really not very humorous at all. Here's one: "Being cripple is no excuse/get a job, get up and walk/ Being cripple is no excuse/get out of that chair you legless slob." Or even worse: "You can't read or write/you will never ride a bike/you can't wipe your ass/you can't feed yourself/burden to everyone." I hope the three of you get hit by a car, become paralyzed and have to be tube fed for the rest of your intire lives, you assholes. But **RUIDO** rules! Excellent hardcore from LA all done in Spanish. (SR)



IVY GREEN - LP

This is a bootleg of the fucking punk-as-fuck 1978 LP by the now-legendary Dutch punk band **IVY GREEN**. Almost every song on this is a winner. This is snotty, guitar chug-punk with lots of 1977 punk attitude. This **IVY GREEN** bootleg would be recommended to fans of the old Belgian band the **KIDS**, also recently bootlegged. The sound quality is good. The sleeve is identical to the original. The inside label is white (blank) with no numbers in the dead wax. (BR) (no address)

J CHURCH - "Slanted" CD

Even though this is listed as a Japanese only greatest hits release, it sounds like more of a Peel sessions or demos type of release to me. Pretty raw primitive production. A good release for J Church completists. (RL)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-24-4-302, Daizawa, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0032, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

JOLLY GREEN GIANTS - "Busy Body/Caught You Red-Handed"

Couldn't tell you a thing about the JOLLY GREEN GIANTS, whoever they were, except that this single is part of a slew of Norton reissues hitting the stands this month. All mysteries aside, it's a fun single with loads of church organ, choppy guitar, and soulful lyrics from some dude wailin' about how his baby done him wrong...I imagine that these guys were handed a cease-and-desist letter by the legal heads of Green Giant Inc., which led to their breakup, financial ruin, and eventual mass suicide. (JH) (Norton)

KING OF THE COMMANDOS - "Instro Solidarity" EP

This is an mostly-instrumental, organic product of a few clearly "different," yet ambitious minds. Surf-y guitars, percussion that does not quite allow for relaxation, hand-claps, occasional tambourines and vocals-as-instruments round out the "concept" record. The "concept" is explained to us in a series of neat little cards enclosed in lieu of a lyric sheet. "We have found a joy," they say, "in some certain kind of sound." A similar result might be achieved by locking Dr. Dante in a broom closet with some pots and pans and a hungry cat. (AC)

(URU, Borgaregatan 10, S-611 30 Nyköping, SWEDEN)



LAST IN LINE - "Crosswalk" EP

Holy shit, where the hell did this come from? This is fucking mind-blowing, heavy-hitting Boston hardcore that is fucking pissed. This reminds me off SSD/NEGATIVE APPROACH or something. Has all the energy and speed of the "new-school", but retains the energy and anger

of the early 80s. Hell, even the cover looks like this is from the '80s! Best record I heard this month. (MW)
(Use Your Head, PO Box 297977, Columbus, OH 43229)

LE TIGRE - LP

The song structures, snappy female vocals (this is Kathleen Hanna's new band kids), and even the offbeat/humorous lyrics might remind you of the B52s on songs like "My Metrocard," but their aggressive eclecticism (with strange mixes of instruments like synth, drum machine, and electronic doo-dads) brings them closer to the spirit of PIZZICATO 5. The songs are intentionally repetitive, but there's a fresh quality in the band's sound that's completely winning if you're willing to give yourself over to it. Film fans will giggle at "Cassavettes"—but this is not typical MRR fare, and may trouble those looking for three-chord guitars. (SS) (Mr. Lady, PO Box 3189, Durham, NC 27715)

LITTLE DEATHS - "Destination Sexy" CD

A local scene band that includes MRR zine mogul Mikel as well as members of the MOONS and FIGHTER D. Good post-punk type punk with topical lyrics containing loads of imagery. Not unlike gothy TSOL. In fact, when I first heard these guys, I thought they sounded like the first RIKK AGNEW solo LP, which is a good thing. Maybe a little early MOCKET too. A strong debut release. (RL) (Heartcore c/o Ernesto Foronda, Columbia University Station, PO Box 250636, New York, NY 10025)

THE LOMBARDIES! - "Throw Your Love Away" LP

Solid pop punk tunes with the emphasis way over on the punk side. Plenty of songs about girls, and...not much else. The song about scoring with the babysitter leads the pack: "She's so rad/Twice my age/Don't stuff her bra/Oh Yeah!" From the looks of these boys they may have still had a babysitter as recently as a year ago. Great grasp of rock and roll, great hooks, upbeat. Akin to newer pop snoheads like the B-SIDES and the JOCKS (TH)

(Lawless, PO Box 689, Hingham, MA 02043-0689)

MANALIVE - "City Mile" EP

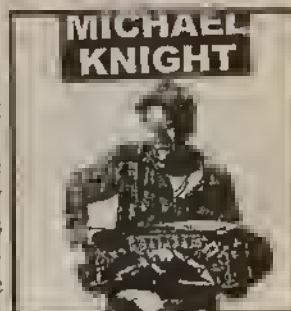
Ska-influenced hardcore that isn't really good. In fact except for the fact that the songs are uptempo, this record sucks. I just wish it was on 45 instead of 33, because then this record would have been over even sooner. (JF)

(Reminiscent, 2525 Lewis Ct., Lakewood, CO 80215)



MICHAEL KNIGHT - "Never Fucking Liked You" EP

Yeah, in the first few seconds of the record, I was thinking "Oh, I get it. MICHAEL KNIGHT, like CHARLES BRONSON." A few more seconds into it and I was thinking "Tom, you're a shit-mouth." Rough, raw hardcore with quirky influences throughout. There's a solid mid-west hardcore backbone, but also well placed injections of newer German hardcore, spooky TSOL stuff, and hectic San Diego hardcore. Extremely far from being a disposable debut EP. (TH)
(\$3.50: 53238 Saturn, Shelby Township, MI 48316)



MUSIC



THE MOON AND SIXPENCE - "They Fell For You" EP

Psychedelic lo-fi indie rock that reminds me of SEBADOH. Unfortunately, I never liked SEBADOH, and I don't like this either. It's kinda just tries and fails. If you want a better version of this type of music, check out FLAKE MUSIC instead. (RL)

(\$3.50: Uncarved Block, PO Box 3195, Dana Point, CA 92629)

NAMELOSERS - LP

From 1964-'66, this Swedish band (whose adventures brought them into the presence of the KINKS and the WHO), toured the world with their upbeat style of jangly rock 'n' roll. This pulls together their various extant recordings to provide an impressive portrait of this band, from bluesy twang-fests like "Bama Lama Dama Loo" to thick YARD-BIRDS-y raves like "Hoochie Coochie Man" (recorded live—a brilliant track). Nearly all fifteen tracks are a treat—not to mention the fascinating liner notes. Very highly recommended! (SS)

(no address)



THE NECESSARY EVILS - "Conspiracy/By My Side"

"Conspiracy" has a brooding fuzz guitar line snaking through deep vocals with the noise quotient going way up on the break; A-OK by me. "By My Side" is roiled cover of the ELOIS (I'm pretty sure; I'm shocked to find that there's no copy of the first *Ugly Things* comp in the MRR archive) number. [Prepare thyself for the clever wordplay capsule review.] Evil? Maybe. Necessary? Yes! (DD)

(Goodbye Boozy, Via Villa Pompei 147, 64020 S. Nicolo A Tordino, Teramo, ITALY)

REVIEWS

NEIL PERRY - "The Last Sip Is 90% Spit" EP

Grind core? Emo? Both? Yeah, going in and out of both of the two somewhat the same way that MOHINDER did, yet much more bass heavy. Machine gun drumming, 100 mph guitar and screaming or growling vocals, then the bass-heavy breakdown with the slow pounding drums and they even throw in a couple of the whispery emo parts. Nine songs that all kind of run into each other. (PA) (Spirit Fall Nine, 215 Hancock Ave; Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

NERVES - "Midnight Sun/ It's Gonna Rain"

The a-side is propelled by one big ass riff that moves like IRON BUTTERFLY never happened. Actually, it's pretty in-your-face rock/psych that in some ways makes me think of STEPPENWOLF, if they had happened after punk. Crazy out-of-control vocals that worry a lot more about delivery (with a drawl) than being note perfect. Sort of a CHROME CRANKS feel to it. (LH) (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)



NO ALTERNATIVE - "Johnny Got His Gun '78-'82" CD

Fuck the LEWD revival. NO ALTERNATIVE was actually one of the best punk bands in the early SF punk scene. In fact, this is in the same league as the AVENGERS, DILS, and CRIME. Fronted by the legendary and very cool Johnny Genocide, this band was the shit. This includes both singles tracks, live tracks, and more. This makes up for all those punk re-issues with one good song. Classic and essential! (RL)

(Wingnut, PO Box 59, 1442A Walnut St, Berkeley, CA 94709)

NOFX - "The Decline" CD

This is a long punk song. The only long punk song I've probably ever loved was the ADOLESCENTS' "Kids Of The Blackhole". In fact, this may even be longer than IRON MAIDEN's "Hallowed Be Thy Name". Which is pretty fucking long. At over fifteen minutes this has many changes, but is still a cool song. It rocks, then it doesn't, then it does again. A punk rock "Tommy"? (RL) (Fat Wreck Chords)

MUSIC REVIEWS



THE NOMADS - "She'll Always Be Mine" EP

I tell ya, the young kids from Scandinavia have begun to rock like nobody's business in the last few years, putting out rockin' punk rock over and over again. But these young kids got nuthin' on THE NOMADS, who have been putting out '60s influenced punk 'n' roll for tens of years. Shit these guys are probably in wheel chairs now, but they can still rock your fucking socks off without a problem. The other thing I like about these guys is that they never seem to be tied to a label. They put out a record for Screaming Apple one month and Bad Afro or Estrus the next—there's something pretty cool about that. The A-side seems to be a studio cover, while the B-side's got live versions of two previously release cuts. (KK)
(Screaming Apple., Düsternichstr. 14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY)

NO REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE - "THC" LP

What was started as an excuse to hang out and drink in the early '90s hasn't progressed much, maybe even digressed with the look of their bonus "comix book"...egads, (fucking waste of paper). Sometimes sounding like pretty decent tuff NY hardcore, then rocking out like a bad version of the HOOKERS, then jammin'/rappin' (whatever this shit is?) then throwing in a little Beer City sound here and there. NRSV are too drunk to know that they should hone in on one music style before destroying many. (TJ)
(Triple Crown, 331 West 57th St. #472, New York, NY 10019)

NOTHINGS - "A Lot To Learn" CD

The NOTHINGS, a band I'd never heard of, gets their five-song 1983 EP reissued on CD with a couple extra tracks. It's OK, kinda plodding punk with pop touches in the vocals; the guy can sing. Notable really for two members eventually signing on with the superior CREAMERS later in the decade. Historical art-c-fact. (RW)
(Augustus, 22287 Mulholland Hwy #304, Calabasas, CA 91302)

NOT HOT - "Party Rock! Vol. 1" CD

Sloppy garage pop punk with mostly gal vocals. Think early CHUBBIES and GRUMPIES. I get the feeling these guys all went to college together and answered an ad on the dorm bulletin board. Goofy and fun stuff that fans of amateur rock will dig too. (RL)
(Scary)

NRA - "Amsterdam Surf City" LP

The first song begins with dry, tip-tappy late '80s style chanting hc, then gets all weird; inexplicably moog-y at the end. The second tune sparked my interest quite a bit more—I just can't figure these guys out. Some songs, while not about girls (oh, shit, they *are* about girls), have a melted, latter-day Descendents feel, but once again, much weirder. There's an infusion of lush, almost *organ*-like bass and other ceremonial effects that snap back at intervals into classic hc riffs. Similarly, the lyrics range from spacy interpersonal imagery to straightforward stuff like the over-and-over chorus of "Final Warning." Difficult to rock out to for long, but this was quizzical enough to hold my attention. Indie rockers revisiting prog rock, take note. (AC)
(Bitzcore)

OBLIVION - "Sweatpants USA" CD

I like this band's sense of adventurous fun. It really shines through in their music, as well as their lyrics. They meld the perfect pop beast out of melodic, sweat-drenched punk and old AM radio hits. "Olney" is one of the best songs I've heard in the last month or so. Makes me feel energetic, yet wistful. They have a mean sense of humor, and a mean way with hooks, to match. Great music to listen to while remembering past summer escapades. (BG)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

ONE FINE DAY - "What We Share..." CDEP

I don't usually like bands that remind me at all of BAD RELIGION. There's barely enough room in this world for one of them, much less 1000 pale imitations. Somehow, this is the first that I don't mind that much. They at least do the style with a little bit of fire. They also have ALLish sort of disposition at times. They are requisitely catchy, rocking in the right spots. it works. You get six songs in about 15 minutes. (BG)
(no address)

ONXPOINT - "Demo" CD

A older (1988) demo from this defunct Philadelphia band. Reading the liner notes, it's said that they had a serious impact on the Philadelphia scene, and "lay to waste the musical stylings of headliners CHAIN OF STRENGTH and UNIFORM CHOICE". (My caps). Weird, as this is but a decent derivative of bands like that. Nothing that wasn't being done all over the country then, and there's nothing obvious here that sets this above many bands from then and now. Maybe if you were there... (TM)
(Corrupted Image, 739 Manor Street, Lancaster PA 17603)

MUSIC

REVIEWS



OVER THE LINE - "The Demo" EP

The stop-on-a-dime positive punk in this 50-song EP employs churning hardcore licks mixed with chugga-chugga breaks to create what comes off as an amalgam of early-'80s DC and Boston styles. The fact that it was recorded in 1997 makes this derivative in a de facto sort

of way; but it's done crisply and well. Solid for the style: (SS) (Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

OVER THE LINE - "The Demo" EP

It's odd to hear this European youth crew sound done so roughly. There's nothing to really write home about here. These guys might be awesome live, but I can't say that this holds much appeal, even for the '88 revivalist in me. Note: pictures of kids rocking out = cool. Illustrations of football players = bad. (ST) (Crucial Response, Kaiserfield 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

PALATKA - "The End Of Irony" LP

What to say about these Floridian kid geniuses? PALATKA were one of my favorite of the "'90s hardcore" bands. They brought together the humor, the politics and the over the fucking edge blasting hardcore together in one fine package. Unfortunately, they have left this mortal plane for a better world, but lucky for you, they left behind one last record. This one-sided LP is a bit more accessible than their previous efforts, but not too much. The one thing that always separated PALATKA from the crowd (meaning bands like CHARLES BRONSON, ASSHOLE PARADE, END OF THE CENTURY PARTY, who all rock like nobody's business, so don't go getting all huffy) was their ability to write lyrics that were suitably obscure, (to keep all those "nineties" grad student HC kids amused), while still saying something, both politically and personally. They will be missed. (ST)

(\$7: No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

PAT DULL AND HIS MEDIA WHORES - "It's About Time/Declaration"

First up, the band name is kinda stupid, but we all make mistakes. Second up, this is a good power pop record from an up and coming power pop label. The A-side is up there with the YUM YUMS stuff, 1979 and proud. The flip is an acoustic ballad that is a decent song too, considering it's an acoustic ballad and all. (RL)

(Break Up!, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215)

PLASTINATION - "Tutto Nulla" LP

I'm really not into this. I think their vocalist is an opera singer on the side. Italian punk that sucks and is boring. The fourth song on this album has a soft rock breakdown. Oh please! No more of those crazy guitar solos! (SR) (El Paso Occupato, VIA P. Buole, 47-10127, Torino, ITALY)

POGO MACHINE - "I Want To Kick Your Shin" EP

Singing about their spiky hair, laced up boots, pogoing and drinking beer, these guys are just out there having a great time being very silly. I can imagine them listening to the DISCOCKS and FUNERAL DRESS but they don't have anything that these bands have that make them great. PM sound much more juvenile, crazy and raw. (SR)

(Pogo 77, 1-101-1 Rokukoudai, Matsudoshi, Chibaken, JAPAN)



POISONIDEA - "Discontent" EP

This is a bootleg of one of the hardest punk bands to ever come out of Portland, Oregon. The records starts out screaming with "Discontent". Brutal! The next track is "Jail House Stomp". Fast as fuck and very dangerous! Now this is hardcore! The sound quality on this bootleg is better than most. Side two starts with "Plastic Bomb" with some vicious metal guitar leads. The grand finale is a live version of the song "Motorhead" which is bursting with vigor. The sound on the live song is not quite as good. You punks realize that Lemmy and MOTORHEAD were dropping bombs on the music world twenty years ago! (BR)

(no address)



MUSIC REVIEWS



POLICE BASTARD/UNKIND - split EP

England's POLICE BASTARD and Finland's UNKIND both crank out some fierce political crust. I would have to say that POLICE BASTARD's thick and meaty riffs won me over. Unwise and their squealing guitars unfortunately came off as slightly generic. (RC)

(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu, 17 D 36, 33710, Tampere, FINLAND)



PRODUCT X - "Who Makes The Heros" EP

Solid straightedge hardcore from the Netherlands. This is really good except for the drumming. I couldn't tell if it was the recording or just poor drumming. It just didn't seem to flow with the music on the fast stuff. I would still recommend it though, especially to those who live and die by the X. (RC)

(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS)

THE PORK DUKES - "All the Filth" LP

This contains a number of tracks from each of the PORK DUKES' three 7s and two LPs, along with a couple of previously unreleased cuts. If you know (and love) THE PORK DUKES and don't have these records, this is a must buy for you. If you do not know THE PORK DUKES, all you really need to know is that they were the best (and probably the first) punk band to do the "obscene punk" thang. They had a knack for combining melodic, almost happy, punk rock music with lyrics that were both offensive and amusing. "Makin' bacon is on my mind, turn 'round baby, let me take you from behind." How can you not love it? (KK)

(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg, 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)



THE PUBLIC - "Caged Conscience" EP

Insanely fast grindcore with over the top drumming and brutally coarse vocals. This just drips with rage. And the rawness and simple structures of the songs only builds on its power. Bottom line, it fucking ruled! (RC)

(Taste Of Blood, Patrick Durisin, Parcova 92, 075 01 Trebisov, SLOVKIA)

QUYD - "Blame" CD

Way, way over in the melody school of hardcore. An updated version of the rather limp post "New Wind" 7 SECONDS LPs, but with much more groove. At times this moves with direction, and while not nearly as spaced out as HOT WATER MUSIC, sometimes has the saccharine emotional feel of that band. (TH)

(Freecore, Zum Scherenberg 4A, 37186 Großenrode, GERMANY)



PRETTY GIRLS - "The Kids Are All Fucked" EP

Fun loving good time rock n roll with enough of a bite to keep me interested. These kids are from Sacramento, so they share the same water source as the YAH MOS and SEWER TROUT. Though that may be a bit misleading. Odd, catchy—they must listen to the

BEACH BOYS. (ST)

(\$3: Moo La La, 1114 21 St, Sacramento, CA 95814)



RAJOITUS - "Systeemiin Naulittu" EP

Glad to see these guys are still going.....their prior EP and mini LP of a couple years back were awesome. Straightforward, no bullshit, Swedish thrash a la the classics (AVSKUM, MOB 47...). If you're a fan of Scandinavian thrash, get this. (MW)

(Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St. West, Suite 100 Box 477, Toronto, ON. M4W 3E2, CANADA)

MUSIC

REVIEW

RAMONETURES - LP

As the band name indicates (and as the little red sticker on the cover promises), this is supposed to be instrumental versions of RAMONES songs played in a VENTURES-style. Let's dissect this just a little bit... OK, they are definitely covering RAMONES songs. And they are definitely instrumentals, even surf instrumentals. I don't know that I can get behind the VENTURES promise, however. Honestly it seems a little too cheesy to be called VENTURES-like. I would call it lounge-influenced RAMONES cover surf instrumentals. If you don't want to buy this, at least go down to your local record store so you can get a glimpse of the tits of the chick on the back cover. My god, they're huge. I wonder if they're real? (KK)

(Blood Red Vinyl & Discs, 2134 NE 25th, Portland, OR 97212)



REFORM CONTROL "Fuck You" EP

This is by-far REFORM CONTROL's best release so far. Some of their earlier stuff has been hit and miss, but this is full throttle grindcore. The recording, while not the best, reminds me of old HELLNATION, and the music does as well. This is a must for

grind fans. Another fine release from... (MW)
(Blurred c/o Manabu Isobe, 482-1 Naka, Kambara, Ihara, Shizuoka, 421-3213, JAPAN)

RF7 - "God Forbid" CD

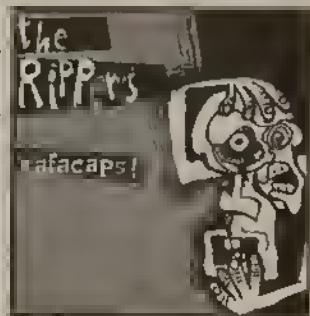
All these years and RF7 are still putting out records on Smoke Seven! Chunky punk rock from these vets that would've been hardcore in 1982 but is just Cali-clubland punk today. The lyrics rhyme, you hear the breaks coming four bars before they arrive, you get the picture. The most notable accomplishment is a decently loud guitar sound... long-running bands tend to wimp out in this department for some reason. MOTORHEAD excepted, 'course. (RW)

(Smoke Seven, 1464 Madera Rd, Simi Valley, CA 93065)

RIPPERS - "Xafacaps!" EP

Post-SOCIAL D hard-drinking angst-riding band, still plenty upset, just older. More self-destruction, less smashing the state. The slow heaviness and compelling vocals remind me of MISSION OF BURMA's "Peking Spring." Sorta sad, grown-up punk rock, but it's kicking. Very good, I say. (AC)

(Ripper, PO Box 11, 43720 L'Arboç, (Tarragona) SPAIN)



ROAD RAGE - "Painless Suicide" EP

Jeezz. Fast, noisy, and chaotic stuff here. Not thrash, mind you, just really loud, especially the guitars. Actually this is pretty catchy in spite of it all, sort of like the BATTALION OF SAINTS' old material. Worth checking out. (RM)

(Weird, 61 London Road, Balderton, Newark, Notts, NG24 3 AG, UK)



ROX/FEDERATION X - split EP

These two bands feature the sound that many good garage-type punk bands this decade have developed, which is akin to early '80s hardcore in vocals and guitar, but contemporary in the lyrics (I'm excusing the '60s obsessives here, of course). Both these bands aren't afraid of slowing the tempo down; salutations for not filling the "void" with wah-wah solo-bore! Points off for failing to write *supercatchy* songs or developing an irresistible groove. More points off for saying how much they love the "rock". Let's leave the hiding-behind-the-rawk-hype shit to the Swedes, shall we? That said, I'm still gonna listen to both these bands if they put out more records. I hear MUDHONEY and MONOSHOCK influences, even if these guys hate/haven't heard of either of 'em. (RW)

(\$3 ppd: Molasses Manifesto, 505 32nd St. #107 PMB 190, Bellingham, WA, 98335)



MUSIC REVIEWS

THE SATELLITERS - "What's Up With Timothy Dee?" LP

Well there are a gazillion bands who've fallen prey to this schtick...and here's the 1999 German version of 1966 r'n'b garage. With vintage Farfisa/Vox gear, formulated rhythms mixed with plasticky, novelty-tie image, this wanna be wax flickers with 100th generation PRETTY THINGS inspiration. Still, I'd much prefer the sound of this thing crackin' up against the wall... (DL)
(Screaming Apple, Dustermichstr 14, 50939 Koln GERMANY)

SET UP - "The Short Album" CD

Ahh, "The Short Album"...thank Christ for small favors, because this sucks major schlong...I'm talkin' horse cock here. Really, this new Japanese disc amply soured in masturbatory metal-dull guitar riffage bottoms out immediately with 8 go nowhere tracks. Yes, some folks should not make music. Hear that? The hollowed transexual-like vocals skim over the top like a living nightmare...what else do you need to know? (DL)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624 JAPAN)

7-10 SPLIT - "Trial by Stone" CD

There was a cross on the cover and Bible verses inside, so obviously I thought this would be a metal album. Nope. It's Christian. Now I see why they get made fun of so much. I always try to stand up for Christian punks because I mean to go to church but never wake up on time, but this is just weird. I have never heard so many songs about Jesus. The music itself isn't bad, but it's all about God. Like the song "Grind Core Kid" starts off as this pop-punk satire of a grindcore kid and then it goes into this grind that's all about God. It's just weird. So if you're a Jesus freak, buy this, the music's good and it's talks about God a lot. If you're anti-Christian, like most punks I know, or from a staid religion like Lutheranism like me (we don't tell people about God, we tell them about Lake Wobegone), this will just freak you out. I last listened to this three days ago and it's still creeping me out. It's the first Jesus punk I've actually heard. Fifteen songs about God. Oy vey. (BC)
(Screaming Giant, PO Box 101, Dana Point, CA 92629)

MORTY SHANN & THE MORTICIANS - "Movin' In" EP

Unreleased material from 1960. Super lo-fi (read shitty recording quality) and very CHUCK BERRY. (DP)
(Norton)

SHIT-FACED - "Fight for Your Purpose" EP

Japanese '77 street punk! This kicks ass! I didn't know there was such a thing, but I want to hear a lot more of it. The lyrics are kind of hard to understand, but they're pretty good, such as "I'd never give in society / Just fuckin' dirty for me." These guys could wipe the floor with BLANKS 77, and they don't need sexist lyrics or cover art to prove it. Buy this now! (BC)
(Pogo 77, 1-101-1.Rokukoudai Matsudo-Shi, Chiba-Ken JAPAN)



SMACKING ISAIAH - "The Way To A Girl's Heart Is Through Her Boyfriend's Stomach" CD

It's nice to hear some punk rock being played just for the obvious love of it. A lot of the usual suspects come to mind when I play this: CRIMP SHRINE, RANCID, HOT WATER MUSIC, but they do it in a way that isn't quite derivative. There's plenty of energy and some catchy choruses. I won't bring the adolescent graphics into this, because it sounds better than it looks. I'd recommend it. (BG)
(Tank, PO Box 40009, New Bedford, MA 02744)

SMOGTOWN - "Beach City Butchers" 10"

If you've never heard of this band before, do yourself a favor and buy every current and future SMOGTOWN release, for they are one of the best punk rock bands today. Sure, plenty of us (myself included) think that ten-inch records suck, but the songs here fuckin' rip! "Bad Vibrations" and "Two Stroke" are two of the best tunes I've heard this year. Now buy! (NF)
(Deadbeat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

SOCIAL INFESTATION - "Lasciate Ogni Seperanza" 10"

I'd never heard of SOCIAL INFESTATION before listening to this record. I guess that's my loss. This record shows a definite BUZZOV•EN influence, and after listening to this 10", I'll definitely keep an eye out for this band when they tour next. SOCIAL INFESTATION is one band that doesn't suffer with the longer format a 10" offers. (JV)
(Goatlord, PO Box 14230, Atlanta, GA 30324-1230)

MUSIC

REVIEWS



SOLEDAD BROTHERS - "The Gospel According To John/Mysterious Ways" 45

.....I usually hate two-man bands, or bands without bass players.....but this is good..... "Mysterious Ways" is to say the least a.....pretty song.....long and pretty and moody....is that an original????????....if so, jesus!!!!!!....now I'm listening to

the "A" side.....first thing I think of is a jazzy, sloppy version of "Run, Run, Run" by the VELVETS.....blooosy.....not as good as the "A" side, but still.....ah, the fade-out is good.....!!!!....this song gets an A- because the fade out is so good.....much better than the usual Estrus catalog, that be for sure.....(SW)

(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

SPARECHANGE - "Has Sincerity Gone Out Of Style?" CD

Odd combination of emo-style lyrics and wanking sped up like they want to be hardcore. Melodic sometimes, but mostly just confusing. Make up your minds, boys. (DP) (8164 Burkley Rd. NW, N. Canton, OH 44720)

STORMSHADOW/FANSHEN - split LP

Both bands play politically-charged hardcore, with a healthy dose of quirky and technical stuff thrown in to break it up and keep it interesting. From more melodic parts to snippets of spoken word to totally thrashed-out sections, both sides are all over the place but still demonstrate a single minded determination to make the world a better place. Comes with a cool lyric booklet complete with explanations and elaborations. This is a great release. (AM) (9 Volt, PO Box 169, Edison, NJ 08818)

SUBSTANDARD - "Consuming Need...Consuming Greed" EP

Anger from the English Midlands (aah Nottingham. Punk Picnic '95, fucked up on speed and boozc before 10 AM. They were the days...) You may remember these guys from their great split with the NERVES a few years back. They've gotten faster and lost most of their metallic edge, and continue to write good pissed-off lyrics. This is a must for anyone who likes politically charged powerful HC punk. Like a faster CONFLICT...get the idea? (AD) (Inflammable Material, PO Box 2544, London, NW6 3DF, UK)

THE SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS - "Santa Claus Ain't Comin' This Year/Under The Christmas Tree"

Yes!! Bring it thee fuck on!!! This exactly what I love; trashy rock 'n' roll. Period. No pop, not even that "punk", just load snotty rock 'n' roll. I love rock 'n' roll X-Mas tunes (they make me wanna fuck) and these two originals are just what I need to ring in the Holiday Season (I'm not wearing any boxers today). The title track reminds me of the early SONICS (minus the organ) and the b-side, "Under the Christmas Tree", has a more traditional '50s feel (but with a whole lot more cajones). I'm surprised they ("they" being the powers that be [i.e. Tom Hopkins]) didn't assign this to Shane or Kenny, their loss, I guess. (BM) (Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 1027)



THIRD FALL - "Pure Evil" CD

This Quebec straightedge band seems to have been around for four or five years and a number of CDs. It shows in the fact that they are tight, but who really cares how tight you are when you sound too much like METALLICA? Most of the time a little more melodic and poppy than most straightedge, or METALLICA for that matter. (PA) (More Romance)



THUMBS DOWN - "Going For Gold" EP

Three words, Belgian straight-edge—can you imagine that? Dude, if I lived in Belgium I'd never leave the fucking bar! THUMBS DOWN play chunky, moshy (do we still say "mosh"?) and shouty positive hardcore—this reminds me of all those bands from late '80s New York that I used to listen to before I got really into heroin. They play the style pretty well but I'd have to give this a... that's right...a THUMBS DOWN. (AD) (Genet, PO Box 447, 9000 Gent 1, BELGIUM)

MUSIC REVIEWS



TIME HAS COME - "Worse Comes To Worse" EP

Drawing of hoodies and fingers in the air on the cover, so go figure. Despite my initial apprehension, this is some rocking stuff. They do work the predictable angles, but the execution is there—solid production, shouted choruses, manic breaks and the songs are

short, which is about the right length. I've always felt it better to be half a second short rather the curse of songs being too long. Lyrics aren't so predictable—the cliches are minimal, and they're somewhat cryptic, which is interesting in this genre. Quality stuff—bust a move on it now though—apparently limited to 500, no represses. (TM)

(Corrupted Image, 739 Manor Street, Lancaster PA 17603)



TOM FOOLERY & THE MISTAKES - "If Armageddon Comes This New Year's Eve, I Want To Spend It With You" EP

This is a mighty fine month for Geek Rock USA™ and this peppy three-song, tear-jerking, heart-warming, spirit lifting indie rock/power pop/

pop punk little diddy makes me wonder, if there is no Jan. 1st...then what the hell is the point of me typing this!?! It will never reach the masses in time! I must go now and wander like a Jehovah's Witness and spread the word door to door praising this and the many other fine Geek Rock bands and spread the word that Geek Rock USA is the way!! Repent! Repent!!...but if there is a Jan. 1st, then that means I'll get more records like this next month and maybe even track down a copy of this for myself. seeing as how they didn't send along a reviewer's copy. (BM) (Colossal Thumb, 103 W. Casablanca Ave #26, Clovis, NM 88101-0390)

TRUNCHBULL - "Feeding The Fire" EP

It might be hard for you to figure out if you would be into this band. But not me, from first glance I knew I would be in for a toe touch good time. Hell, they're from SWEDEN, they play small hall shows, the kids are pointing, the band is jumping and the music oozes the power of Youth Crew. (TJ)

(No Comply, Postfack 58 SE-116 74, Stockholm, SWEDEN)

TRUNCHBULL



TRY.FAIL.TRY - "We Deal In Lives" EP

One thing the kids are going to have to realize is that dropping in some sorry excuse for music, emo breakdown is not OK. When the hardcore parts are blistering, don't fuck it up with emo breakdowns! This cover looks so emo, I was surprised that any of the parts were up to my hardcore standards, but with the first song I was sold until the little break in hardcore. Most of the hardcore parts here are interesting and solid. I just wish it all was. (TJ) (9 Volt, PO Box 169, Edison, NJ 08818)

WE DEAL IN LIVES



try.fail.try

URBAN SKATE FANATICS - "Choice Cuts" EP

13 songs of raw demo quality fast and thrashy punk from Israel. This is nothing outstanding, but a solid documentation of the slowly growing Israel hardcore scene. RC) (Volkstaat, PO Box 647, Nes Tziona, 74101 ISRAEL)



choice cuts from the infamous
Rebel Insanity... 7" Demo Tape

MUSIC

REVIEWS

UK SUBS - "Left For Dead" CD

Originally released on tape in 1986, this is a live recording of a show in Holland marking the 10th anniversary of this British band. This is what we mean by '77-style punk. The recording quality is good, and this is a pretty good sampling of songs, but unless you're a hardcore fan or have no UK SUBS records at all, your money could be better spent elsewhere. (DP) (ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012)

UNIFORM/FUSES - split LP

Two bands that wear their influences on their sleeves. That in itself isn't good or bad. Fortunately the UNIFORM take music lessons by listening to Dezeria FLAG and the FUSES only bought "Pink Flag" and no other WIRE albums. There are moments of the first track by THE UNIFORM that really echo "Jealous Again" and "Damaged I". Kinda loose, Spot-like production keeps the atmosphere dense and brooding. Fun with a time limit. Actually, comes with a bonus CD of the entire album. (LH)

(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203)

THE VAMPIRES/HIDDEN CHARMS - split 7"

THE VAMPIRES cover "Fire" by JIMI HENDRIX, who was awesome by the way, and well, it's nothing special. As for the HIDDEN CHARMS, they do a song that sounds like '60s garage rock, "Incense and Peppermints" and all that. Not sure if they were a band from back then or not, never the less it's a pretty average tune. (RM) (Norton)

THE VARUKERS - "Live In Leeds 1984" LP

Hands up, who used to have a mohawk? Me too. The VARUKERS, like DISCHARGE and CHAOS UK, fit in somewhere between the "leather, studs and acne" UK '82 and anarcho-punk camps. This live album comes from the end of the British golden era—after '84 it all went downhill. I was never a huge fan but they seemed a little smarter than most bands whose names adorned many a studded leather jacket. This is not bad—the sound quality is okay, and the track list includes all their hits, but I'm not sure how relevant a VARUKERS live record is as we head for the new millennium. (AD) (no address)

VERSAUTE STIEFKINDER - "Die Demokratie Muss Gelegentlich In Blut Gebadet Werden" LP

German hardcore, featuring tight jeans, teased hair, and the Teutonic answer to Pig Champion, sporting a mullet and a bandana. It's pretty fast and upbeat, with essentially the same fast drumbeat on every song, which gets a bit tedious, as does the echo effect on the vocals. This might be better if I could understand what he was saying, but I doubt it. (AM) (Bad Taste, Völksener Str. 46, 318323 Springer, GERMANY)

VIOLENT AFFRAY - "Let's 'Av It!" EP

This great band appears on GUNDOG'S label New Blood. VIOLENT AFFRAY play fast Oi! with intelligent lyrics. In "Smash the State". They sing: "Smash the law/Smash the state/Kill the government/Don't hesitate/Black and white we must unite/We will crush them with our might/Poxy wine bars to big flash cars/ Our petrol bombs will burn your arse..." This excellent streetpunk band has top flight vocals with choruses and tight guitar, bass and drum mixture. Highly recommended! (BR) (New Blood, PO Box 52, Gravesend, DA11 9ZL, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

VULGAR PIGEONS - "Citric Snot" EP

This will leave you flat and bleeding on the tracks as a locomotive of drums, out of control and ready to derail, blows you over while supporting a wall of guitars fueled by screeching vocals. This puts the "power" in powerviolence. (TJ)
(Nonsense, PO Box 381143, Clinton TWP., MI 48038)

VULTURE ISLAND - "Drunken Donuts" CD

Spooky. A combo of a restrained JESUS LIZARD, dramatic post-hardcore like CRIMSON CURSE, and a super hollow recording. The music matches the band name perfectly. Some of the vocal delivery suggests they aren't nearly as serious as they are trying to come across. (TH)
(1625 Roxburgh Ave, East Lansing, MI 48823-1951)

THE WAILERS - "Scotch On The Rocks" EP

.....man, I didn't dig the WAILERS too much some 30 years later at the LAS VEGAS GRIND, but boy-oh-boy, the way they sounded back in the good ol' day....what we got here is a four-song juke box EP from Norton.....sexy as all hell.... "Scotch On The Rocks", an early version of "Tall Cool One".....boneyard material....and three more sultry tunes, unissued 1958 demos.....good for the juke (if you're a rich kid) and good for the soul.....music our parents fucked to....just imagine your father slipping it to your mother while listening to this????!!....wow.... (SW)
(Norton)

WAG PLATY - "Best Of Shits" CD

Ok, this seems to be a collection of singles and unreleased stuff from Japan's WAG PLATY. Not sure where to start on this one. The words abrasive, noisy, whacked out hardcore come to mind. These guys were always kind of out there on the hardcore playing field and this is no exception. (RC)
(Breeding, 10 Oyason 2-14-7 Matsugaoka, Nakanoku, Tokyo, 165-0024 JAPAN)

THE WEAKERTHANS - "Fallow" LP

This barely made it in for review, I'm sure, not being what many would consider strictly punk rock. Released earlier this year on CD on their own G-7 Welcoming Committee label (and quickly became one of my favorite albums ever) it's found its way on to vinyl thanks to the nice people at Sub City. Featuring the guy with the nice voice who used to be in PROPAGANDHI, THE WEAKERTHANS play (*can I say "beautiful" in MRR?*) music that shifts between indie/pop/punk, folk, and even country. Heartfelt without being "emo", clever without being pretentious, these are songs-to-smash-the-state-to for the lost and broken-hearted. Sick of all the fake lame crap out there and want something different? Instead of giving up hope I recommend you buy this record. (AD)
(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

WITHIN REACH/1125 - EP

Wow, modern finger pointing hardcore from Poland! Poland's 1125 kick down 2 originals and a cover (of a Misfits song), of solid fast hardcore with really gruff vocals. Sweden's WITHIN REACH have a similar style to 1125, and they do a decent cover of "Lexicon Devil" by the Germs. Not bad! (RC)
(Shing, Tomasz Goral, Konopnickiej, 13/36, 38-300 Gorlice, POLAND)

WOLFPACK - "Allday Hell" LP

More from the bullet belt/spiky hair contingent. They've taken their cues well, as this has all the components in a proven formula— wall of noise guitars, minimal structure and relentless pace. I'm down—amazing that so few chords can have such an impact. Lyrics are politically based, though they maneuver around the cliches that often hinder bands in this genre. Top-notch stuff. (TM)
(Farewell, c/o Micha Meyer, Uhlandplatz 9, 46 047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

MUSIC

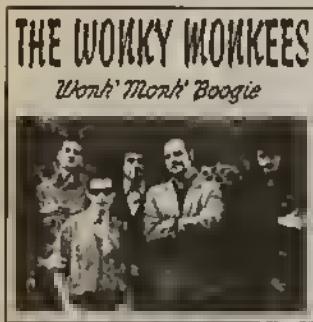
REVIEWS

WONGS - "Reanimate My Baby" LP

Ooh, these boys got it all. They are young and cute, they play cool guitars, and they fucking rock! Raunchy, energetic, fuzzy rock and roll typical of any band Greg Lowery would be in or put out. (DP)
(RipOff, 581 Maple Avenue, San Bruno, CA 94066)

WRETCHED ONES - "We Don't Belong To Nobody" CD

Great English in that title, eh?! Kinda fits, the WRETCHED ONES being a band who've always prided themselves on being simple, straightforward people. That might also apply to their style, as it's also simple and straightforward. Not a bad thing in their case, as they've always managed to inject enough catchiness into their songs that you're immediately picking up on them. Same deal here—13 tracks of simple, straightforward punk rock that actually rocks. I'm still excited every time they put out a new release, which is (unfortunately) rare nowadays. (TM)
(Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)



WONKY MONKEES - "Wonk Monk Boogie" EP

Such wonky little monkees...two of which are members of the TV KILLERS in their off-hours. Strangely, "Wonk Monk Boogie" sounds like an outtake from *Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables* with some gravely-voiced grebo gargling

over the top of it all. "Hard Lovin' Man" and "I Wanna be Free" are more in the rough 'n' ready beerlab tuck 'n' roll mode. Look into it if you're hellbent on collecting everything the TV KILLERS are remotely connected with. (JH)

(Mad Driver, Goti Luca, Via Broni 4, 10126 Torino, ITALY)

WTZ - "Deutschpunk—Revolte" LP

I could see a lot of people hating this, due to the almost cartoon-like guitar work on a couple of songs, but I think this is great. Low-fi pogo punk that sounds like the EJECTED with a bit of the KIDS thrown in the mix, and just a dash of art-damaged weirdness to bring it all home. This is a great record. (RM)
(Plastic Bomb, Postfach 100205 47002, Duisburg, GERMANY)

WORTHLESS - "Nice Night" CD

I listened to this like three times yesterday, and it left no lasting impression. Interpret as you may. Well I guess I was busy, because right now it sounds like decent melodic hardcore, a sound not distant from AMERICAN STEEL, which is fine by me. I like this, and while it's not the greatest record I've ever heard, it doesn't make me want to go on a murder spree. I think it'll be good car music. (BC)

(9 Volt, PO Box 169, Edison, NJ 08818)

THE ZEROS - "Right Now" LP

They're LA's once very young, so-called "Mexican RAMONES", who unfortunately were able to put much more music to vinyl in the '90s than in their heyday of 1977. I'm a bigger fan of his EL VEZ than of the work original member Robert Lopez has done with the '90s ZEROS, although it could be a lot worse. All the same vatos with all the same tricks, but they just don't write songs like, "Wild Weekend" or "Wimp" anymore. So, if you pick this record up, grab Bomp's *Don't Push Me Around* collection too, and at least you'll see what made them so damn cool in the first place. (RY)
(Bomp, PO Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510)

MUSIC REVIEWS



ZEROS - "You, Me, Us/ Talkin"

It's not really a reunion 'cause they never really went away...the 1999 ZEROS don't sound terribly different from the 1978 ZEROS, 'cept maybe that they're more into the worldly, self-questioning stance than the teenage spazz-out stance

(compare and contrast "You, Me, Us" and their classic "Wild Weekend"). Naturally it's slicker and more professional than the material they recorded when they were fifteen. ZEROS enthusiasts should also check out the current LP reviewed elsewhere in these pages. (JH) (Penniman, PO Box 32142, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

V/A - "Apathy=Self Destruction" EP

This record goes from fucking great to just ordinary after one song on each side. TOMORROW rips shit up in Italian (they're from Japan), as has been the case with every record of theirs that I've heard so far. ISOLATION delivers devastating hardcore, with a skin-tingling back and forth female/male assault. The other two bands offer up what amounts to a cool down-time, and they are ORDER, RESULT. (JV) (FFT, Asahi Plaza Umeda, 704, 4-11, Tsuru-cho, Kita-Ku, 530-0014, Osaka, JAPAN)

V/A - "Benefit For Maloka" LP

Maloka is an anarcho-punk collective, and according to the literature that accompanied this release, they book shows, have a distro of some sort, a vegan restaurant and alternative bar a couple of times a week, and publish a newspaper. Sounds good. It's a nicely packaged release. Some of the bands participating are: AB IRATO, CHARLIE DON'T SURF, AGATHOCLES, CHINEAPPLE PUNX, PETROGRAD. (JV) (Malokac/o Yann, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE)

V/A - "Capitol Radio" CD

This is a comp put together by WJFK in DC. When I lived in DC, WJFK was the Howard Stern station. Turns out it still is, but they do a punk show on Saturday night when there's no ratings to deal with. Since it's a very commercial station, I guess the purpose of this is to make money, not to support the underground scene. Previously released tracks by UK SUBS, HOT WATER MUSIC, SWINGIN' UTTERS, BLANKS 77, and more. If you like any of the bands on this album, buy their records, not this, and you'll hear the same songs, and more you'll actually like. Oh, I almost forgot to mention the exciting photo of Henry Rollins. Silly me. (BC) (Capitol Radio Records, PO Box 229, Arlington, VA 22210)



V/A - "Hit the Line Hard" EP

After a completely idiotic intro, this EP bursts into some surprisingly good youth crew hardcore. I'm afraid to say I wasn't familiar with any of these bands except REINFORCE, but I'm glad I was exposed to em, because they were all better than your typical '88 retro band. Included are UNTIL TODAY (which sound a lot like MOUTHPIECE), ONE WAY (sound like TURNING POINT), NO COMPLY, and REINFORCE (which by the way, don't really deliver on this one). Proof that there's hope for a solid youth crew compilation yet! (MW)

(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS)

V/A - "Homo Homini Lupus" EP

A thrash compilation featuring eight bands from Germany, US, Finland, Scotland, and Sweden. The recording on a couple of the songs could have been a little better. Highlights are GOMORRA with double vocals (one deep from the depths of hell plus screeching) and COMATOSE, delivering a raging and intense sound. (SR)

(MacGyver, c/o Nils Vosgröne, Hoxfelder Weg 71, 46325 Borken, GERMANY)

MUSIC

REVIEWS

V/A - "Mera Rämmel" LP

This Swedish (?) bootleg (?) contains English titles, but lacks any English info, leaving me ignorant to any cause or reason for this comp. Some decent bands include the thrash metal-ish PLAST, PÖBELN, MISCONDUCT, NISSEBANDET, and HELLSHIT. Pop punk (GRANITH AND THE NOONEELSESES, ABY ONE KANOBY, MAGPIE), punk (DEUCED, DIE ZLASKHINX, SVARSMÄLT) and alternative rock (NEW BREED) bands are also represented on this LP. A pretty good release if you can find it. (HM)
(Ännu mera Rämmel, Peter Jandrén, Mömersg. 7B, 418 75 Göteborg, SWEDEN)

V/A - "Probe Records Presents—Death To False Metal Vol. 2" CD

Wow! I kinda secretly liked the first one but, damn if this ain't just a tad better. My faves include: BULEMICS doing "Bathroom Wall" by FASTER PUSSYCAT, LOUDMOUTHS doing "Turn It Loose" by TWISTED SISTER, WHISKEY SUNDAY doing "Rock 'n' Roll" by MOTORHEAD. Few other marvelous standouts, but amazingly no total stinkers. Continue to show no shame, grebos, everyone's got a right to hesh and hesh as hard as they wanna. (RY)
(Probe, PO Box 5068 Pleasanton, CA 94566)

V/A - "Public Service" CD

This CD contains music from 1981 by some once very good hardcore bands, such as BAD RELIGION, CIRCLE ONE, REDD KROSS, RF7, and DISABILITY. The sound is definitely live in feel, although it's quite a bit cleaner than most live stuff I've heard. REDD KROSS really stands out, as does CIRCLE ONE. That said, every band turns in decent to good performances, and there are a lot of them here. Pretty cool. (JV)
(Smoke Seven, 1464 Madera Rd. N-397, Simi Valley, CA 93065)

V/A - "Scene Killer Vol. 2" CD

A strong street and punk comp. 30 bands in all, including the DROPKICK MURPHYS' cover of "Nobody's Hero" as well as BONE CRUSHER, ANTI-FLAG, 999, SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN, MENACE, and many lesser known bands. Heavily Roehrs-endorsed, a very punk rocking release. (RL)
(Outsider, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)

V/A - "Raging Hard Core Shot" CD

Damn. I'm sold on this just for the artwork. Awesome stuff. Then to toss it on, and just have things get better and better. Current day Japanese hardcore legends like NO SIDE, TOTAL FURY, ONE TRAP, EN-LARGE, NICE VIEW and SMASH YOUR FACE all contribute to this one. I was floored by the quality—it's not the typical "toss something their way" comp—no duds, no disposable material. Really liked the NO SIDE and TOTAL FURY tracks—had some of the characteristics of the classic early eighties "D.C." hardcore sound that kills me still. Essential listening for anyone wanting a snapshot of amazing current Japanese hardcore scene. (TM)

(Mangrove Label, ACP Bldg 3F B, 4-23-5 Koenji-Minami, Suginami-Ku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN)

V/A - "Sorted!" EP

Four Songs, four bands. SANDIEST starts off with "Rip Off," a power pop song. RUST follows with "Shameless Thieves," a 77 song. Both are good. The b-side gives us CLAMPDOWN with "Always Punk" a chanty 77 song. That's followed by ALLEGIANC with "Outlaws," which begins with a cool baseline and turns into hardcore, and is the best song on here, in my humble opinion. I think this is Japanese, which would explain why I can't understand the lyrics very well. These bands are all good at what they do, and I enjoyed listening to it, but I'm not going to run out to buy a copy of my own. There's no address on it anywhere, so I guess I can't. (BC)
(no address)

V/A - "Suburban Voice Presents: Dangerously Unstable" CD

This compilation is free with any purchase of *Suburban Voice* #43! I really don't see how you can pass this up. It contains a lot of decent live cuts from bands like ECONOCHRIST and the SUBHUMANS, and even a terrible one—sound wise—by THE FREEZE. These comps are always better than most, and you can credit zine editor Al Quint's taste for that. Some other bands that appear are the NEIGHBORS, ZERO BOYS, and REACT. (JV)
(Suburban Voice, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Teenage Treats Vol. 6" LP

Even more pop (much of the power variety as well as some of the powerless variety) than previous volumes (none of the shamblistic ineptitude that cropped up on Vol. 5; nope, these fellas all sound as though they were aspiring pros. The STEROID KIDDIES' "Accidents" is the most straightforward rocker here, and also bears a resemblance to the DEL-VETTS "Last Time Around." Power pop folks should be all over this. (no address)

V/A - "Teenage Treats: Rare Punk Rock Vol. 7" LP

Yep, the shoddily-made, poorly detailed scum boots continue. This one seems especially despicable, despite the obviously good intentions. Poorly-xeroxed cover with a pic of Sid Vicious or somebody equally useless. The entire back cover is taken up by record sleeve and actual vinyl photo shots. This is mostly bands from the UK and Europe doing fairly generic punk/new wave rock. For your perusal I will list a few: DALEKS, NUMBERS, BODIES, NEWS, DAVE BISHOP, BUZZ. Fuck, the NEWS tunes even has synthesizers (!) and sounds like BRUCE WOOLEY & the CAMERA CLUB. Despite a couple of good things (form the BUZZ and DA BIZ) the tunes here are pretty much a yawner. Save your bucks. (JY)

(no address)

V/A - "That Which Does Not Kill You..." CD

Three bands from Connecticut on one disc. BROKEN play cool tough East Coast hardcore reminiscent of YUPPICIDE. I like their lyrics which attack everything from Woodstock ("Rapestock '99") to the Parking Authority in their hometown. They also do a good JERRY'S KIDS cover ("Uncontrollable"). REACT play it a little faster and more chaotic, male/female vocals a la PINK TURDS IN SPACE or a rougher, less grindy NAUSEA. BOILING MAN have the screechy sore-throat duel vocal thing going on, and are more metally and chunky than the other two bands. This is a nice look into the scene in this particular part of the world. If it came down to it, I'd have to say that BROKEN come out tops in this three-way scrap, but all three bands turn in solid performances. (AD)

(Elevator Music, PO Box 1502, New Haven, CT 06511)

V/A - "This Is The Life Vol. 4" CD

What the hell do expect from MCR, especially from their *This is the Life* series? As always, this is a great introduction to some known, and not so known, Japanese hardcore bands. All styles are covered, from the ferocious EXCLAIM (one of the best now-a-days), to the metallic hardcore of NINE CURVE. Others include HUMAN DESPAIR (great traditional-style Japanese hardcore), SCARE CROW and GROWL. 15 bands, 27 songs, worth every penny. (MW)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

V/A - "A Tribute To 10 Years Destroika Punk" CD

A tribute to the band BREZHNEV from Holland. I'll be honest, I'm not too familiar with the band, so I will say that there are some great hardcore bands one here rockin' the place. BAMBIX make are always fantastic. Great stuff as well from NRA (a live track), SMUT, JILLFRISKY (a great version of "North America Sucks"), FUNERAL ORATION and more. Not all (Vitaminepillen, Lambertusstrasse 20, D-52538 Selfkant-Hoengen, NETHERLANDS)

V/A - "Turkey Time" Video

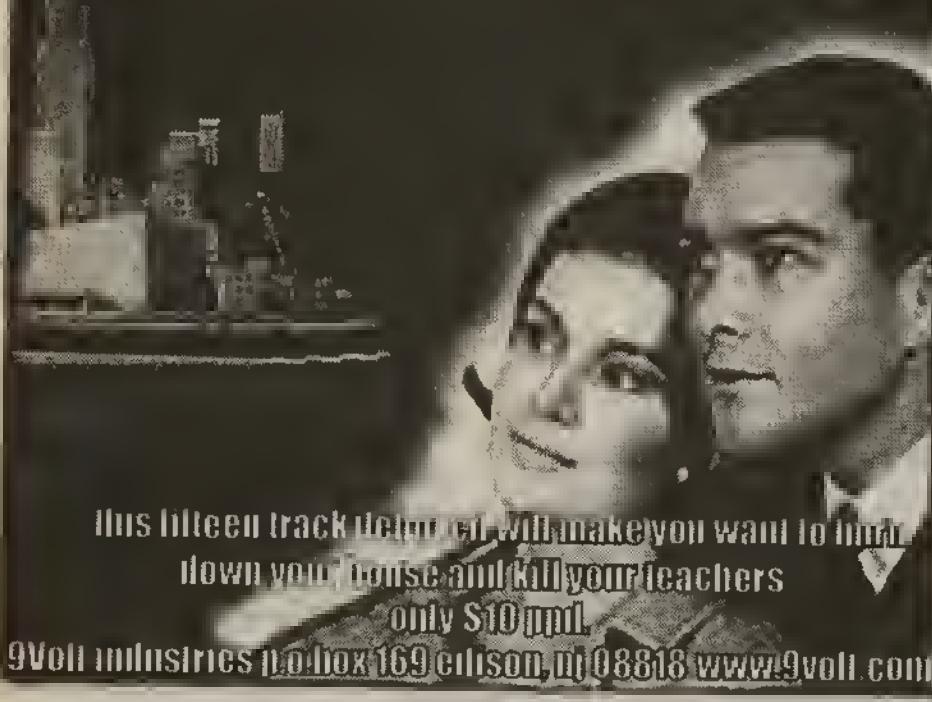
This follows the standard video comp format, a song each from five or six bands, then wacky hi-jinks of the cameraman's pals, then back to another five or six bands. While the list of the 45 bands had me excited about the video, the quality of the filming is terrible. Most of this video tape is the back of somebody's head with a crappy background sound of the band playing. When filming or photographing a band, if the person isn't on stage or in the front row, they're wasting their time. A few bands were captured well, A R A B O N R A D A R, KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS, SEEIN' RED, and DETESTATION. The highlight of the video was a fellow shitting on his friend's face that was covered in plastic wrap. (TH)

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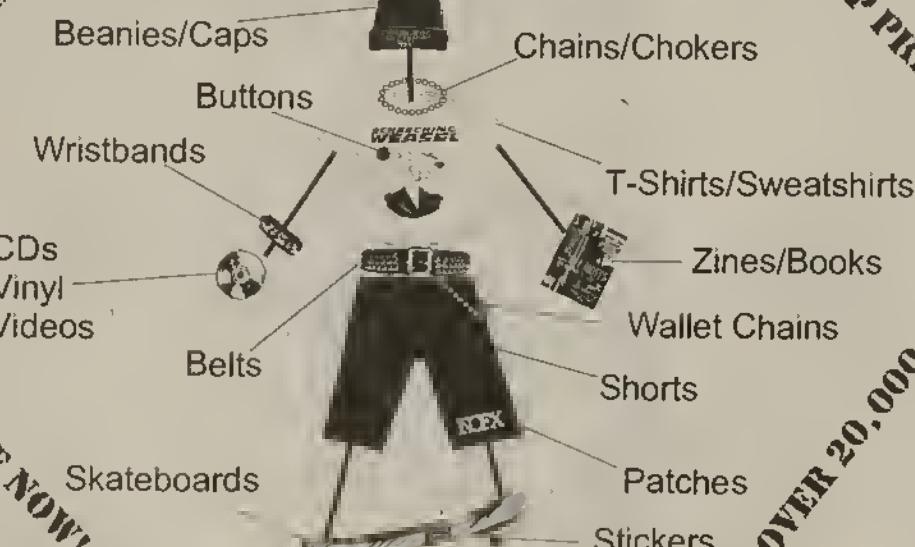
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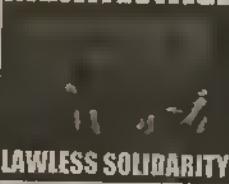
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New records...
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Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ADITA #7 / \$1

5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 48 pgs

This is one of the better fanzines I've seen in a while. Well-written and interesting. This issue is a story revolving around the writer's efforts to wean himself off of sucking his thumb. Unlike many other similar fanzines, *Adita* doesn't attempt to place a significance on the story that doesn't exist. It's not overly self absorbed or whiny, like too many "personal" zines tend to be. Cool layout and picture too. Good style: when this one comes in your mail, it'll make your day. (CR)

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stamp

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs

Pointless interviews with Link 80, The Living End, Mustard Plug and Catch 22...who the hell cares how many times a week Mustard Plug goes to McDonald's?!! The only thing I liked about this was the article on school uniforms. (KC)

PO Box 71283 / New Orleans, LA 70172

ATROPHIED STATE #5 / \$1 + 2 stamps (or trade)

5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 16 pgs

This is a package deal: a mini-zine, scads of inserts, and three full-size flyers (ie, a lot of loose paper). One insert seemed to be a stream-of-consciousness rant about anger and pain...capped by a show review. Another includes an ode to Hunter Thompson and the right to bear arms...yay! And the flyers are pretty standard (and recirculated) stuff, anti-McDonalds and anti-vivisection.

The mini-zine consists of some very short rants about fur, feminism, the govern-



ment, a comic about making change, and some uninteresting fiction. Alice also runs a distro for political propaganda (zines, buttons, stickers, flyers, and more). Sincere (all "profits" go to the local Food Not Bombs) but simple. (MN)

1022 Robert E Lee Dr / Wilmington, NC 28412

B.L.A.C.K (BLACK LIGHT AND GELS) COMIC #4 / \$8

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 60 pgs

For those of you drawn to the darkside, this is your comic. Full of spiky haired

gothic folks and death, death and more death. But even though it's goth, this comic has a sense of humor. The first part of this comic is chapters 5 and 6 of the ongoing story of a band who happen to be vampires. The middle part of the comic contains short bios of Australian comic book artists and samples of their work. The rest of the comic/zine is made up of other people's work which varies in quality. I had a hard time putting this down and I am interested to see more chapters of this band. Is this worth \$8? Sure, if you are interested in indie comics of Australia or you have dark leanings, go for it. (DS) Louise Gruber / PO Box 84 / Glebe, New South Wales 2037 Australia

BLOO DYDE BLUD / \$5 - trade

8 x 6 - copied - 24 pgs

A small comic book that uses Lady Di as a theme that seems to ridicule her life and death. Because I am not interested in royalty, or the rich and famous I'd never give something like this a second glance. As for the drawing style, nothing exceptional. (HH) Tim Danko / POB 348 / Flemington, Victoria / 3031 Australia

BRASS FURNACE GOING OUT

#10 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

Complete with stories about punk love, drinking and friendships, this is kind of like *Cometbus*' little sister. The writing is good and the stories are fairly interesting, but I'd be much more interested to see them written in a unique style that didn't borrow so heavily from an already overused style. (CR)

1122 8th & Greenway Dr / Sherwood, OR 97140

**DEAD CITY** #5 / \$1 or trade

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs

I didn't think I was going to be able to read this - the layout is pretty dull, and it's all small typewriting with a lot of mistakes. Once I started reading it though, I have to say that it was all right. It's lots of short semi-fictional(?) stories about punks who drink a lot, hang out, travel and fight. The writer has a good descriptive, personal style. It's kinda like *Cometbus* for crusties. (MD)

8391 Brookwood Dr NE / Warren, OH / 44484

GARAGELAND #1 / \$1 and 2 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 34 pgs

The first cool thing that I noticed about this zine was that they chose Schlitz as the Beer of the Month. Wow! Anyhow, this is a really good first effort. The highlights here are the interviews with Deadbolt, Gearhead and John Doe (of the worse of the two bands named X). Overall, a good zine. (NF)

1219 McKinley Ave / Huntsville AL 35801

GEEK OVERLOAD #5 / \$3

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

Cute little comics straight out of the sketchbook. There's a longer piece about a train ride and a recurring theme of sad romance. Neat enough but not worth three bucks. (JM)

PO Box 1110 Fitzroy North / Victoria 3068 / Australia

GO METRIC #11 / 55¢ stamp

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pages

Go Metric is a music based zine from New York. No fancy layouts here, just some stuff on Queen and the Kinks, an interview with the Groovie Ghoulies and a great article on how all sXe kids really want to be Scottish, among other stuff. Kinda sarcastic, with lots of reviews. It reminds me of those people who are kinda music purists, who have a real love of the "rock". (MJ)

PO Box 250878 / New York, NY 10025

GRUB #1 / stamps or trade

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 8 pgs

Simple little punk zine revolving around food, not to be mistaken for the *GRUB* zine from Rhode Island. There's a recipe for stew and some frozen pizza reviews. Fun read, but not too much substance. (MD)

PO Box 1471 / Iowa City, IA / 52240

HIT LIST #5 / \$3.95

11 x 8 - offset - 192 pgs

More ink from those ex-*MRR* hipsters, this issue built around an interview with Joe Strummer. There are lots of cool record reviews and Jeff Bale gives an excellent in-depth review of the English freakbeat CDs out on AIP. As usual there is a column of stupidity (not sexist this issue) from Rev. Norb, and a pseudo-intellectual column of self back-patting from millionaire entrepreneur Lawrence Livermore. Real punks probably won't buy

BROADSIDE #6 / 1 stamp

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 8 pgs

This is a really brief and mediocre zine covering the Detroit area punk and garage scene. Besides the news section, there are also write ups on The Demolition Doll Rods and Junior Brown. Overall it's not very good. (NF)

47735 Fernwood #15209 / Wixom, MI 48393

CHUMPIRE #123 / 1 stamp or trade

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - one page

This is awesome! Just a one page (double sided) quickie chock full of the author's favorite stuff...music, a movie, zines, upcoming shows in the area, a great little overview of the book *The Emperors of Chocolate* (the history of Hershey's and Mars) and best of all is that it's totally steeped in Pennsylvania flavor. That might sound a little weird, but you can just tell that this person totally enjoys their scene (which happens to be in PA). Anybody remember the one page zine called *Radio Riot*? This kinda reminds me of that...write for your copy today! (KC)

PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

COMPLETE CONTROL #5 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs.

A great slice of life of activism and grassroots work in the Richmond area. Actually gives you hope for a place that seems like a factory of jaded punk-rock. Generally this is the tale of what people of conscience do in their day to day lives. Light on the politics, heavy on the action itself. (AR)

PO Box 5021 / Richmond, VA 23220

IT'S ALIVE

#18 HARDCORE FANZINE \$2



review. It seems the same; larger, some color pages and tiny print. This issue includes interviews with: Hot Water Music, At the Drive In and Suburban Voice. *Flipside* always has tons of record reviews and it looks like their zine reviews are growing. (DS)

PO Box 60790 / Pasadena, CA 94146

FANZINE REVIEWS

this zine, unless they were bored, or starved for the scene. I read it for the record reviews and the political stupidity of my generation. (HH)
PO Box 8345 / Berkeley, CA 94707



HO! #4 / \$5

8 1/2 x 7 · offset · 92 pgs

This is a pretty cool zine. It has mostly comics by different contributors, all of whom are quite talented. There's also fast food reviews, and an interview with the Bindlestiff Family Circus, which I've never heard of but it sounds pretty cool, though it never said why it's pornographic or why it's named after Swedish loggers. My favorite comics, although all were good, and there's much to be said for that, were "The Tragedy of Dr. Promise and the Origin of the Fatterpekkis" by Nora Keyes, "The Underwear Club" by Marcel DeJure, "Motherfuckers" by Sean Stepenoff, and "A History of the World" by Charles Schnieder. (BC)

No (Know) Information Network / PO Box 291516 / Los Angeles, CA 90029

HOMESICK #1 / \$4

5 x 8 1/2 · copied · 20 pgs

The artwork in this li'l comic zine is really good. However, I wouldn't pay four bones for this because... well it's pretty damn boring. The story line is pretty lame here and that makes it not worth shelling out yer dough. (NF)
PO Box 1297 / North Fitzroy Victoria, Australia

I AM RIGHT #1 / \$3

8 1/2 x 11 · offset · 64 pgs

This zine is pretty huge and packed with material. A lot of it is stuff I usually am not interested in but enjoyed quite a bit here. Musically there's talks with the Dictators, the Seeds, Antiseen, Lightening Beat Man, Greg Lowery, a Jack Saints tour diary, and more. There's some interesting wrestling stuff (including the murder of Bruiser Brody) and some classic/cult horror movie stuff. There's an interview with a white separatist guy asking him about good racist bands and a bit about his ideology, which the editor makes clear he does not share. It bothers me to see any tolerance for committed racists... Overall, though, this zine is very well done and worth the three bucks. (JM)
1866 McAllister St / San Francisco, CA 94115

THE INNER SWINE #4 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 · copied · 64 pgs

This zine has a huge staff considering that 11 out of 12 articles were written by the egomaniacal Jeff Somers. At least they were well-written. I don't think apathy should be worn as a badge of honor, though, and apathy is entirely different from cynicism, which Somers seems unaware of. Even Diogenes took action, and his actions, such as sleeping in a barrel and shitting, sleeping, and masturbating in public effected change of some sort in Athens. Having contempt for and suspicion of human beings doesn't mean having an inability to change their actions. But that would be me. The made-up letters to the editor were distinctly unfunny, the interview with the super-hero the Pork Avenger was funny but could have been more tightly edited, and the account of a diary of the janitor locked in the sensory deprivation tank didn't come across as the biting satire it was meant to be. Basically, I think this would be a really good 40-page zine, if the sophomoric humor is what got cut. The short story at the end, "Can Open Worms Everywhere" was surprisingly good. It was by far the best part of the zine, and proved that considerable talent lay behind it. This has the potential to become a very good zine, but it's not quite there. (BC)
293 Griffith Street #9 / Jersey City, NJ 07307

IT'S ALIVE #18 / \$2 US, \$4 world

8 1/2 x 11 · offset · 56 pgs

It's Alive is pictures of boys in bands and flyer collages; a ton of both. The photos look great - mostly newer hardcore bands but a few older ones, I think - and the flyers show how many amazing shows have come through So. California in the past 15(?) years. For what it is, it can't be beat. (JM)
PO Box 6326 / Oxnard, CA 93031-6326

I WAS A TEENAGE RELIGIOUS FANATIC #1 / \$5

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 · copied · 36 pgs

I didn't think that *I Was Going to Like This* comic zine hailing from Australia. With comic zines, either I really like them or they suck, the latter usually happening more often. This zine was funny, accessible to people outside the author's lingo, nuanced, and pretty interesting. Some of it, I didn't quite get, but for the most part, expressed what lead the author to his earlier religious "fanaticism" and what deterred him from it. Overall, pretty okay. (JL)
Q-Ray / PO Box 612 / South Melbourne, Victoria 3205 / Australia

I WENT EMO AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY ULCER #1 / ?

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 · copied · 36 pgs

I read the name of this 'zine and I knew that I was gonna love it... I was not disappointed. For those of you that enjoy really personal, heartfelt writings, (like me) this is a must! Lots of the author's thoughts, hopes and dreams plus interviews with Force Fed Glass, Jeromes Dream and Born Dead Icons. There's no price listed, but you could probably send a donation or some stamps... it's nice to keep reaching for the stars. (KC)

21926 Hyannisport Dr / Cupertino, CA 95014

JADED IN CHICAGO #7 / \$1

8 1/2 x 11 · copied · 28 pgs

This zine revolves around punk/alternative rock music along with a smattering of personalish stuff. This issue features interviews with Face to Face, Fifteen, In Truth, and the Lawrence Arms. There are also run-downs on the Oblivion record release show, a local cafe (Cafe Jinx), record reviews from "famous talk radio personality", Steve Dahl, an article about "unity", an article lamenting the loss of a tree in the author's parent's backyard, and a book review. While I was not especially enthusiastic about the contents of this zine, it was very readable and well put to-

gether. If you are interested in the bands or stuff mentioned, you might enjoy this zine. (JL)
4031 Forest Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

KEROSENE #9 / 20 FF

8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - offset - 60 pgs - French
I used to help a kid put out a zine that looked like this—until I realized his ambition was to continually grow fatter and glossier, and most importantly, to get the most, and most popular, bands interviewed. I don't claim to know the Kerosene motives, but I know they had better find some personality, quick. Other than those ominous warnings, be advised this is a nice-looking zine with Unwound, Blonde Redhead, reviews, and much, much more. (AC)
BP 3701 / 54097 Nancy Cedex / France

KEROZEN #1999 / \$1

11 x 8 - offset - 32 pgs - French
Interesting DIY zine and record label from Canada, this issue focusing on the bands Gros Mene, Subumlauts and Mass Hysteria. There are also some record reviews and ads. Probably a good place to connect with the current scene in Montreal. (HH)
Martin / 3900 Park St / St-Hubert PQ / J3T 4Z2 / Canada

MANIFESTO FOR ONE #4 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
A wonderful ode to the editor's grandmother and the Weakerthans. Comments on the Oka incident, punk and folk music, Reclaim the Streets and Police violence. The pull quotes are universally wonderful and pointed, the spirit is touching. (AR)
Site #8, Comp 50, RR1 / Winlaw B.C. V0G 2J0, Canada

ME NOT #1 / 50¢, 2 stamps or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Writings about being stuck in the same ruts all the time...not knowing where life is taking you, but knowing that you'd probably rather walk, 'cuz you miss a lot of interesting things along the way when you're stuck in a car. I really liked the piece entitled Hobophobia...especially since a similar scenario was playing itself out on my bus ride. There's also a soda review and some negative bits on marriage and love. A good first effort. (KC)
401 Colonial Dr #9 / Ipswich, MA 01938

MOTION SICKNESS #8 / \$2

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
For some reason I thought these guys

had been around for a long time, but it's only the eighth issue. Anyhoo, this is like three issues in one, due to there being so much shit to read. These guys sure do like their sex and booze. It's refreshing to have so much content for such a low price. I know this sounds like an infomercial, but this is great – in addition to columns and reviews, the coverage of the Metal Fest and interviews (with Discount and Digger), they talk about fucking Iron Maiden! This is pretty damned funny, and well worth sending off for. (RD)

PO Box 24277 / St. Louis, MO 63130

**NEAT DAMNED NOISE #12 / #4**

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 46 pgs
If you can't guess from the title, this zine is dedicated to the Damned and related offshoots, and contains more information than you might ever want to know about any one band. The biggest chunk of the zine is devoted to an in-depth interview with guitarist Brian James, but there's also a bunch of reviews, tour info, photos, and information on bands that cover Damned songs on their releases. I thought the Damned's first few records were great, but I'm not a rabid fan. However, I love delving into the history of punk and so I still found a lot here to enjoy. If you are a big Damned fan, this is essential. (AM)

PO Box 131471 / The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471

NO LONGER BLIND #6 / \$3 or trade

8 1/4 x 11 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs
Thick, poorly stapled sXe zine out of Australia. It starts off with some pretty good columns, except for the one bag-

ging on "middle class wiggers" and all the "retards" in the hardcore scene. There are long interviews with Standard, Pitfall, and Fallout, plus shorter ones with Ensign, VDG Skulls, Conation, and Not For You. The interviews aren't the best I've read, mostly covering scene stuff. There are plenty of good looking photos of hardcore boys rocking out, an article about pornography being degrading to women, and the best ska column (a history of the music) I've ever read. *No Longer Blind* is a little cliched, but still a good read. To buy it in the US send your money to: 315 E 8th St / Bloomington, IN 47401. (JM)

74 Gladstone Ave / Wollongong, NSW / 2500 Australia

NOSEDIVE #9 / \$2 or trade

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This is my kind of zine! It has a beautiful hand printed cover, has tons of great writing, and is put out by a genuinely nice person. It's a nice mix of personal and political. There are travel and living stories about California, Europe and Portland, a comic about hitchhiking, bicycle stories, an interview with a women's self-defense instructor, really down to earth, honest book reviews, and some more informational - type pieces on the artist Elizabeth Catlett and on environmental threats to the cowbird. There's just lots and lots here, it's all interesting and has nice graphics, and I think you should order this zine NOW! (MD)

PO Box 72581 / New Orleans, LA / 70172

OFF CYCLE #2 / free

5 1/2 x 6 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Boy, this guy wasn't joking when he called his mini-zine angry! This thing's chock full of suburban hostility—disturbed artwork, interviews with mean grind bands and seriously pissed off rants in the world's smallest possible typeset. The rants are pretty amusing, but my favorite parts were his movie reviews. He interviews Black Army Jacket, Benumb and Kung Fu Rick, none of which I found to be particularly fascinating, but it's probably just me. Fans of those bands will definitely want to pick this up. (RD)

210 Woodcliff Ave., Apt. 5F / North Bergen, NJ 07047

OTTAWA / \$3

4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 72 pgs
This zine is filled with lots of emo-ish little stories about the good ol' days of '97, kids in the scene, coffee, set to

FANZINE REVIEWS

clip art and blurry band photos. It also comes with a cassette tape of a few local bands. (MD)
Chris Landry / 26 Assiniboine Dr / Nepean, Ontario / K2E 5R7 / Canada

OX FANZINE #36 / \$5

11 x 8 - offset - 140 pgs - German
This issue comes with the CD sampler We Deliver The Goods. The bands featured are Hard-Ons, Schrottgrenze, Nomads, Moslem Heat, Pennywise, Mr. T., plus lots more. There are also lots and lots of record reviews and ads. Plenty of reading here! (HH)
POB 143445 / 45264 Essen / Germany

PARAERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO

#10 / free

8 1/2 x 11 offset - 6 pgs - Spanish
This issue is in green ink, on white. This Mexican scene flier/mag includes interviews with Multilacion, Trauma, and other local band/zine info. The editors cram a handful of columns in as well, so as you can imagine, it's a tight fit, but they do a fine job. (AC)
MA Valladares / Apartado Postal 1879 / 6400 Monterrey / Mexico

PATCHOULI #666 / \$1

8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs

This really got on my nerves—taking a cue from its name, it launched into stories of mystical voyages in the mountains on mushrooms, getting stoned at Hempfest '99, etc. The worst part, though, was the faux-porn—I'm still not sure if it's serious or not. Everyone's entitled to some casual drug use and writing porn stories (I think), but this is just terrible. There's an interview with William Gibson, in case it matters. Damn hippies. (RD)

608 NW 65th St Suite 200 / Seattle, WA 98117

POTATOE #5 / \$2 or trade

4 x 7 - copied - 40 pgs

I guess I've just been missing the boat on this one. Pretty damn good personal zine with the perfect ratio of introspective walking alone at night stories to getting drunk and partying stories. I would recommend picking this up if reading about others people's fits of depression and wonder is your idea of a good time. (SS)

PO Box 1891 / Fayetteville, AR 72702-1891

PROBE #8 / \$4

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 99 pgs

Before I offer my opinion of this zine, I will talk about the contents. This zine is packed



with music related info, like interviews with the Bananas, an interview with Mission Records, Howling Bull Syndicate, Radio Free Records, show reviews, zine reviews, music reviews, and book reviews. In addition, there are articles on sex and relationships by the author, an article by his girlfriend with a lot more information than I needed, and a Probe



Records update. This zine does not skimp on delivering information. And what makes

Probe what it is, lots of pictures of naked ladies. I am somewhere between thinking that this zine is consciously and unapologetically absurd, and tacky, but enjoyable and informative, and thinking that it is really creepy, twisted, exploitive, and that the author is a bit of a meathead. Decide for yourself. (JL)

POBox 5068 / Pleasanton, CA 94566

PSYCHIC TWINS #1 / \$5

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 36 pgs

This comic marks the first installment in a tale of 'stupefying psychic intrigue' and 'paranoid technophobia', if the back page blurb is to be believed. The artwork is quite pleasant to the eye if not groundbreaking, but the story didn't particularly grab my interest. It's from Gregory Mackay, the creator of 'Terminal', which means nothing to me but if it means anything to you you might be interested in this. (AM)

Bandit Fox / 68 McKean St / North Fitzroy / Victoria 3068 / Australia

QUICKDRAW #4 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs

This is a short series of comic essays written/drawn by Aussie John Weeks. True to the title, all are drawn quickly, and many show the short time taken. I really liked them, and I have to respect anyone who teaches English to Cambodian immigrants. (BC)

Plastic Planet / PO Box 2001 / Hanford, CA 93232 or Dead Xerox Press / PO Box 348 / Flemington Victoria 3031 Australia

RAD PARTY #23 / \$?

6 x 4 1/4 - offset - 64 pgs - French

Stéphane's high-contrast, realistic art attracts your eyes—and he uses his talent to draw things and people punk, instead of exploiting all knowledge of the human form to draw giant muscular super-villainess thighs. *Rad Party*'s form and writing shows the same careful love. He only includes what he cares about, like two special interviews with Cynthia Connolly and Evan Dorkin, insane creator of *Milk & Cheese* comic ("dairy products gone bad") and other brilliant humanitarian works. The music coverage is similarly bullshit-free, organized into a long column/essay in which Stéphane discusses recent releases and bands that he's been thinking about. Tiny ads by big labels are kept out of the way throughout. Great zine. (AC)

Small Budget / BP #7 / 78110 Le Vesinet / France

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #13 /

\$2

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs

This is a good music mag, with some other stuff, like fiction thrown in. Interviews with Hot Water Music, Leatherface, Discount, Clear. Lots of passion, lots of good feeling. Could have done without the travel diary, but then that's always the case for me... (GF)

PO Box 7151 / Boulder, CO 80306

REVENGE OF THE NERDS ZINE #3 \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs

Interviews (Glow Skulls, Waif, Spazz) reviews, photos, ads. The usual fare, but it's well done and has heart. I do think he should have given the VGS a harder time about being homophobes. (GF)

111 Shady Ct / Longwood, FL 32750

ROADSIDE #4 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs

Roadside is a collection of personal essays in comic form. It's my favorite zine this month. Most of them are about room mates and growing up/growing apart, but all are very well drawn, and the stories are nice. (BC)

PO Box 4789 / Portland, ME 04112

SAVE YOUR BACON #4 / \$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 40 pgs

An amusing zine from a girl in Arizona. Contains stories about her job, boyfriend and original fiction. I liked her lounge fantasy involving her mother and Vegas. Enjoyable. (DS)

1670 W Cascabella Drive / Tucson, AZ 85737

SCENERY #11 / \$1

8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs

This is a collection of short excerpts from letters to Mike, juxtaposed with some deliberately mysterious and evocative "silent movie" ink drawings (with no necessarily narrative connection between the two). I think that if this were a larger or more complex project, I could have sunk my teeth into it with more enthusiasm. But for two stamps or for free, depending, if you order another issue of the zine (provided you mention it, of course), this is worth it. (MN)

PO Box 14223 / Gainesville, FL 32604

SHAT UPON #7 / \$5 or "kick ass" trades

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 128 pgs

This is a zine to put by the television as alternative evening entertainment, not because it's particularly an intellectual



option, but it's really thick and chock full of all kinds of articles, lists, and lengthy observations (with pictures) about the cast-off relics of minor rock stars (uneaten green onion garnish, for instance). I laughed in spite of myself at the many advice columns (the taxonomy of wearing certain t-shirts, and Stoner Steve answers questions about science) and lists like "ways the world would be different if ABBA was in charge." Accounts of a Greenpeace expedition to the Arctic, a "primer" on Soviet cannibalism, and a girl's guide to "nasal husbandry" (nose-picking) are just some of the often well-written articles that round out this zine, along with some fiction pieces and comics. It also comes with a Humpy/Fireballs of Freedom seven-inch. I have to admit, it's a good deal. (MN)

PO Box 9801 / Missoula, MT 59807

SICK PUNKS #1 / \$3

ppd

7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs

The content is just what it says, just interviews with various punks who have various diseases. Talk about depressing. It's also very interesting, and kind of uplifting in that "wow, I guess I'm pretty lucky" kind of way. I think the format needs to be expanded, like I'd like to hear more from the editor on her life and expand beyond just interviews, but this is a powerful subject that is one of those things we "don't talk about", thus leaving all sorts of fasci-

nating information waiting to be uncovered. Most of us don't know much about these illnesses, and it's intriguing. Personally, the "punk" angle is the least interesting part, but if you're a punk, I guess that's what you wanna write about. Hope this keeps going. (GF)

500 Crawford St / Toronto, On, M6G 3J8 / Canada

SPURTS OF PSYCHOSIS #1 / trade or stamp

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs

I just don't know about this comic from Canada. It's drawn OK, and content wise it could have some potential, but this issue just wasn't doing it for me. It is made up of short comics that don't really amuse. Save your stamp. (DS)

3718 Notre Dame W / Montreal, Quebec H4C 1P7 Canada

STY #50 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 94 pgs

This is both a "best of" Sty Zine and a project done by Icki/Mark's girlfriend, Mimi, for his 25th birthday. It reads from back to front, which is a little unsettling. In between reprints from Sty, there are some very personal

things from her

and some of his other friends. It looks great, very visually appealing. There are lots of photobooth pictures, and it comes with a button and is just packed with content. You would probably get the most out of this if you are really into Sty or know Mark. Be forewarned, there is some pretty sappy stuff in here, which is very sweet, but if you

are bitter you'd be better off staying away! (MJ)

PO Box 11906 / Berkeley, CA 94712-2906

**SUBURBAN VOICE #43 / \$5**

8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 148 pgs

There's not much left to say about this, except that it's essential reading for anyone who considers themselves into punk or hardcore these days. The bible of New England punk, but covering the international scene. This issue comes

WEIRD STRESS KITTENS #6 /

\$4

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 · copied - 60 pgs

Weird indeed. This is a thick, thick little pocket-sized comic book about the lives of some cat-people, all done with the usual slightly introverted look most comics have. Due to the bizarre handwriting and general chaotic nature of it, I found this pretty hard to follow, but the artwork is really great. This guy obviously put a lot of time into it, and it shows. It's a must for all lovers of the slightly twisted, and it's reminiscent of that old oddball Canadian comic, *Satanism for Girls*. (RD)

Gerard Ashworth / 770 Queenscliff Rd / Queenscliff / NSW 2096 / Australia

WIDE ARSED MOLE #2 / \$3

5 1/2 x 8 · copied - 16 pgs

Totally pointless cartoon. Came all the way from Australia to bore me with its inane humor. Blah. (SS)
Killifly Schell / PO Box 348 / Flemington, Victoria 3031 Australia

WILNOT #6 / \$3

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 · copied - 40 pgs

This is a comic zine, a format that I have mixed feelings about. The artwork is clean, but the dialogue is not. The subject matter is topical and stock horror. You'd know it if you liked it. (AR)

PO Box 348 / Flemington, Victoria 3031, Australia

MORE LISTINGS

QUARANTINE #1 / \$1

A new zine full of enthusiasm for punk rock done by a guy and his girlfriend. Includes show reviews, stuff for sale and info about lice.

717 Liberty Street / Newport, KY 41071

KLUSTERFUCT #5 / \$1

Misanthropic personal zine with poetry, articles about video games, masturbation, etc.

PO Box 2142 / Vacaville, CA 95696-2142

WHAT THE FUCK IS A FREE RADICAL?

#1 / \$5

Vaguely depressing, self-absorbed and mostly inexplicable short comic "stories." Full color cover!

Stefan Neville / PO Box 1320 / Dunedin / New Zealand

with a 20 track CD (which is probably reviewed a few pages back) containing tracks from many of the bands featured, including Anti Flag, Boiling Man, Out Cold, and 9 Shocks Terror. There's also an interview with former Econo-christ vocalist Ben Sizemore, who is punker than you could ever hope to be, and better looking too. Al's column this month focuses on the connected evils of gentrification and Sports Utility Vehicles, which are getting to become nationwide ills. It seems like everyone I talk to, wherever they live, is worried about gentrification. Something's got to give sometime, right? Great issue, great mag. (AM)

PO Box 2746 / Lynn, MA 01903-2746

THAT'S IT, I QUIT #1 / stamp?

8 1/2 x 11 · copied · 1 pg

Despite all myths to the contrary, I am really into one page zines.

They can get a lot of info across and I think are can be very useful for spreading ideas in small town scene. Not that this one talks at all about the local Setauket scene. It focuses more on European record releases and Wells' two cents about the hardcore scene. (SS)

PO Box 772 / ESetauket, NY 11733

THERAPY #1 / \$5

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 · copied · 36 pgs

I am assuming this is so expensive because it comes from the far off shores of Australia. It's a one time collection of comics from a zine called *Big Smoke*. It has personal musings from one woman's life about work, boobs, life in general. The drawings are pretty basic, but that's okay. (MJ)

Amber Carvan / PO Box 1255 / North Fitzroy / Victoria 3058 / Australia

TRASH TIMES #7 / \$2

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 · copied · 24 pgs

An interview with Tura Santana (from Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!), a review of the Chicago Underground Film Festival, a rant about the *Planet of the Apes* that could have been, and '60s era Dutch punk. Music and film reviews round out this effort. (AR)

PO Box 248 / Glenview, IL 60025

UPRISING #6 / \$1 ppd or 2 stamps

8 1/2 x 11 · offset - 16 pgs

Another solid effort by this brief, yet

good zine. Interviews with Phonix, Good Riddance and Capture The Flag were all cool, as were the write ups and reviews. It's worth a buck. (NF)

PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

VORTEX FROM THE EAST #18 / \$2

8 x 6 · offset - 28 pgs - English / Malaysian

This zine has one brief article and two band interviews, the rest is record reviews from around the rest of the world. You can check it out at ajizz@hotmail.com. (HH)

Abd Aziz / Medan Garden 8th miles / Old Klang Rd 46000 / Petaling Jaya Selangor / Malaysia

WAR AGAINST THE IDIOTS #11 /

\$1

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 · copied · 40 pgs

The first half is mediocre, filled with stories about the daily life of the writer.

They're less than exciting and a bit pretentious, but the other half is pretty great. It's a story about his trip to San Francisco. I love reading people's stories about this city. It's always interesting to see how it appears to an outsider, and how they experience it. Though I do have to wonder why someone would travel halfway across the country to sleep in doorways. The sec-

ond half is worth the buck. (CR)
1731 Cleveland St / Evanston, IL 60202

WASTED #3 / \$2, 50p + SASE (or trade)

5 x 8 · copied · 40 pgs

A cut-and-paste punk music zine with a focus on Great Britain, lots of interviews with bands like the UK Subs, Subhumans, Age of Chaos, Unite, Retch Records, and the memorably named Throw Bricks At Coppers. Most of the music and zine reviews are of European releases. Marks says, "Good to read while you're downing a pint of cider in the gutter." (MN)

Steve Wasted / 51 Manchester Drive / L-O-S / Essex SS9 3HP / UK



Cutlass is a political fanzine made by Janice Flux. In it, she tackles some difficult and challenging issues, such as gender, abuse, and the brutality of war. Among other things, she is

do one. I was living in Rhode Island and working with him on a free paper. It folded and then I moved away. He kept pestering me, and eventually I figured I'd just do it

anyone he meets. He'll say, "Here, read this and decide if you want to run away screaming or if you want to continue to be friends."

MRR: Why do you continue to do

working on establishing a (post-Epicenter) collective called the Free Radical space in San Francisco, and maintaining a DIY health guide web site. Look for a new issue out this month featuring information on the WTO protests in Seattle. Interview by Casey R.

MRR: Maybe to start off with, you should describe your zine a little bit.

Janice: I've been doing it for about three years. It doesn't come out very often, just whenever I get around to doing one. It's really whatever's in my head. I'm going to have another one out in a couple of weeks that should have stuff on the WTO and the community space we're working on here. For the WTO stuff, it's going to have interviews with people who were there and their perceptions of what happened.

MRR: How did you feel about the protests in Seattle?

Janice: Very frustrated by the media's portrayal of the few violent protesters, though I'm all for property damage! And then talking to your average Joe on the street and hearing their reaction to what they were seeing. It all ties into the zine, because I started the zine in Seattle.

MRR: What prompted you to start doing a zine?

Janice: Actually, a friend of mine who did a zine was pestering me to

even though I had no experience other than a little graphic arts.

MRR: I noticed the graphics style and layout is really nice. I'm all for using the technology that's available, but I also feel that the scanner was one of the worst things to happen to fanzines.

Janice: I agree. The Xacto knife is my friend. People actually ask me what computer programs I use.

MRR: How do you feel now about that first issue that you did?

Janice: I'm pretty proud of it, but I feel like I'm a totally different person. I'm trying to get them out more often, but as it is now, there's only been four. I look at each one like it was done by a different person. It's kind of nice to have a trail of what you did before. I'm not totally embarrassed by them yet.

MRR: I'd rather the trail from fanzines I've done disappear.

Janice: I have a friend who will actually shove his back issues at

Cutlass?

Janice: I've always wanted to write since I was little, and I always had this idea that nothing I could write would ever get published by anyone, so whatever I do, I have to do myself. It started as self-publishing and moving towards self sufficiency. That reliance on the self is very important to me.

MRR: I think that's one of the best things that comes out of fanzines.

Janice: Originally, I started it as kind of an anonymous face for what I wanted to say, because I was a lot shyer then. But I'm different now. It was a little soap box I could get on without having to talk much.

MRR: Do you think that the zines helped you come out of your shell a little bit?

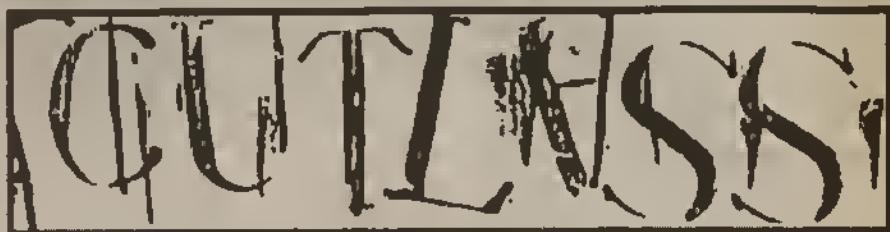
Janice: I know they have, which is really good.

MRR: What sort of role do you feel that fanzines play in the punk scene, and what kind of role do you think that they can and should play?

Janice: I think that they should be a lot more open to a lot more people. I see a lot of zines that don't want to open up the debate, they want to spew out what they have to say without wanting to hear what anyone else thinks. It's about communication, even though a lot of it doesn't actually end up that way. They could do more to create an open dialogue for people.

MRR: What do you think that people could do to make their zines more open to other people?

Janice: One thing



that I always try to do is look at what I'm saying and really analyze it. Figure out if it's really what I believe, or if I'm just having a reaction to a certain event. Look at it from different angles and see how someone else might see it. The other problem I see is people saying, "Fuck you, your opinion doesn't matter because you bad mouth this band." That's something that needs to be worked on in the zine community. I also have a problem with hero-worship zinesters, which seems to happen quite a bit. It just doesn't contribute to the equality that it's supposed to be about. It's putting people up on pedestals again, which is not what punk is supposed to be about, and yet it is.

On the positive side, I get to see other people's perspectives that I never would have thought about. I try to put out ideas about gender, sexual identity, and feminism. I think that it's really important to keep those dialogues open. In my first issue, I had a whole rant about the word "feminism."

I had a problem with it, and now I've turned totally around there. Now I feel that it's a broad term that can mean any number of things to different people. There's a tendency to be closed to those kind of possibilities.

MRR: It seems that there's a reaction when people bring up gender

issues in zines that they're "preaching to the converted." When they're talking about any other issue, like race or class, it seems as though they think of themselves as somewhat liberated. What sort of reaction do you get when you bring up these issues?

Janice: I get called strident. It was kind of a compliment. I've had a couple of reviews that were blanket-ed, but the obvious thing was that they had a problem was the gender issues. They didn't come right out and call me a stupid bitch, but they

put it down by putting down the woman phraseology.

MRR: Cute little zine?

Janice: Yeah, or, "She needs to work on it a little more," stuff like that. That happens really rarely. A lot of people are really happy with what I say and then they share what they have to say.

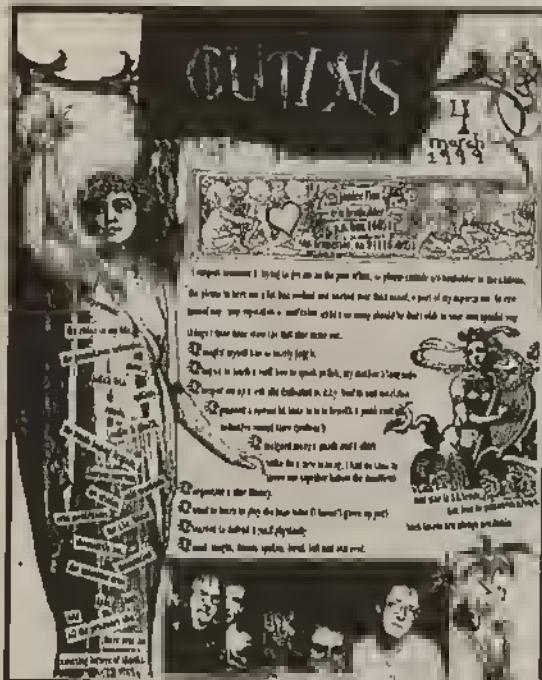
MRR: What role do you think that politics should play in punk?

Janice: I think it's important to have political bands. The reason I'm where I'm at is because of the music I listened to when I was growing up—how important it is to enlighten people and open things up for a

feel yourself under pressure to put out another issue?

Janice: To an extent, but it's not primarily that. I know if I'm not giving myself enough time, I'll feel like doing a zine. There are times when I feel I have to do a zine, but I'll have to push those feelings down

because I'm too busy. I really wish I had the time to put one out every four months, but instead it's like once a year. Then there's times when I'll have material that I don't feel like touching for a while. In my second issue, I had a piece my mom wrote about being abused by my dad, and that made the zine come out a lot



debate instead of a preaching session. Though there are people who go to Los Crudos shows and say, "shut up with your stupid politics," who tend to be the more destructive aspects of punk. They could probably use more politics. But I also feel that people need to have more fun, and not take their politics so damn serious.

later than I had expected.

MRR: What's the best thing that's come out of doing a zine?

Janice: Primarily the people I've met, and just being able to show myself that I can do it.

MRR: What are the things that you don't like about doing a zine?

Janice: Having to deal with feedback that isn't logical, but is really violent and based on emotion.

MRR: What sort of goals do you have for the future?

Janice: A lot of my life is the Free Radical space. We're trying to get together a community info-shop, activist center in San Francisco. Not just for activists, but for anyone in the city who wants to help out. It'll have meeting spaces, workshops, classes, handmade stuff for sale, community meals. That's a big part of my life right now, but I just want to keep doing the zine. It's evolving

ly. They need to listen to each other, it's so important that we try to understand each other before anything happens.

MRR: You mentioned before how you don't get your zine out often enough. That seems to be the most common complaint when people do zines. It seems that in some sense, it's the system creeping in, that makes us feel like we have to always be productive and making things. Do you



on its own. I just want it to always be there for me.

For more information on the Free Radical space, or to order back issues of *Cuteass* (\$1 ppd) contact Janice Flux at: PO Box 16651 / San Francisco / CA 94116-0651, at magdelene@jesusshaves, or at (415)789-8000 x1180

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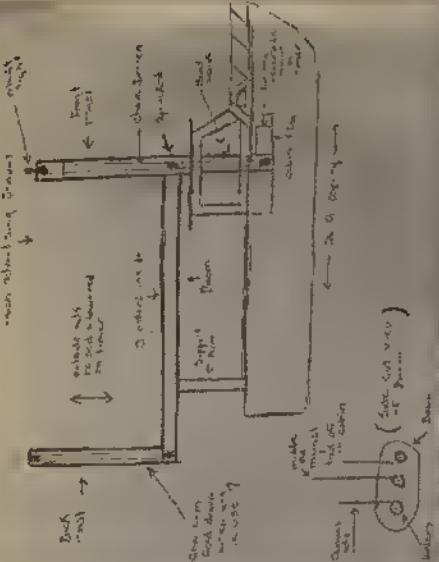
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Volume 3
Volume 4

Assuck personnel doing the SxEx thing - as you'd guess by their involvement, it's way fast - quick quak quick. Seemed inevitable - and here it is. The collection of everything they've released - awesome political US hardcore in the vein of any humorous, quick and tuneful band - snide humor with zatzy, upbeat and quak songwriting. Gol Nutty Aussie hardcore with blood on the cover (really) - breakneck and broken nose - rough stuff from down under. Double CD with a retrospective look at this influential grindcore band - totals out at 56 tracks, with EPs, 7" etc. Large and complex grindcore - huge guitar sound really brings the walls down - multiple vocalists, many breaks... Another great panning - Florida's heaviest and the graphic legend. Half hour of bludgeoning hardcore, nice package. The infamous and now long out of print 12 reissued as is European 10. Poster, sticker and more - they still rule. The first EP back in print, although this might just be around for a while as well - the classic still, as you know. Recorded back a while ago (1991) - finally released - 7" songs from this German Infantry outfit - funny layout... Great collection - the two EPs, the second LP and an unreleased demo from 1989 - Timelass Bay Area 10. Double CD with probably more Cornuted than most might need - one song @ 50+ minutes, one @ 74. Whee. Their second full length on vinyl - new layout, same insana nosecore - they're the hugest sounding US band again... Finally around in some quantity - the first LP back in print - crazy stuff as you know - dark, doom laden stuff. Blazing Spanish hardcore - Marten really picks em - Politics, hand screened covers and the lyrics in two tongues. Amazing hardcore book - collection of flyer art from all over - beautiful printing, crazy selection - gotta see this. Gruff metallic hardcore - midpaced, but the huge production really brings this forward - requires a lot of volume. Another scorching platter from these Germans - it's about a thousand MPH, gasoline vocals and entirely in German... Great stuff - rawt packaging, and some totally ludicrous hardcore - several people screaming the whole time. Aca... Doing what no one else would (could?) do - they're making about the strongest hardcore I know. Delinlly unique. Much anticipated full length - and worth the wait. Spiritual, uncompromising and abrasive hardcore. Straight ahead... About anything you'd need, and cheap too! The "Erode" LP, Embraided EP and various comp / split materials... Phobia and Pessimiser - two of the SoCal powerhouses - teaming up - doom faced hardcore yet again. Phobia packaging - sealed in a red vinyl bag - (2) covers - one ambossed, one screened. Includes "Season In" lyrics. It's made it onto vinyl - awesome latest full length from these Aussies - not pretty, not nice, and back to their roots. Sida project for Gehenna personnel, and it's full on metal - taking their hardcore tools, applying that metallic finish. The best modern graffiti book I've seen - full color and beautifully printed - Worldwide coverage and bio info. What needs to be said about a new full length? West! Coalition, and it's as good as you're hoping! Crazy packaging from Naurosis side project - one sided, etched vinyl and a hand screened cover. Intriguing/Lusque Whoa. This has the hugest production. The Arizona desert, continuing to baka desperation and split to a crisp. Gloom putting the petal down - great stuff from Monstar X. By the Throat, Police Line and Devoid of Faith (RIP). Max pulls it off again - Flash Gordon, Lie, Crucial Section and What Happens Next? Doing the flipped up hat stuff... Two Michigan bands bust out - former Earthmover / Traphina do the raw and angry will the flip crew stylized HC. Blazing stuff from both - some of the premier Japanese burn meat 4 tracks from their Spanish counterparts. Great Aussie split EP - blistering European hardcore from OS-13 (who rule) meat some bury Aussie HC. Two of the stronger hardcore bands around today. Team up - it's invata, original and totally memorable. Check this one - C Bronson / C Casualties / Gob / GAAA / Capt 3 Leg / Lazeration / Palatka and 4 more. Whoa. The latest - workin' somma new names in - Z Trip / Mr. Dubbs/DJ Shiro/DJ T-Rock - 14 turntablists in total. Check this lineup - Dahmer/Demont System 13/Dudman (Japan)/Bastards (Italy)/Tumult (Ger)/Ruido Whoa.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL *classifieds*

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A GOOD FRIEND of mine is in prison, and it seems like he'll be in there for the better part of the decade. He is into punk generally speaking and was truly dedicated while he was on this side of the bars. Needless to say letters are a bliss for him since he has no access to zines. Please write to him. His name is Fred Jeannerod and he can be reached at n 22758/Cellule 5/ Maison d'arrêt/ 5 rue Louis Pergaud/ 25031 BESANCON cedex/ France. He will appreciate.

NAKED AGGRESSION, U.X.A., Plastics, Runaways, Pistols, Nina Hagen, Toyah, Angry Samoans, Germs, Day Glo Abortions, Drag Racing, Action/Horror movies, hot cars!!! Write to me if you're a cool Latin or other punkette!!! @Larry / 2933 262 St. / Deadwitt, Iowa 52742 / dragster@netins.net

WANTED: WENDY O. Williams reincarnated!!! Are you punker than FUCK? Your photo to this crazy old punker gets mine! Sleaze if you must! Only aspiring and serious terrorists accepted: Anarchy Dating and Dominating c/o @Lar / 2933 262 St. / Deadwitt, Iowa 52742

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"If you don't already have (Death to False Metal Vol. 1) then you aren't very smart. In other words, you should buy all the Probe Record releases because Aaron has not put out a dud yet."

Carl Elvers QUICKDUMMIES #12

All Probe releases are available through Subterranean, Choke, Surefire, Scratch, Lumberjack, Vital Music, No Idea, and Flight 13 in Europe.

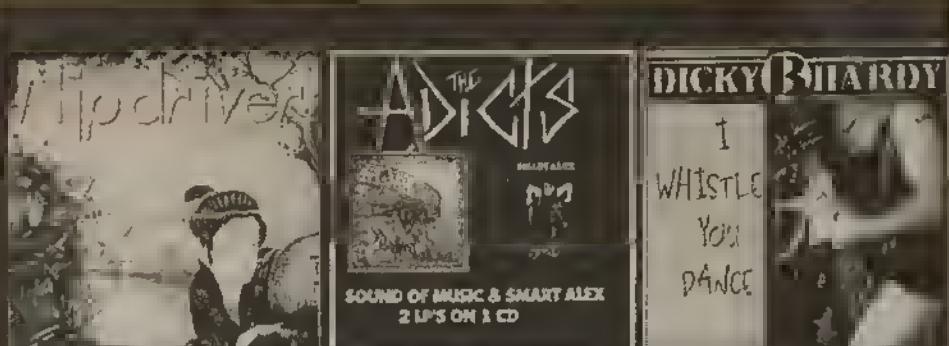
NUDIE VIDEO

Yeah, you still get a photo of Tracy when you buy something. In fact, we just finished shooting an entire two hour video so send \$25 for that. Hey, that's cheap! Ass is expensive! Not to mention that selling Tracy's ass may be the only thing that keeps The Probe from going under. Praise be to Tracy's ass!

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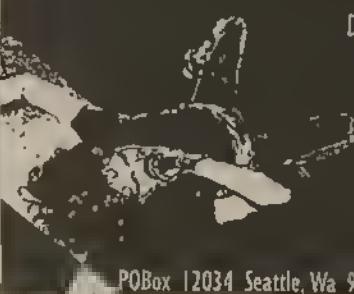
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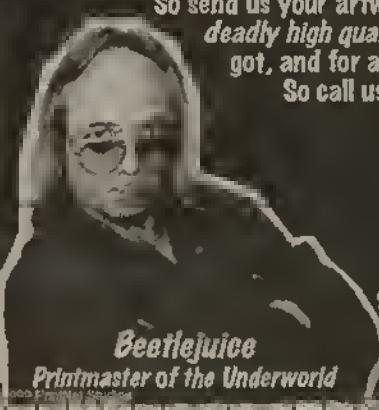
So, you finally got the band together and you're giggin'. You've scrawled out enough
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Take a deep breath, 'cause the Amoeba Collective and Maximum Rocknroll are doing yet another:

BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE



Deadline: February 1, 2000 – Due Out: April 15, 2000

You asked for it, you got it! The Amoeba Collective and MRR are joining forces again to put out the 8th edition of **BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE**. This is a worldwide resource magazine listing: Bands, Zines, Promoters, Distributors, Labels, Radio and TV shows, cool places to eat and hang out, and lots of other DIY-related resources.

The resources are compiled geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the responses we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in the magazine will be free; all you have to do is get on the web or send a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of information, and possibly miss categorize something. Also, please keep the listings short and concise! If at all possible, please use the **BYOFL** web page to submit your listing (remember, lots of libraries and computer stores have net access).

This year is unique in that we already have a perpetually updated database of listings due to the **BYOFL** website. In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), **ALL LISTINGS IN THE DATABASE DATED PREVIOUS TO MARCH 1, 1999 WILL NOT BE INCLUDED!** If you have access to the web, please

read the instructions on the **BYOFL** site to insure your listing is accurate and will be printed in #8. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have, by postal mail.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief (40 words or less) description

DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Web URL/Specialty and terms (vinyl, CDs, zines, consignment only, etc)/Area of coverage (mailorder, shows, stores, etc)

LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Description (40 words or less)

PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing)Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Capacity/Loading or food provided?/Working terms (guarantee, percentage, etc)

RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC shows and times

STORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties and hours

ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Post Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less)

MISC: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print version). To make this resource as fair as possible, there will be only one ad size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small, 20 page fanzine as to the big record labels. The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down, or 95mm x 51mm (basically a slightly elongated business card size). These ads cost \$25, which helps keep the cover price low. Please, only one ad per label/zine/promoter, etc.

!SUBMIT!

Mail Listings

The Amoeba Collective
438 Donahoe St. #3
E. Palo Alto, CA 94303-1805

Web Submission

<http://www.byofl.org>
(preferred method)

Send Ads to:

Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA 94146-0760

TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS (take notes!)

- 1) Use the web for submissions if at all possible! This will decrease chance of inaccuracies or of your listing getting lost in the mail.
- 2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that's it's dated later than March 1, 1999
- 3) Be brief! We're not editors. If you send the listing by mail, make sure they're typed or nearly printed
- 4) Submit early. Like right NOW! Put down this mag, go to your computer, go to the **BYOFL** website...or pick up a postcard, slap a stamp on it...
- 5) Don't use all uppercase or lowercase letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit through the website, we'll have to retype and won't be happy about having to do so). Punctuation is good.
- 6) We don't need the address and phone number of everyone in your band. Pick one person for a contact!
- 7) Don't send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you're in or the zines you're thinking of starting—just the ones are active.
- 8) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene/city's listing sent in, but...
- 9) CHECK with people before submitting info for them! Hassle your friends to get their listings in this only works if people send stuff in!
- 10) Please don't send your listings by certified or registered mail.